Feb. 16, 1976

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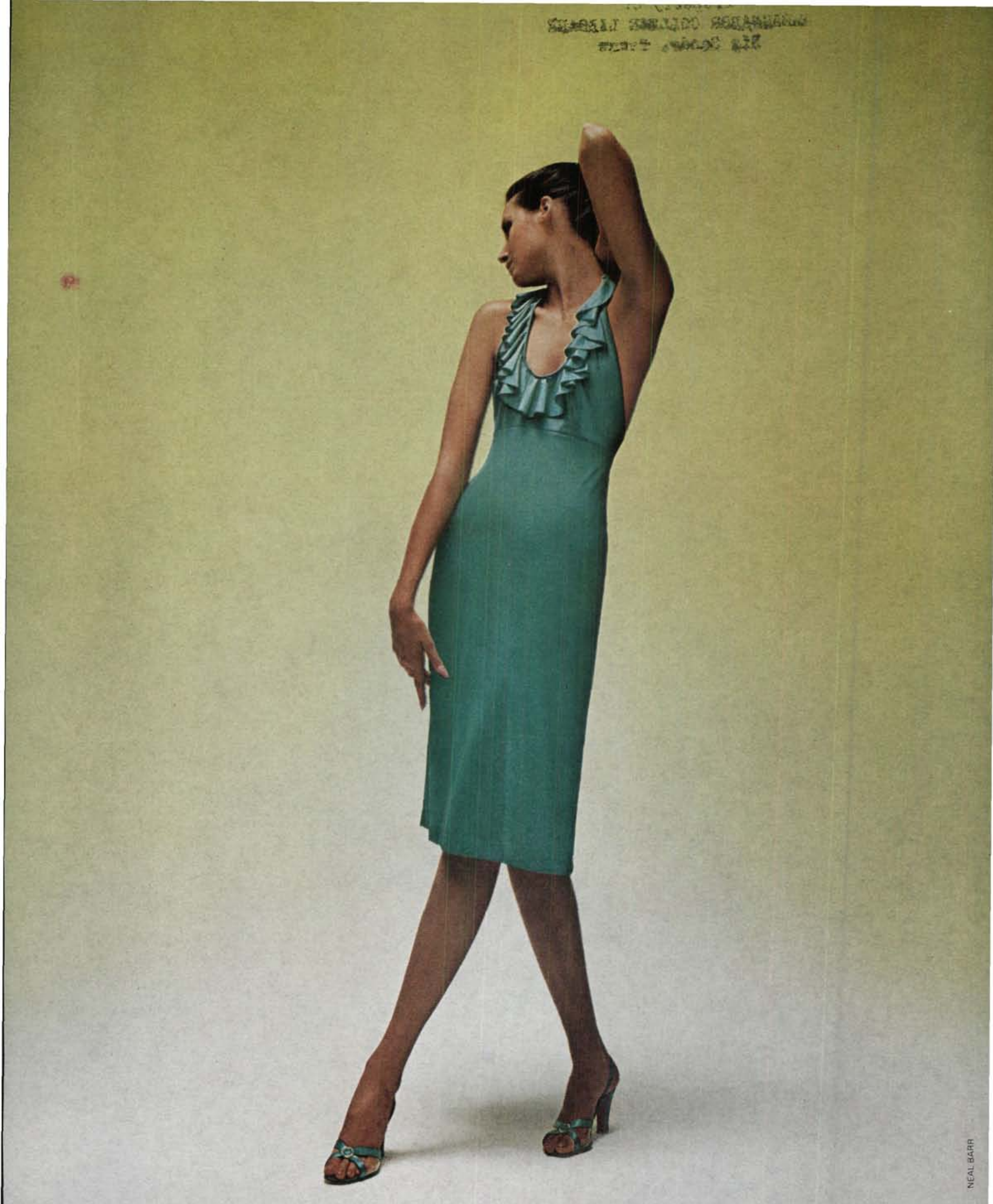

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 16. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Apple Pie—A musical with a book and lyrics by Myrna Lamb and a score by Nicholas Meyers. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 12. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Clarence—A revival that wrongly emphasizes the quaintness at the expense of the genuine charm of this fifty-seven-year-old comedy by Booth Tarkington. With Stephen Keep in the title role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Conversations with Don B.—The writings of Donald Barthelme—some of them as written, some of them slightly reshaped, and many of them familiar to readers of this magazine—make up the text of a very funny, entertaining revue with an attractive cast of five. Songs by Josh Rubins. (Sub-Plot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Friday through Sunday at 10, and Monday at 8. Closes Monday, Feb. 16.)

Cracks—A play by Martin Sherman. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—E. B. Ginty's historical play **Missouri Legend** will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 12, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 22. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Every Night When the Sun Goes Down—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

The Glass Menagerie—A fine revival of the early Tennessee Williams classic. Admirably enacted by Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Habeas Corpus—Jokes about middle-aged lust and bodily decrepitude, unexpectedly redeemed by a brilliant cast. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is at least an occasion for two performances—by Barry Primus and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Judd Hirsch is everybody else. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

A Matter of Gravity—Katharine Hepburn in joyous eruption as an elderly English widow with a splendid country house, a rather dim Oxford grandson, and the prospect of a half-black granddaughter-in-law eager to become "county." The play is by Enid Bagnold. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie

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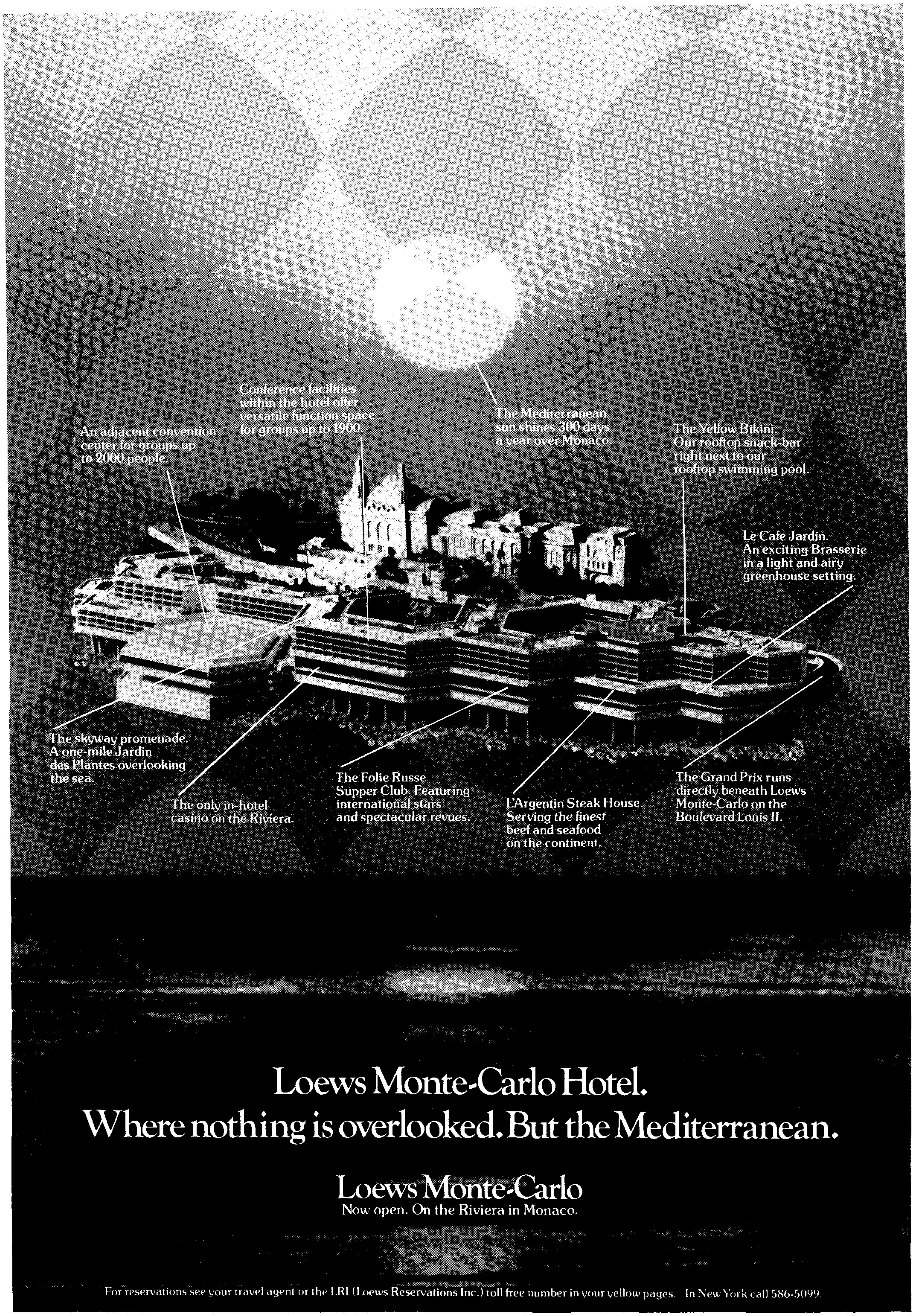

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Shaw's play, a presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Ruth Gordon, Lynn Redgrave, and Milo O'Shea star in a cast directed by Gerald Freedman. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 17. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 18, and will run through Sunday, March 28. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 2:30.)

The Norman Conquests—Three plays, each complete in itself and presented on succeeding nights, make up one great big play. The hero is a lascivious young man who pursues every woman he encounters, including, from time to time, his wife. The author is Alan Ayckbourn, and a very funny fellow he is. The schedule is complicated—**ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 2; Friday, Feb. 13, at 8; Monday, Feb. 16, at 2; Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2; and Monday, Feb. 16, as well as Thursday, Feb. 19, and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Thursday, Feb. 12; Saturday, Feb. 14; Tuesday, Feb. 17; and Friday, Feb. 20, all at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A musical curiosity, based on Commodore Perry's bullying visit to Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, and direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—A five-play repertory that will run for several months. Sidney Howard's **THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED**, directed by Stephen Porter: Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2; Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8; Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Tennessee Williams' **27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON** and Arthur Miller's **A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS**, a twin bill directed by Arvin Brown: Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 11-13, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2; Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 18-20, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820.)

Rockabye Hamlet—A musical by Cliff Jones, with Larry Marshall, Alan Weeks, and Beverly D'Angelo. Directed by Gower Champion. Previews through Monday, Feb. 16. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 17. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 18, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 19.)

The Royal Family—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Shortchanged Review—This first play by Michael Dorn Moody may be brimming over with words and episodes, but it is brimming over with talent, too. Some of the episodes may seem stagy and melodramatic, but the characters, more often than not, are believable. The principal character is a self-deluded, middle-aged owner of a rock radio station, whose unswerving determination to promote the career of a young singer causes considerable trouble, and even tragedy. The performances, under Richard Southern's direction, are very good indeed. Mason Adams is the lead, and he receives splendid support from T. Miratti, Virginia Vestoff, Herbert Braha, Tricia Boyer, and William Russ. Notable, too, are the setting, by Marsha L. Eck; the lighting, by Cheryl Thacker; and the music, by a group called Clouds. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

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Showdown—A comedy by Don Evans. Opens Friday, Feb. 13, and will run through Monday, Feb. 23. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Feb. 19, at 7:30. Free.)

Travesties—A comedy by Tom Stoppard that ingeniously mingles history with outrageous make-believe. John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) is the spectacular star. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 16, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 16, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Yentl—You don't have to be Jewish to like "Yentl," but it will certainly help. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the play tells how an old-country Jewish maiden assumes the guise of a man, marries a pretty girl, and finds misery. Tovah Feldshuh is enchanting in the title role. The play has been well directed by Robert Kalfin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Jacob Milligan, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. Starting Monday, Feb. 16, Richard Burton and Keith McDermott will replace the Messrs. Perkins and Milligan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,577 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 12, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12, at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Harney, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 18, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show-biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 16, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "Don Quixote" will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 12-13, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 15, at 1 and 7.)

Dance Umbrella at Roundabout Stage One—Opening performances of a four-week season by seven contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, March 14. **JENNIFER MULLER AND THE WORKS** will perform from Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 18-22. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**PHIL WOODS**, who, at forty-four, is nine years older than Charlie Parker was when he died, in 1955, is an excellent in-

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stance of Dr. Johnson's observation that "no man was ever great by imitation." At the same time, Woods is a member of that small and invaluable group of idolaters who keep their departed models with us simply by sounding almost exactly as they did—imitators who, pushed an inch, would turn to parodists. So Woods is Charlie Parker, just as Buddy Tate is Herschel Evans, Benny Morton is Jimmy Harrison, and Oscar Peterson is Art Tatum. The sharp, ringing tone, the sixty-fourth-note arpeggios, the three-note preaching phrases, the steady pour of emotion—all are Parker. But Woods' Parker, like the faith of a convert, is even more passionate than Parker himself was. There is a fury, a zeal in his solos that go beyond Parker, that are a little hair-raising. He has Bill Goodwin on drums, Steve Gilmore on bass, and Mike Melieto on piano. It was hard to tell, on a recent night, whether Melieto's somewhat leaky sound was due to his ceaseless wanderings up and down the keyboard or to the piano itself, which should be tuned. Woods himself is, as always, in superb condition (he takes a turn, now and then, on the soprano saxophone, and to good effect), and he will be here through Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ On Monday, Feb. 16, **GERRY MULLIGAN** will return with his sextet, which played here during New Year's week. Music from ten. Closed Sundays.

LE PETIT CAFÉ, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—There is a handful of small hotel bars in New York that still cherish and preserve an easy elegance unique to the city, and the Sherry-Netherland Bar is one. (Others: the Bemelmans Bar in the Carlyle, the Atlantic Bar in Mayfair House, the Cluny Bar in the Stanhope.) It runs along Fifth Avenue for fifty feet, turns east, and ends as the tiny Le Petit Café, and it has recently become the setting for **HANK JONES,** who holds forth Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty at a piano placed between the bar and the café. Jones, together with Barry Harris, Tommy Flanagan, and Roland Hanna, is a graduate of the D. S. of F. P. (Detroit School of Fine Pianists), and he is a delicate and beautiful performer. He is out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, he has a down touch, and he likes to startle his listeners with sudden, pearly arpeggios and little double-time dashes. His repertory (for a long-time studio man) is excellent, and a typical set will include "Satin Doll," "I've Found a New Baby," "The Nearness of You," "Under a Blanket of Blue," "Green Dolphin Street," "I'll Be Around," and "Has Anybody Seen My Gal." According to the management, Jones has been hired "forever," with the proviso that he can take other occasional, pressing gigs. When he does (a two-week swing through Japan last month), one is apt to find Patti Bown or John Lewis or Flanagan sitting in for him. Non-pianists like to sit in, too, and on a recent night Jerome Richardson played soprano saxophone, Sylvia Syms sang, and Donald O'Connor danced. New York life has been enlarged.

●

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 11-14, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and a quartet that features trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** will be on the stand; Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 16-18, drummer Al Foster will bring in his quartet; and trumpeter Tex Allen will front a quintet Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Two jazz-like groups are ensconced here through Thursday, Feb. 12: one is led by tenor saxophonist John Klemmer, who relies heavily on his trusty Echoplex, which is an electronic device that allows musicians with electrified instruments to play arpeggios with ease. Vibraharpist Gary Burton, whose performances belong to the lyrical, music-is-a-beautiful-game school, is in charge of the other group. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 13-15, a British rock quintet, Ace, thunders through the sound system. Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 16-18, Country Joe McDonald will alternate with the booming-voiced folksinger and guitarist Ellen McIlwaine. Pure Prairie League, a country-rock outfit, will round out the schedule when it arrives on Thursday, Feb. 19. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JIMMY ROWLES** and **BILL TAKAS,** an exemplary piano-bass duo, take on the conversationalists at the bar Mondays through Saturdays. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

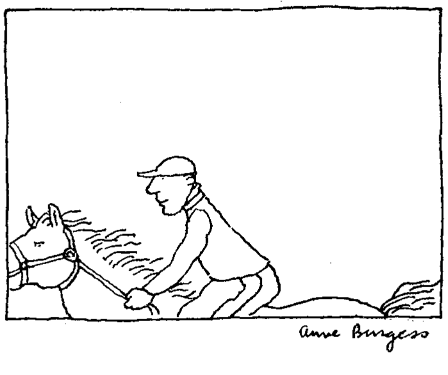
CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BARBARA CARROLL,** who has taken over from Marian McPartland in the Bemelmans Bar, was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, backpedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. Weekdays from nine-fifteen.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Joe Turner, who hasn't worked in this country for some twenty-eight years (he's been living and performing in Europe), is now busy making up for lost time weeknights from eight to one. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN,** a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN.** On Tuesday, Feb. 17, trumpeter John Windhurst will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into the night, starting most nights at five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 15, soprano saxophonists **BOB WILBER** and Davern will co-pilot their quintet, Soprano Summit, beginning at eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who at twenty-four knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER.** The trio is well worth your time. The Hal Galper duo takes over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, and from five to nine on Sunday, Feb. 15, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson will work with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Jimmy Rowles.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—When **ROY ELDRIDGE** takes a three-week leave (his last night is Wednesday, Feb. 11), the resident traditional band will be left in Max Kaminsky's hands; through Tuesday, Feb. 17. **RUBY BRAFF** will take over beginning Wednesday, Feb. 18. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.



JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**RED NORVO,** in consummate condition, is back, accompanied by Super Rhythm—**JOHN BUNCH, MILT HINTON,** and **JO JONES.** This time, he has brought along **MAVIS RIVERS,** a Samoan-born singer who plays her voice like a horn—hypnotically. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. On Tuesday, Feb. 17, pianist Dick Hyman, trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin, clarinettist Bob Wilber, drummer Bobby Rosengarden, and bassist Milt Hinton will begin a month-long tribute to Scott Joplin, Jelly Roll Morton, and James P. Johnson. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Hubbell Pierce is at the piano in the **BIRD CAGE** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Bassist **GORDON EDWARDS** and his loose and nimble rhythm-and-blues outfit, which usually includes guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and either **CHRIS PARKER** or **STEVE GADD** on drums, are present Mondays through Thursdays. These R. & B. classicists—who are among the very few blues musicians now working in New York (outside the recording studio) on a regular basis—move through graceful, extended, and freewheeling versions of "I Heard It Through the Grapevine," "Sunny," "Hold On, I'm Coming," and more. Alto saxophonist Dave Sanborn holds down the fort with his combo Fridays through Sundays. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Bill Chinnock, who sounds less like Muddy Waters than like David Clayton-Thomas on Chicago-blues vocals, winds up a five-day stint on Sunday, Feb. 15. Beginning Wednesday, Feb. 18, folkie Garland Jeffreys will trade sets with **DAVID AMRAM,** who plays, at one time or another, French horn, guitar, piano, wooden flutes, and afuchê. Amram's music is an assortment, too—it's a pleasant hodgepodge of musical conceits made up of motifs from Brazil, the Middle East, the West Indies, the conservatory, and the street. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra through Sunday, Feb. 15. Tuesday through Thursday from seven to one, Friday and Saturday from eight to two, and Sunday from six to midnight. Dinner and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—An attractive, easygoing haunt for belatedly decadent college freshmen, middle-aged couples from Roslyn, remnants of the neighborhood glitter element, and an occasional record-company representative. Holly Woodlawn, the torch-singing female impersonator, is also here, through Sunday, Feb. 15. On Tuesday, Feb. 17, Ellen Greene, a singer and actress, will arrive for a two-week stay. Shows at nine and midnight. **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** who looks out steadily and brightly from inside the songs she sings, is again doing her five-thirty-to-seven pocket concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays. She is offering, in addition to her collected works ("I'm Hip," "The Pro Musica Antiqua," "I'm Shadowing You"), such fresh material as Johnny Mercer's "My New Celebrity," Paul Williams' "I Won't Last a Day Without You," the Gershwins' "Little Jazz Bird," and her own "Inside a Silent Tear." But Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life," which she has been circling for years, is still waiting. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dinner.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A clean-cut uptown bar with a shifting roster of small jazz groups that begin performing at nine-thirty. The Sunday-night special is, as always, **CHUCK WAYNE** and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

JOE PUMA guitar duets. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave., S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Nearly half the tables have been placed on a newly constructed two-foot-high carpeted platform that offers a fine view of the musicians who occupy the knotty-pine-walled corner. Those musicians are guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** and bassist **RON CARTER** through Sunday, Feb. 15. On Friday, Feb. 20, **JACK WILKINS,** a bright young guitarist, will arrive with bassist Calvin Hill. The hours run from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A pleasant enough hangout. None of the music here is slick; lately, most of it has been characterized by rather bland small-group bebop dabblings performed by members of the post-bebop generation. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, however, bassist **CECIL MC BEE** and a few other talented and established players will perform lively, Brazilian-accented music. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

TOP OF THE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate complex is alive and kicking on Friday and Saturday nights. On Feb. 13-14, alto saxophonists **SONNY FORTUNE** and **SONNY STITT** will share the facilities, along with their respective combos. **CHARLES MINGUS** will begin a series of weekend visits on Friday, Feb. 20. Music from ten. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but the place is nevertheless worth visiting. **SAM RIVERS,** a forty-five-year-old saxophonist, leader, and local mover (he performs at his music loft, Studio Rivbea, in NoHo, when he's not booked into clubs), is here with his quartet through Sunday, Feb. 15. Rivers' brand of new jazz, which sounds like a combination of Eastern, Mid-Eastern, African, and quite clear rhythm-and-blues forms, differs considerably from some of the more esoteric examples around (such as the music of the Revolutionary Ensemble and, sometimes, Anthony Braxton). Rivers' music not only goes more than halfway to the listener, it swings and it's positively foot-tappable. On Tuesday, Feb. 17, the very fine **BILL EVANS** will bring in his trio. On Mondays, **THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS,** and fifteen or so other of New York's finer studio men blast forth. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Wednesdays, tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby heads a quartet. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Dill Jones, Buddy Tate, and Paul Quinichette get together for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 5:45: **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and **TEDDI KING.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 5:45: **ROYAL TAHITIAN DANCE COMPANY.**

OSCAR BRAND—Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8.

JOHN HARTFORD and **HICKORY WIND**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Feb. 13, at 7:30 and 10:30.

BENNY GOODMAN—With Hank Jones, Slam Stewart, Grady Tate, Bucky Pizzarelli, Al Klink, Bobby Hackett, Peter Appleyard, Urbie Green, and Roy Eldridge. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

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JOHNNY MATHIS—With Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3 and 8; and Monday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

STANLEY TURRENTINE, FREDDIE HUBBARD, and **GEORGE BENSON**—With their groups. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8 and at midnight.)

THE TEMPTATIONS, BOBBY WOMACK, ARCHIE BELL AND THE DRELLS, and **DONNA SUMMERS**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 21, at 7 and 11; and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3 and 8.

DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET—A silver-anniversary concert, with Paul Desmond, Joe Morello, Eugene Wright, and Two Generations of Brubeck. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

POOGY—Israeli rock group. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROMARE BEARDEN—Oil paintings on paper that continue this artist's American jazz series. Through March 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—(Not the actor, but the actor's father. The actor used to be known as the artist's son; now it's the other way around.) Freewheeling pastels—nudes, odalisques, Moroccan landscapes, friends, and so on—done in bold black outline and filled in with slashes of color. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

NORRIS EMBRY—Collage paintings on paper and canvas board, by an Expressionist. Through March 6. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

PERLE FINE—This veteran New York artist is primarily concerned with the grid, and works out endless variations off its framework, mainly in color, but also, here and there, with interruptions in the basic construction. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Twelve paintings that form a sort of documentary, painted from recollections of a recent summer spent in Crete, where a group of dropouts had set up a commune in rocky caves along the seashore and sought the ideal existence without the bother of clothes or, except for their Volkswagen, any other trappings of civilization. Through Feb. 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

KLAUS FUSSMANN—Semi-abstract still-life paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through March 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

KARL HAGEDORN—Lively paintings that seem to be the blueprints, reinforced with toyland colors, of complicated machines of the future—"Time Duplicator," for instance, or "Vortex, N.Y."—by a German-born artist now resident in New York. Through Thursday, Feb. 19. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GUSTAV ALFRED HEINZE—Photo-Realist paintings of storefronts and cars, many of them reflecting a landscape in a window. Through Tuesday, Feb. 17. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

PETER HOMITZKY—Paintings of the New Jersey countryside, focussing on the colorful sharp-edged patterns made by industrial complexes, tidy farmlands, commercial flower beds, and the like, plus studies, painted with the same attention to pattern, of his newborn daughter's pacifiers. Through Feb. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

PHILIP JAMISON—Masses of daisies on a back porch in Maine and a snowbound town in Chester County, Pennsylvania, are among the homey subjects depicted with facility by this watercolorist. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

JASPER JOHNS—Seven new large paintings plus a few drawings, all of them given over to the herringbone pattern that has dominated his recent works; the colors—the primaries, their complements, and gray—remain the familiar Johns palette. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Cheerful, sunny, stylized landscapes of the Maine countryside, and a few still-lifes and interiors, by this Icelandic-born artist, who also offers some scenes of outdoor groups romping around on small Icelandic ponies. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814-75)—Paintings and drawings, including the familiar rural scenes, and four portraits. Through March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT MORRIS—Acrylic and silverpoint paintings, most of them grisaille, that resemble snapshots; first one-man show in New York. Through March 6. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PHILIP MULLEN—Abstract paintings based on a grid pattern and done in muted tones; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ALICE NEEL—Can it be that Alice Neel is softening? Some of the portraits in this show of recent work—particularly those of the artists Isabel Bishop and Sari Dienes—would seem to indicate so, but there are enough of the old hard lines of truth, and enough of her own naked style of nudity, to reassure the apprehensive. Through Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JEAN-PIERRE PÉRICAUD—Nonobjective oil paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through March 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MODRIS RAMANS—Abstract sculptures based on the female form (occasionally with a musical symbol thrown in), made of painted steel rods and giving the effect of drawings done in the air. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

PETER RUTA—Leafy landscapes (and a few still-lifes, mostly of seltzer bottles and lilies), done in the strange light that plays on the mountainous country of southern Mexico. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

GARY STEPHAN—Abstract geometric paintings, along with drawings and a few sculptures. Through March 4. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

BARNEY TOBEY—Cartoons from the last twenty-five years. Through March 6. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

AMERICAN CARTOONS—A collection of original drawings from the golden age of the comic strip—Maggie and Jiggs, Mutt and Jeff, Happy Hooligan, Krazy Kat, Little Jimmy (at an embryonic stage), and others—plus a scattering of works by some of the better-known illustrators and magazine artists of the period, such as Peter Arno, Ralph Barton (represented by a rare self-caricature), Henry Raleigh, and Rollin Kirby. Through Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings, collages, and drawings by Sante Graziani, Margo Hoff, Richard A. Milholland, and others. Through Feb. 25. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A loan show of seascapes by one American, Milton Avery, and a group of Europeans, including Matisse, Dufy, and Nolde. Through Feb. 26. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Works in a wide variety of mediums by forty-seven artists from Latin-American countries. Through Feb. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gallery members Peggy Bacon, John Heliker, Tom Hardy, and others showing recent paintings and sculptures. Through Feb. 28. . . . **SOLOMON,** 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A small selection of postwar paintings by Gottlieb, Rauschenberg, and others. Through Feb. 28. (Open Mondays.). . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings, sculptures, and graphics by a group that includes Arthur B. Davies and Gaston Lachaise. Through Feb. 28. . . . **DORIS WIENER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings and drawings dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through March 20. . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd

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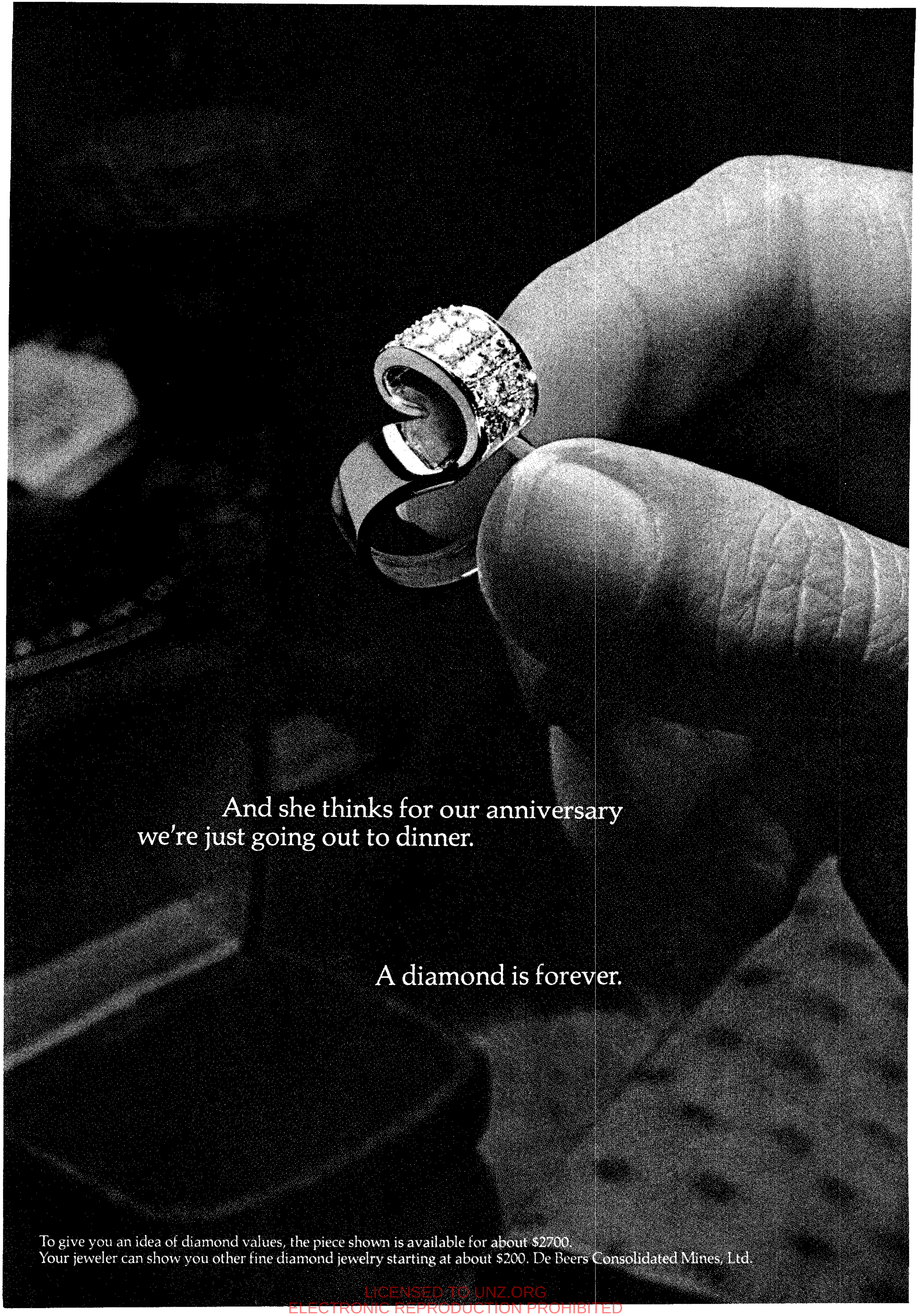

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists. Through March 4.

Sculpture—An all-bronze show of works by Jack Culiner, Leonda Finke, and Phillip Noteriani. Through Wednesday, Feb. 18. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Quick List—Other artists currently being shown uptown include: **J. James Akston** at Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **Komar** and **Melamid** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **Loren Madsen** at McKee, 140 E. 63rd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **Kurt Seligmann** (1900-62) at La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30); **Nicholas Sperakis** at Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Stanley Boxer—Abstract oils. Through Wednesday, Feb. 18. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Gouache and oil paintings and pen-and-ink drawings done in preparation for various of his murals, including the well-known one, full of manly symbols (pipes, football players, barber poles, race horses), that once adorned the men's room at the Radio City Music Hall and has now been made a part of the Museum of Modern Art collection. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bilgé Friedlaender—A two-gallery exhibit of works on paper: Constructions at the Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Through Thursday, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Drawings at the Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Feb. 21.

Dorothy Heller—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

James Juszczyk—Large paintings with vertical or horizontal bands of earthy color. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Seymour Lipton—Abstract sculpture with a deceptively massive quality, based on such fundamental themes as life, death, and justice, but relieved here and there by, say, an almost representational (and totally ironic) depiction of an angel. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—This artist has the ability to convey on a couple of feet of canvas the grandeur of the Rockies—the seamed surfaces, the elemental colors, the general upheaval. In this show, for the first time, she includes half a dozen watercolors, in which the composition seems a little freer and the overall tone more lyrical. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings from the last twelve years by an early Photo-Realist who has taken the measure of New York City bridges and who also likes to paint his dog, his clothes, the molding on his studio walls, and even, on occasion, his easel. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Dennis Oppenheim—In a darkened gallery where three sound tracks are going simultaneously and the smell of hot electronic equipment is in the air, an exhibition called "A Search for Clues" is being shown. In one dim room, which is decorated with several large Styrofoam rats, the artist recites a soliloquy (taped) in a wavery voice; in a second, an effigy of the artist, with a dagger plunged into its back, lies at one corner of a large Persian rug while the artist's unseen seven-year-old daughter recites another wavery, taped soliloquy; and in a third, the small ceramic image of a dead Indian (his war bonnet is a mess) lies half buried under a pile of cowhides while taped rock music plays on and on. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (D'Arc, a new gallery, at 15 E. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—A number of the large, painstakingly rendered nudes that are characteristic of this artist, together with a dozen or so portraits executed in the same searching manner, which somehow leaves the subjects frozen in time. Through Feb. 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Randall Rosenthal—Acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

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Harold Stevenson—Paintings of anatomical details, some depicted as marble, some as flesh and blood. Through Feb. 28. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: Drawings from the early twentieth century to the present by Burchfield, Hopper, Shahn, Levine, and others. Through March 13. . . . **René**, 6 W. 57th St.: Constructions and paintings, done in either black or white, by artists regularly associated with this gallery, including Vasarely, Soto, and Charles Hinman. Through Saturday, Feb. 14.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Mel Bochner—Drawings. Through Feb. 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Miriam Brumer—Acrylic abstract paintings and colored-pencil drawings based on organic forms that seem to bulge and breathe; the titles of two of them—"Gestation" and "Chrysalis"—convey the idea. Through Friday, Feb. 13. (Lotus, 81 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Hilo Chen—Photo-Realist paintings of beach scenes and women in bathtubs. Through Feb. 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Constance Dodge / Donna Fried—Nostalgic assemblages, mostly derived from dim snapshots and done in a style that owes something to Marisol and something to Cornell. / Monoprints of a marbleized-paper character, doctored with drawing. Through Wednesday, Feb. 18. (Eno, 101 Wooster St.)

William L. Haney—Skillfully rendered oils in which the works of great painters of the past become involved—as pinups in the background or as fundamental parts of the composition, such as the insertion of Hopper's "Nighthawks" in the middle of a large painting titled "All Together Now," which is a sort of pageant of Americana. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

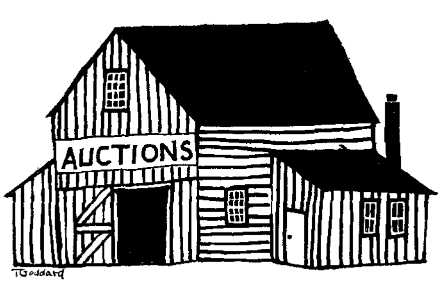
Ralph Humphrey—Shaped canvases heavily encrusted with marble dust and modelling material and then brushed over with acrylics in such a way that the warmer colors seem to be glowing through the darker ones; the effect is that of a stained-glass window in twilight. Through Feb. 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Terence La Noue—Semicircle sections made of tobacco cloth, latex, hardboard, and other materials. Through March 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joanna Pousette-Dart—Serene abstracts made up of large squares and rectangles by the daughter of Richard Pousette-Dart, who is celebrated for circles. Miss P.-D. thinks of her works as landscapes, and attributes the depth of her earthy colors in part to a layer of wood suspended in the underpainting. (From an interview—Q: "What does your father think of your work?" A: "We have long discussions about it.") Through Feb. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

David Robinson / Mary Burton Wheeler—Magic Realist paintings, in one of which a handsaw blade cutting through a rich wood panel juts out at the viewer. / Small paintings of chairs, in which the artist seems to be seeing them, really, for the first time. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Sylvia Sleigh—Realist portraits and paintings of nudes. Through Feb. 25. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)



Joan Snyder—Abstract paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through March 13. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Nora Speyer—Big, dreamy paintings of recumbent nudes, some of them having a sort of Philip Evergood aura of innocence (rolled-up eyes, tiny teeth seen through barely parted lips), and some of them threatened by evil snakes who have somehow insinuated themselves into the boudoir. Through Thursday, Feb. 19. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Racelle Strick / Gloria Greenberg—The crosshatch, which usually takes a behind-the-scenes role in art, emerges as the star in these works, in which countless intersecting lines are made by brushing paint over strips of narrow tape laid closely together but not so close as to prevent the paint from bleeding through; removal of two tapes leaves one line, with a character all its own, and there are hundreds upon hundreds of such lines. / Poems by the artist, in large print, occupy one wall in this exhibit; the other walls are taken up by collages of colored paper set on a white background, across which a graph line is drawn, like a fever chart. Through Wednesday, Feb. 18. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

William Canavan Tucker—Small painted ceramic sculptures in which demonic humanoids are struggling to get out of the mounds of earth in which they have been buried. (In some cases they are accompanied by worms, snakes, or pupal dragons.) Through Thursday, Feb. 19. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

James Wolfe—Abstract steel sculptures. Through March 2. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **Duffy**, 157 Spring St.: Bridget Riley, Theodoros Stamos, and Al Held are among the dozen painters who have one work apiece in this show. Through Feb. 25. . . . **Knowlton**, 153 Prince St.: A rotating exhibit of works on paper by about thirty artists, including at present Kline, Willem de Kooning, Steinberg, Wesselmann, and Red Grooms, plus erotic bronzes by Charles Frazier. Through March 6. . . . **O. K. Harris**, 383 West Broadway: Works in a variety of mediums by Kenneth Capps, Thomas Drysdale, Al Souza, and Stuart Shedletsky. Through Saturday, Feb. 21.

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **Peter Campus** at Castelli, 420 West Broadway (Through Saturday, Feb. 14. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **Michael Goldberg** at Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6); **Eunice Golden** and **Susan Hoeltzel** at SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Harriet Feigenbaum—Bunches of hay tied by wire to wood branches (works inspired by haying methods the artist observed in the Tuscan Valley), together with related drawings on plywood, and photographs. Through Feb. 23. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

William Pachner—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Camp, 51 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

War Posters—Hackle-raisers from the two world wars, including examples by such old reliables as Howard Chandler Christy and James Montgomery Flagg. One shows a sailor exhorting a civilian (while Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, waves the flag in the background), "The Navy Needs You! Don't Read American History—Make It!" Through Friday, Feb. 13. (Poster America, 174 Ninth Ave., near 20th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Roko**, 90 E. 10th St.: A memorial exhibition honoring Michael Freilich, the founder and former director of this gallery. Some of the artists taking part in this tribute are Louise Nevelson, Alex Katz, and Conrad Marca-Relli. Through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **Visual Arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Drawings,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary artists, among them Fred Sandback, Dan Flavin, and Natalie Bieser. Through Wednesday, Feb. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9, Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-71)/**Miloň Novotný**—The work of two photojournalists: Bourke-White's photographs of Czechoslovakia before the Second World War and Novotný's pictures of that country today. Through Sunday, Feb. 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

John R. Gossage—Large photographs of shrubs and flowers, plus a few back-yard and street scenes of the Washington, D.C., area. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Robert Heinecken/Benno Friedman—Erotic images on stretched linen, plus other works./Manipulated prints. Through March 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Linda Solomon—Photographs of children, mostly; first solo show in New York. Through Monday, Feb. 16. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—More than fifty photogravures made before 1911. Through March 6. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through April 4: An anthropological show of photographs by Ken Heyman, with a text by Margaret Mead. . . . ¶ Milton Rogovin's portrait of Buffalo's inner city. . . . ¶ Pictures tracing various of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, civil-rights marches. (Open Sundays.) . . . JANIS, 6 W. 57th St.: Artists Matisse, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others are the subjects of photographs by a group that includes Man Ray, Brassaï, and Cartier-Bresson. Through March 6. (Open Mondays.) . . . MIDTOWN Y GALLERY, 344 E. 14th St.: Urban street scenes, some of them populated by teen-agers, by three photographers. Through Sunday, Feb. 15. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred examples of American art from the museum's collection (among them paintings, sculptures, photographs, and decorative pieces), dating from the seventeenth century through the twentieth. . . . ¶ The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23. . . . ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian architectural drawings, including an album by Filippo Iuvara, as well as drawings of stage sets and decorative objects, all from the museum's collection. Through March 14. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The exhibition "Drawing Now" offers examples by the better-known artists—Johns, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, Dine, Hockney, and the rest, along with works of lesser-known, rising stars. The show is confined to the past twenty years, and its objective is to tell us where drawing stands today. The lesson, one feels, is that drawing requires a lot more from the viewer now than it used to. Through March 9. . . . ¶ An exhibition entitled "Shinjuku: the Phenomenal City" acquaints us with a happy proliferation of tiny cocktail lounges, fast-food joints, bookstores, bawdy houses, rice bars, movies, jewelry stores, wig shops, and so on, that has grown up in the heart of Tokyo, mostly underground. Through March 7. . . . ¶ Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures conceived by Polish artists during the years 1923 to 1936. Through March 25. . . . ¶ A survey of Cubism, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terra-cottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21. . . . ¶ A full-scale exhibition of drawings, taking up the two top turns of the ramp. This one overlaps the Museum of Modern Art show to a certain extent, since many of the same artists are represented in both, but the Guggenheim show dates back to the beginning of the century, starting with works by, for instance, Joseph Stella, Arthur G. Dove, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 16, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with material documenting the academy's history. Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ The small gallery to the left of the elevators on the first floor is taken up with works in various mediums on various materials (assemblages, collages, drawings on canvas) by an artist named Charles Garabedian, who seems determined to flout every artistic convention he can come to grips with, and who is regarded as something of a renegade painter even in California, where he lives and works. Through Feb. 22. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—An exhibit called "Nineteenth-Century American Women Artists," showing paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, for instance, Jane Stuart (a copy of her father's portrait of Washington), Mary Jane Peale (a still-life), and so on, up to Mary Cassatt, who is represented by several aquatints. The show illustrates that women are doing a lot better artistically now than then. Through Feb. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3. Closed Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 16.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through March 14. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 16, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, Lincoln's Birthday, and Monday, Feb. 16, from 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Indian drawings and painted sketches dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Feb. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred drawings from the Thaw collection, including examples by Rembrandt, Watteau, Degas, and Cézanne. . . . ¶ Charles Lamb's bicentenary is marked by a small show of autograph manuscripts, letters, and first editions. Both exhibitions through Sunday, Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Cat in American Folk Art," an exhibition of a hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures, wood carvings, textiles, and other forms of naïve art in which cats figure. Through March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—American Indian objects that incorporate the American flag and other symbols as design motifs. Wearing apparel, household utensils, and rugs are among the items on display. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia (photographs, programs, costumes, heralds, life-size cutouts of famous stars) celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. (Tuesdays, except Feb. 17, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Lincoln's Birthday, and Monday, Feb. 16, from 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings by Phillip Lindsay Mason. . . . ¶ Collages, paintings, and pen-and-ink drawings by Michael Cummings. Both exhibitions through Sunday, Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 11: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; conducted by Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 12: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, Andrew Foldi, and James Morris; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 13: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 14: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 14: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Jean Kraft, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 16: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Marina Krilovici, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Irene Dalis; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Loretta Di Franco, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 17: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotto, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 18: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Jean Kraft, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 19: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Marina Krilovici, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Irene Dalis; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Loretta Di Franco, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 20: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Franco Corelli, Raymond Michalski; Gianfranco Masini. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 21: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Jean Kraft, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 21: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2, and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 1:30.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 25—Thursday, Feb. 19, at 7:

"Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Ara Berberian; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and John Darrenkamp; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Sung-Sook Lee, Ermanno Mauro, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Sandra Walker, John Sandor, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting on Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 13, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano). . . . ¶ James Levine conducting on Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 20, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 7:30 (all with Lynn Harrell, cello).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting a program of American music, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8, with Gina Bachauer, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8, the last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Dvořák program, with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to the music of six Brooklyn composers, including Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions, who will all be present and participate in a discussion during the intermission. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Marcus Thompson, viola, and the Jimmy Owens quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano, and William Hellerman, guitar. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a performance of Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle," with Susan Belling, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Justino Diaz, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 5:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing an all-Vivaldi program, with Isidore Cohen, violin, and Daniel Waitzman, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing the second in a series of three programs of Bach Cantatas, this one with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with an orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Young-Uck Kim—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Beverly Somach—Violin, in the second in a series of three recitals of music associated with Fritz Kreisler. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary trios. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, in the first (postponed from Feb. 4) in a series of three programs of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Eugene Istomin, piano, and Harold Wright, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Ralph Kirshbaum—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:30.)

Coffee Concert—The Quartetto Beethoven di Roma will play the fourth in a series of six hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 4.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Water Gap Concerts—Chamber music, with Carlotta Wilsen, soprano, and Martin Berinbaum, trumpet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5690. Saturday, Feb. 14, at midnight.)

Gudrun Schaumann—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2:30.)

Tedd Joselson—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Clive Lythgoe—Piano, in a program of American music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 5, with a dinner intermission from 6:30 to 8.)

String Trio of New York—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 5:30.)

Ivan Rebroff—Bass. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Robert Sylvester—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Barton Cummings—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Long Island Chamber Ensemble of New York—A program of American music, with commentary by Roy Harris, one of whose works will be played, and with guest artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Ronald Thomas—Cello. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

New Hungarian Quartet—With Emil Danenberg, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Organ, in the first in a series of five all-Bach programs, this one with Carole Bogard, soprano, and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord, in an all-Scarlatti recital postponed from Jan. 14. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 875-5512. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Tashi—Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

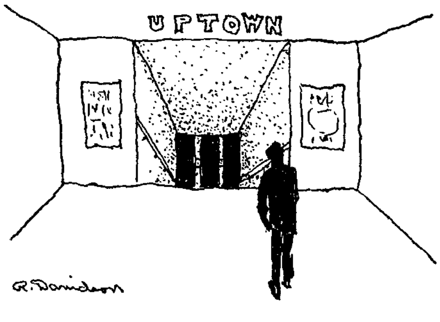
Renata Tebaldi—Soprano, in a recital postponed from Jan. 16. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Stuttgart Piano Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Ivette Hernandez—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Martha Argerich—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.)



Aeolian Chamber Players—Chamber music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Christoph Eschenbach—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Beverly Sills—Soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. Noted as a reminder only; all tickets have been sold.)

Elena Souliotis and Rolf Björling—Soprano and tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Anthony and Joseph Paratore—Duo piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Carl Ruggles Centenary Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Judith Nicosia, soprano; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; and a brass ensemble, string orchestra, and chamber orchestra, all conducted by Mr. Sachs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden**: Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. New Orleans, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum**: Nets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Feb. 11, and Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:05.

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:30): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Kansas City Scouts, Sunday, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Feb. 18. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Feb. 21.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. The Ruthless, Saturday, Feb. 14, and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . **garden state park**, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45; through Thursday, June 10. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 21.

Track Meet—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 20, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

ET ALIA

National Antiques Show—This year's theme honors the British Royal Family, and among the relevant exhibits will be a collection of commemorative coronation pieces, political cartoons demonstrating the English point of view at the time of the American Revolution, and an assortment of British coins used in the Colonies in 1776. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday, Feb. 14, through Sunday, Feb. 22. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, noon to 7.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Silver and *objets de vertu*, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 2: European works of art, including sixteenth-century Italian majolica and seventeenth-century German stoneware; from a number of owners.

STOP:

DOING WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND VISIT HAWAII.

The Hawaiian Islands. Stop all thoughts of anywhere else for a moment. Think Hawaii. You see beautiful islands and palm trees and beaches with surf lapping the shore. And there are beautiful tan people and people with beautiful tans.

Typical.

But that's not what Hawaii's really all about. It's all that and so much more. Hawaii is where East meets West under the best conditions in the world. And that just might make for the happiest people-mix on earth. It's here in Hawaii that cultural ties to other times and other places are manifest throughout the islands. Each island has its own history, its own beauty, its own inviting aloha spirit and ways.

Come.

Hawaii is the Big Island of the multi-island Hawaiian Fleet. In fact, it's twice as big as any of its neighbors, so naturally it's called the Big Island. Hawaii is not only large, it's high: for a stopper of a scene, look up at snowcapped Mauna Kea on a moonlit night. Interesting people live here, too. For example, would you believe the Goddess of Fire, according to legend, lives here in a volcano, one you look right down into. It's alive, too; all bubbly with molten lava. For more tranquil beauty, the Island's largest city, Hilo, has an orchid population of millions and millions. Here also are grown most of the world's papaya and macadamia nuts. For real excitement, try game fishing off the Kona Coast, famous for its prize catches.

Maui. Stop at Maui and you're stopping at what was once the brawling whaling capital of the Pacific. Today there are still whales; they cavort in freedom and safety in full view of golfers on championship courses. The old whaling town of Lahaina has been restored and features a whole string of waterside boutiques, eateries and quaint shops of one kind and another. Three miles away there's Kaanapali Beach and its world-renowned resort area.

Kauai. It's the Garden Isle to Islanders. Stop here and the first thing that stops you will be the variety. In fact, there are more scenic distractions across Kauai's verdant valleys than you can count. Incidentally, you haven't heard the Hawaiian Wedding Song until you hear it here, at the unforgettable and romantic Fern Grotto.

Molokai is the Friendly Isle and it won't take too much time to figure out why. It's off the beaten path; relaxing, fishing and hunting are exceptional here.

Lanai. This gentle island is the pineapple capital of Hawaii if not the world. It's a great place to take a vacation from your vacation. You know, just the two of you.

Oahu is the Gathering Place. In fact, it's the first stop on most itineraries. No wonder. It's Honolulu and Waikiki; it's sun by day, swing by night. But most of all, it's one of the really sophisticated, worldly and wonderful places on earth. All we're really saying is this: when you've seen one island, you've only seen one. So stop reading, see your travel agent, and come visit us!

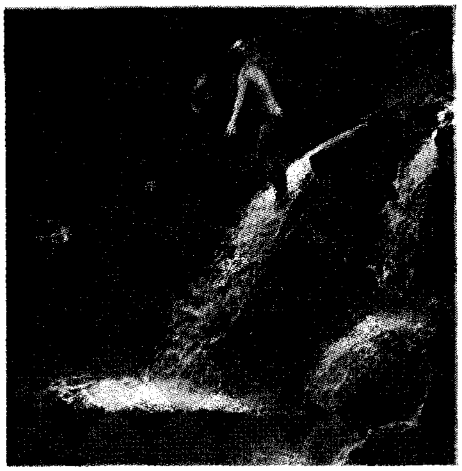
THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

More than a pretty place.

On behalf of the people of Kauai, Oahu, Maui, Molokai, Lanai and the Big Island of Hawaii.

Sun stop

Pit stop



Can't stop

Hop stop

Quick stop

Shop stop

Bus stop

Fuel stop

Full stop

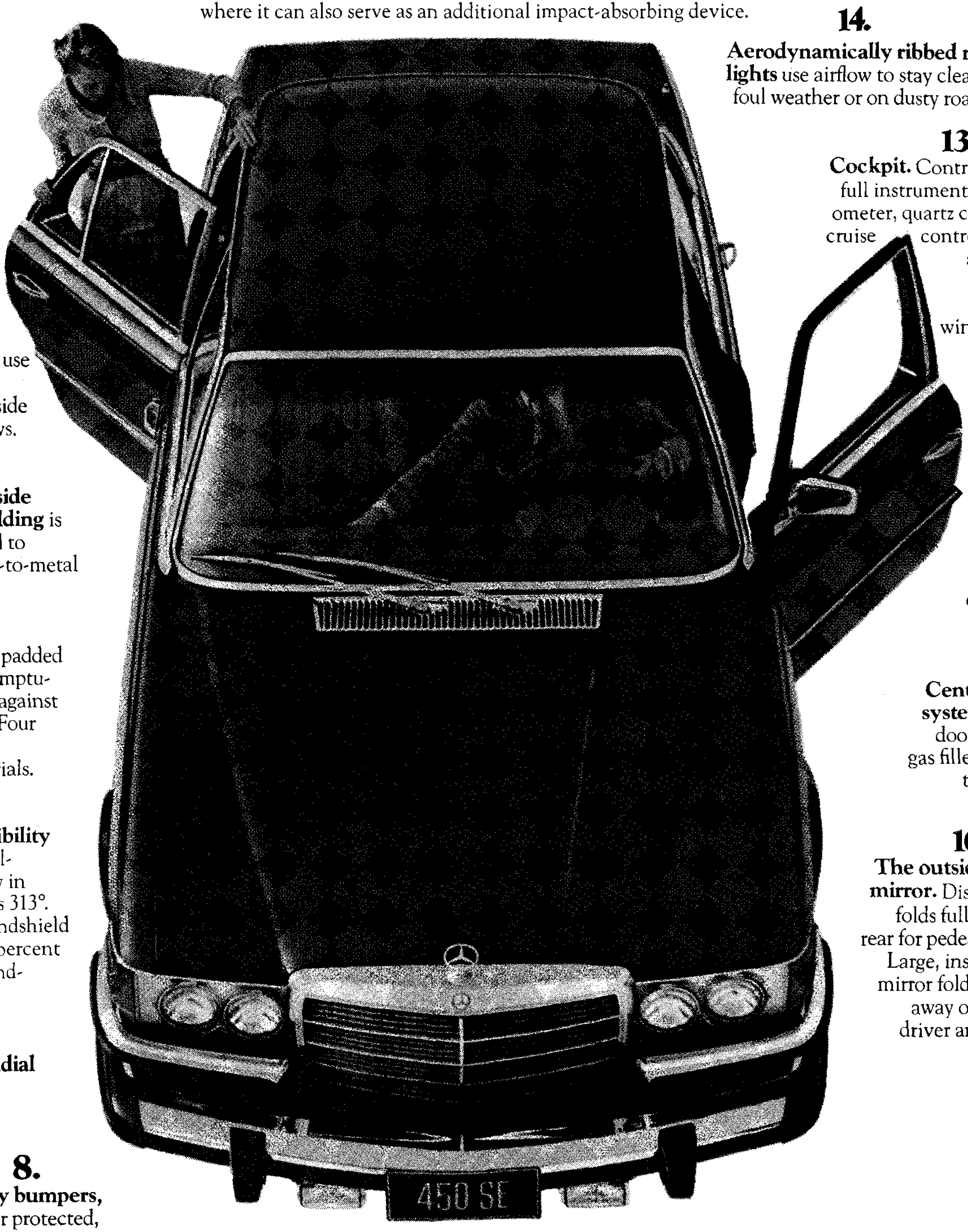
Nonstop

Whistle stop

Last stop

The amazing Mercedes-Benz 450SE. Take a good, close look. You've never seen anything like it.

Here's a walk-around checklist for one of the most important sedans ever engineered by Mercedes-Benz—or by anyone else. It'll help you see, firsthand, why the 450SE defies imitation ...and why it deserves your closest consideration.



1.
Start here. Look at the trunk space. An uncluttered 18.2 cubic feet. Spare tire is stored out of the way, flat under the floor, where it can also serve as an additional impact-absorbing device.

2.
Heated rear window. Automatic timer prevents wasted energy. Tinted glass all around. Standard equipment.

3.
Rain channels use airflow to divert rainwater from side and rear windows.

4.
Chrome strip/side protection molding is rubber-mounted to eliminate metal-to-metal contact.

5.
Interior is fully padded for safety and sumptuousness. Sealed against noise and heat. Four different sound-absorbing materials.

6.
Maximum-visibility windshield. All-around visibility in the 450SE totals 313°. Overlapping windshield wipers clear 73 percent of the entire windshield.

7.
Steel-belted radial tires. Standard equipment.

8.
Safety bumpers, rubber protected, hydraulic-regenerative. Front and rear.

9.
Halogen fog lights. Standard equipment.

10.
The outside rearview mirror. Distortion-free, folds full forward *and* rear for pedestrian safety. Large, inside rearview mirror folds and breaks away on impact for driver and passenger safety.

11.
Central locking system. Locks all doors, trunk *and* gas filler port at the turn of a key.

12.
Safety cone door locks. So strong that one of them can support the weight of the entire 450SE.

13.
Cockpit. Control panel has full instrumentation. Tachometer, quartz crystal clock, cruise control, AM/FM stereo radio, electrically operated windows are all standard equipment.

14.
Aerodynamically ribbed rear lights use airflow to stay clear in foul weather or on dusty roads.

The amazing Mercedes-Benz 450SE. Now, look at 8 things you don't see. You've still never seen anything like it.

You'll experience and appreciate some of them during your test drive. (Your Dealer can arrange it at your convenience.) The others are special Mercedes-Benz bonuses. All of them are standard equipment.

15.

Automatic Climate Control maintains a preselected temperature; dehumidifies, heats and cools.

16.

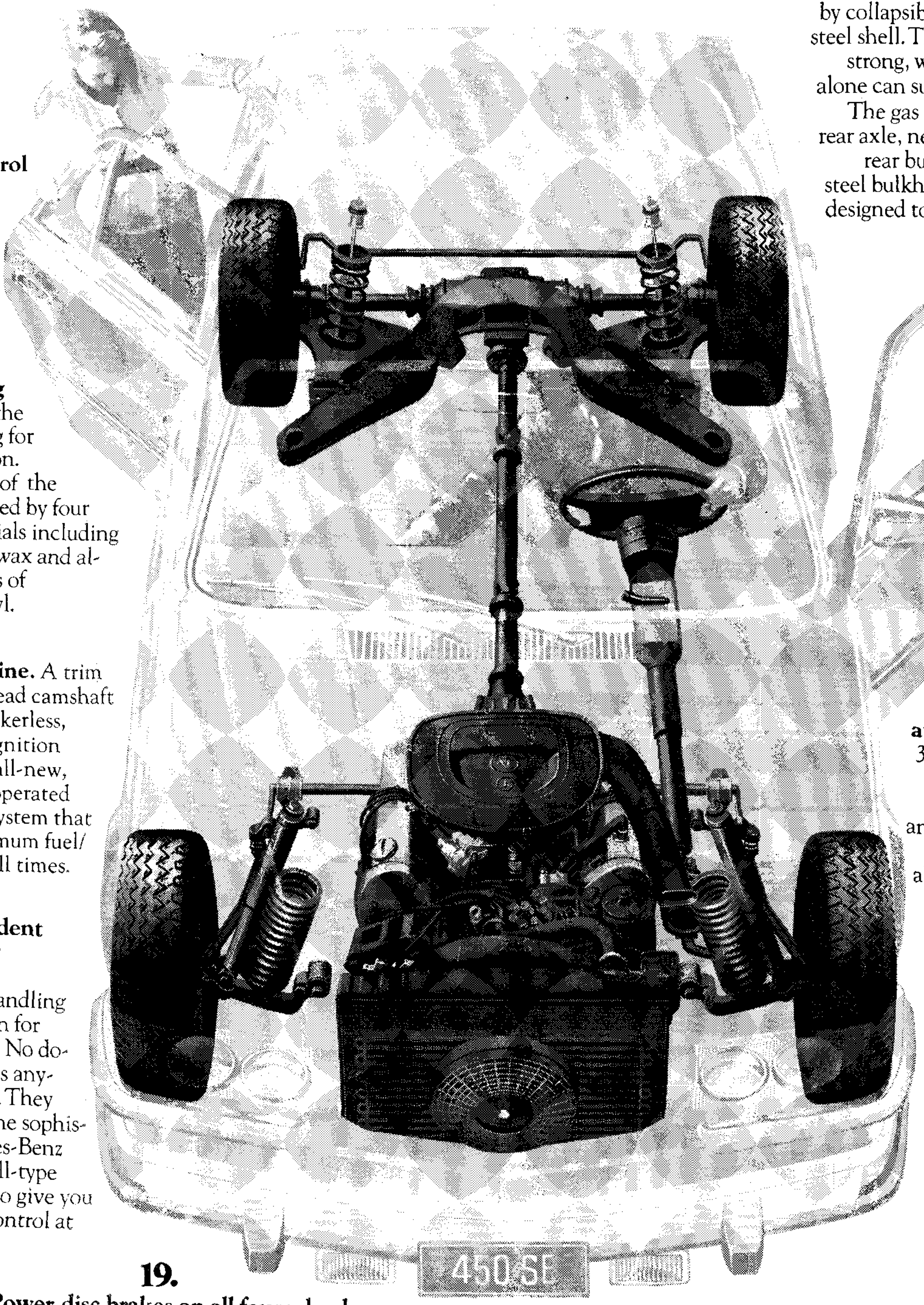
Undercoating extends up to the rocker molding for extra protection. The underside of the 450SE is buffered by four different materials including anti-corrosion wax and almost 24 pounds of plasticized vinyl.

17.

A unique engine. A trim 4.5 liter, overhead camshaft V-8 with a breakerless, transistorized ignition system and an all-new, mechanically operated fuel injection system that maintains optimum fuel/air mixture at all times.

18.

Fully independent front and rear suspension. They set new handling standards — even for Mercedes-Benz. No domestic sedan has anything like them. They combine with the sophisticated Mercedes-Benz recirculating ball-type power steering to give you extraordinary control at all times.



19.

Power disc brakes on all four wheels. The brakes are ventilated — then further cooled by special turboblades. They are designed to stop you smoothly, securely time after time — without disconcerting fade.

22.

Safety advances. The entire passenger compartment is protected by collapsible extremities and a rigid steel shell. The shell is an enormously strong, welded structure. The roof alone can sustain over 5 tons weight. The gas tank is mounted over the rear axle, nearly four feet in from the rear bumper, and surrounded by steel bulkheads. The gas filler pipe is designed to pinch closed on impact.

21.

Remarkably smooth automatic transmission, 3 speeds, with torque convertor. You shift without interrupting power flow and can even override the automatic to shift manually within proper engine speed ranges.

20.

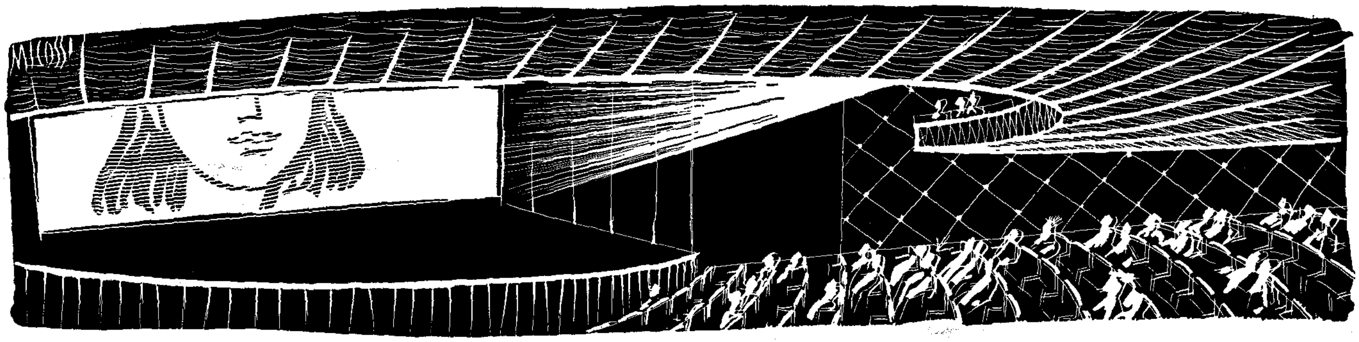
Retained value. Based on the average official used car prices over the past 5 years, Mercedes-Benz holds its value better than any make of luxury car sold in America. And among Mercedes-Benz models listed, the 450SE's figures are outstanding.

Mercedes-Benz

Engineered like no other car in the world.

©1975 Mercedes-Benz

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Feb. 17: "Let's Do It Again" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"
From Feb. 18 (tentative): "Hearts of the West" and "The Wind and the Lion."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Feb. 11: "The Black Bird" and "The Fortune."
From Feb. 12: "The Slap" and "Bed and Board."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 17: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
From Feb. 18: "Swept Away."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Seven Beauties."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Gable and Lombard."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"All Screwed Up."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Feb. 17: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From Feb. 18: "I Will, I Will . . . For Now."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Feb. 17: "Lucky Lady."
From Feb. 18: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Barry Lyndon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Taxi Driver."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Divine Obsession" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Nashville." (Wednesday through Monday, Feb. 11-16, matinées only: "Bugs Bunny Superstar.")

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 14: "The Sunshine Boys."
From Feb. 15: "The Killing of a Chinese Bookie."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Feb. 14: "The Black Bird."
From Feb. 15: "The Killing of a Chinese Bookie."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Feb. 17: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From Feb. 18: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Feb. 11: "The Slap."
From Feb. 12: "Cher Victor."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 17: "Hustle."
From Feb. 18: "Swept Away."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hester Street."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 17: "The Sunshine Boys."
From Feb. 18: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"All Screwed Up."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (X-rated).

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Gable and Lombard."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Psychic Killer."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Cooley High" and "Cornbread, Earl and Me."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Fox and His Friends."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Feb. 17: "Hester Street."
From Feb. 18: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 17: "The Sunshine Boys."
From Feb. 18: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: "Dog Day Afternoon."
Theatre 3: "Nashville."
Theatre 4: "Hustle."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Challenge to Be Free."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 18.)

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 17: "Hearts of the West" and "The Black Windmill."
From Feb. 18: "Rancho Deluxe" and "Where's Poppa?"

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Scent of a Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 17: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From Feb. 18: "I Will, I Will . . . For Now."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"All Screwed Up."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Hester Street."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Swept Away."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Lies My Father Told Me."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "Hustle." From Feb. 18: "The Man Who Would Be King."
Theatre 3: "The Hindenburg."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Nashville."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Feb. 17: "The Sunshine Boys."
From Feb. 18: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 17: "Hearts of the West" and "The Wind and the Lion."
From Feb. 18: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 11: "Shoe-Shine" (1946) and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), both films in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
Feb. 12: "Greetings" (1968) and "Hi, Mom!" (1970), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.
Feb. 13: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (†) and "Rosemary's Baby." (†)
Feb. 14: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "Macunaima." (†)
Feb. 15: "Great Expectations" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley.
Feb. 16: "Titicut Follies" (†) and "High School." (†)
Feb. 17: "Sundays and Cybèle" (1962), in French, directed by Serge Bourguignon, with Hardy Krüger and Nicole Courcel; and "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.
Feb. 18: "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by, and with, Vittorio De Sica.
Feb. 19: "Nothing Sacred" (†); and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 11: "Crime and Punishment" (1970), in Russian, directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Georgi Taratorkin and Innokenty Smoktunovsky.
Feb. 12: "Lola" (1962), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel; and "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with

Soap and water:
Should you use it after 25?

When you were little, you washed your face with soap and water, and that was that. Except for the times you got a little unwanted help from your overly enthusiastic mother, your face felt pretty good afterwards. Clean. Fresh. Remember?

But once those first dry patches and little wrinkles appear after 25, it's natural to start wondering whether soap isn't a little too drying. Well, is it?

It is true that your skin's own oil production processes diminish as you get older. The important thing is not to deplete them even further.

Yet, even when you're grown up, many dermatologists believe there is no better cleanser for your face than soap and water. Certainly no combination of creams and fresheners ever leaves your skin *feeling* as clean and fresh.

However, certain soaps can be villainous robbers of your skin's own natural resources.

What soap do doctors recommend? Many dermatologists, allergists and even plastic surgeons recommend Neutrogena® Soap, because it is uniquely suited to the care of sensitive skin.

Why? Because clear, amber Neutrogena never will do anything to your skin but *clean* it. It is not a so-called "deep-pore cleanser." So it won't de-fat, deterge, or denature the skin. Its mild "heavy-molecular" triethanolamine-base formulation is chemically balanced to remove surface dirt and makeup without penetrating and robbing the sub-layers of the skin.

Neutrogena dissolves easily — on purpose — so that there's never a soap "film" residue left on your skin after rinsing to alter your skin's pH balance and keep it from returning to normal. This solubility is your guarantee that your face won't have that tight, dry feeling you sometimes get from some other soaps, which leave potentially irritating soap film.

Tested as carefully as a prescription drug, Neutrogena Soap meets standards of quality and purity far beyond the usual cosmetic. Its quality ingredients meet USDA Food Grade requirements, which means they're safe enough to eat. NASA used Neutrogena Soap for Skylab experiments because of its mild, non-irritating qualities. (Imagine an astronaut in outer space with a skin rash and you'll see how important a soap can be.)

And in numbers of medical tests, Neutrogena Soap has been used for cleansing where other soaps could not be tolerated.

You can safely enjoy true soap-and-water skin care again. That wonderful clean feeling you remember can still be yours, even if you have very sensitive skin. Just choose the right soap. Neutrogena Soap. Scented or unscented. Made by the people who've specialized in sensitive skin care since you were a child. At your favorite drug or cosmetic counter. **Neutrogena® Soap**

Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook.

Feb. 13: "Murder, My Sweet" (†) and "Out of the Past." (†)

Feb. 14: "The Music Lovers" (†) and "Savage Messiah." (†)

Feb. 15: "Topper" (†) and "I Married a Witch." (†)

Feb. 16: "The Night of the Following Day" (†) and "Burn!" (†)

Feb. 17: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "The Phantom Baron." (†)

Feb. 18: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marina Vlady; and "Tout Va Bien" (1972), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard, with Yves Montand and Jane Fonda.

Feb. 19: "I Could Go on Singing" (†) and "A Double Life." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Feb. 11: "The Mutations" (1974), directed by Jack Cardiff, with Donald Pleasence and Tom Baker; "The Magic Christian" (1970), directed by Joseph McGrath, with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr; and "Reefer Madness" (1936).

Feb. 12: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet" (1965) and "Romeo and Juliet" (1966), both films with performances by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.

Feb. 13-14: "O Lucky Man!" (†) and "Performance." (†)

Feb. 15-16: "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" (1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with Shashi Kapoor.

Feb. 17: "Zulu" (†) and "Emperor of the North." (†)

Feb. 18: "Patton." (†)

Feb. 19: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (†); and "Billy Budd" (1962), directed by Peter Ustinov, with Robert Ryan, Melvyn Douglas, Terence Stamp, and Ustinov himself.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Feb. 14: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.

Feb. 15-17: "Meet John Doe" (†) and "Lady of Burlesque." (†)

From Feb. 18: "Flying Down to Rio" (1933), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire; and "The Gay Divorcée" (1934), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 12 at 2: "Young as You Feel" (1931), directed by Frank Borzage, with Will Rogers and Fifi D'Orsay. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 5:30: "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: "Street of Joy" (1975), in Japanese, directed by Tatsumi Kumashiro, with Junko Miyashita; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2: "Viridiana" (1961), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal and Fernando Rey; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 5:30: "Young as You Feel." . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at noon: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), directed by John Ford, with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, and Roddy McDowall. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 3: "Viridiana." . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 5:30: "Simon of the Desert" (1965), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at noon: "How Green Was My Valley." . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 3: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5:30: "Night and Fog" (1955), directed by Alain Resnais, and "La Jetée" (1962), directed by Chris Marker; both films in French with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2: "Simon of the Desert." . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5:30: "The Exterminating Angel." . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2: "Poet and Tsar" (1927), a Russian film, directed by Victor Gardin; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 2: "Young Mr. Lincoln" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda and Alice Brady. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 5:30: "The President Vanishes" (1934), directed by William Wellman, with Arthur Byron and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8: "La Region Centrale" (1970-71), directed by Michael Snow. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 17: A program of five short films. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Noren, Keaton, Jordan, Kubelka, Mekas, Cortez, Ozu, Kaprow, Smith, Rossellini, Riefenstahl, Méliès, Gerson, and others. Showings Feb. 11 at 6 and 8; Feb. 12-13 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 14 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 9:30; Feb. 15 at 8; Feb. 17 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 18 at 8; and Feb. 19 at 6 and 8.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of eleven short films by women. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 18.)

All Screwed Up—Directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and Cinema Studio.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Cinema Village; starting Feb. 12.)

The Black Bird—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (Cinema Village; Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through Feb. 14.)

The Black Windmill (1974)—An English gunrunning story, directed by the American Don Siegel from a screenplay by Leigh Vance. Michael Caine plays a stoic-looking English investigator whose son is kidnapped, bringing him and his separated wife (Janet Suzman) together again. Hunting the kidnappers and the gunrunners in France and England, he is himself pursued by forces of officialdom (Scotland Yard, M.I.5, the French police). The film is helped by a lot of inventive gadgetry nearly up to 007's. (6/3/74) (Playboy; through Feb. 17.)

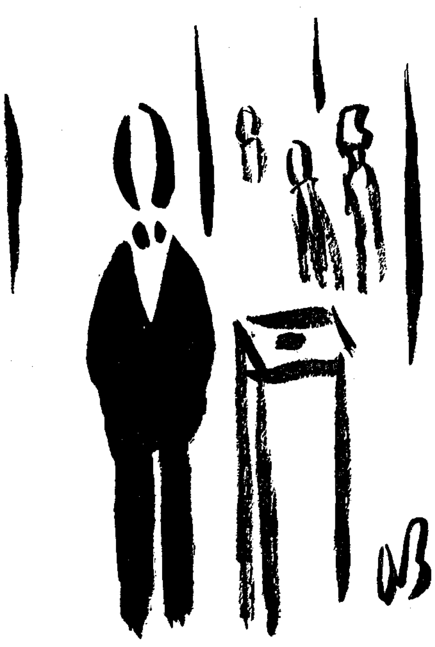
Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Challenge to Be Free (1972)—With Mike Mazurki, directed by Tay Garnett. (Guild.)

Cher Victor—With Bernard Blier, Jacques Dufilho, and Alida Valli, directed by Robin Davis. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 12.)

Cooley High—A gentle-natured but light-minded and secondhand film about a group of black high-school kids whose escapades are important now mostly because the movie is set in 1964, which bestows a bogus dramatic irony. Directed, heftily, by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Cornbread, Earl and Me—With Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash, directed by Joe Manduke. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)



Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema.)

A Double Life (1947)—The Ruth Gordon-Garson Kanin script takes off from the professional hazard of actors: living their parts offstage. Usually this hazard is treated satirically, but the Kanins do it in a souped-up, portentously melodramatic version. Ronald Colman is the actor who starts hearing bells in his ears and loud keening noises during his run in "Othello." His friends stare at him, puzzled, until after he has smothered a harmless waitress (Shelley Winters) and tried to kill a press agent (Edmond O'Brien) whom he suspects of having designs on his actress wife (Signe Hasso). Colman is not at his best, and the role of Othello is so far out of his range that he's gentlemanly and dispassionate when he means to be fiery hot, but he got the Academy Award for Best Actor, anyway. The theatrical milieu doesn't help this picture much, though the theatre scenes were shot in the famous Empire, which was demolished in 1953. George Cukor directed; with Millard Mitchell, Philip Loeb, Ray Collins, Fay Kanin, and Frederic Worlock. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 19.)

Emperor of the North (1973)—Robert Aldrich directs a crass adventure about a train-ride-bumming hobo (Lee Marvin) at loggerheads with a vicious freight conductor (Ernest Borgnine) during the Depression. Blood flows, pity and sense are nowhere, and the actors' faces begin to look like packing cases waiting to be thrown. (Elgin; Feb. 17.)

Far from the Madding Crowd (1967)—John Schlesinger's least typical film. An unsuccessful, misconceived attempt to bring the great Hardy novel to the screen, but in some ways a very beautiful film. A botch, but you can feel that it was made with love. With

Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Dorset stands in for Wessex. (Elgin; Feb. 19.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and then disowned by Roman Polanski. The film flails, but the talent is visible somewhere. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 13.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Cinema Village; Feb. 11.)

Fox and His Friends—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. Shown as "Fist-Right of Freedom" at the New York Film Festival this past fall. (Waverly.)

Gable and Lombard—With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh in the title roles. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stunt man in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Playboy, and Olympia; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 18, tentative.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Juliet 1, and Regency. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 17.)

High School (1969)—What we see in Fred Wiseman's documentary, shot in a high school in a large Eastern city, is so familiar and so extraordinarily evocative that a feeling of empathy with the students floods over us. How did we live through it? How did we keep any spirit? (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 16.)

The Hindenburg—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Hustle—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. He's a romantic-liberal Dirty Harry in this sloshy melodrama, which is caught between the pulpy weltschmerz of the writer, Steve Shagan, and the harshness of the director, Robert Aldrich. When Aldrich tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Feb. 17.)

I Could Go on Singing (1963)—Dreadful, but often fascinating: Judy Garland in the sort of movie that is usually made about a performer long after the events, and with someone else playing the lead. Her face puffy, her manner distressed, she goes through a sort of "Madame X" version of a selfish singer's life, in which she belts out numbers at the Palladium. Made in England and directed by Ronald Neame. With Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 19.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 17.)

I Married a Witch (1942)—Moderately amusing romantic fantasy, with Veronica Lake at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

her prettiest (and getting the full star treatment) as a witch burned in Puritan days who comes back in modern times and discovers that "love is stronger than witchcraft." René Clair directed, and the cast includes Fredric March, Robert Benchley, Cecil Kellaway as a warlock, and Susan Hayward as a bitch. From Thorne Smith's "The Passionate Witch." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15.)

I Will, I Will . . . For Now—With Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton, directed by Norman Panama. (Sutton, and Paramount; starting Feb. 18.)

The Killing of a Chinese Bookie—With Ben Gazzara, directed by John Cassavetes. (Columbia I, and Columbia II; starting Feb. 15.)

Lady of Burlesque (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, with burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. The movie has scenes in which burlesque audiences are stimulated into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of a milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, Marion Martin, Gloria Dickson, Pinky Lee, Frank Conroy, and Frank Fenton. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are left, the director, William Wellman, does rather well. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 15-17.)

Let's Do It Again—An innocent, cheerful farce about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam. Cosby looks spaced out on his own amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier, who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the screen are very likable. The cast includes Jimmie Walker, Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 17.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Art, Fine Arts, Juliet 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (New Yorker.)

Lucky Lady—Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. They're not. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (Trans-Lux East; through Feb. 17.)

Macunaima (1972)—A satirical fairy-tale extravaganza from Brazil, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. In Portuguese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 14.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival. No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 18.)

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The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Feb. 18.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—An odd, socially conscious picture, directed by Frank Capra and starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, about a man who tries to commit suicide in order to call attention to a right-wing plot. For the sake of a happy ending that would keep Gary Cooper alive, the meanings were so distorted that the original authors sued. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 15-17.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Gramercy; through Feb. 17.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed, in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Quad Cinema, and Symphony. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith. No matinée performances Wednesday through Monday, Feb. 11-16.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I.)

The Night of the Following Day (1969)—Elaborately staged kidnapping-for-ransom movie, with the production designed in gold and brown and blue and black, and the characters talking in pseudo-casual gangster jargon. Playing cardboard-cutout thugs, Marlon Brando and Richard Boone have an edge of irony that makes the bad movie seem a joke we're all partly in on; Rita Moreno, who plays a ticky little drug addict, gives an expert, stylized performance. Hubert Cornfield wrote and directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets in this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl" and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 19.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Elgin; Feb. 13-14.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia; starting Feb. 18.)

Out of the Past (1947)—A thin but well-shot suspense melodrama, kept from collapsing by the suggestiveness and intensity that the director, Jacques Tourneur, pours on. It's empty trash, but you do keep watching it. Kirk Douglas, a gangster, hires Robert Mitchum to find Jane Greer, who has run away from him. Predictably, she gets Mitchum (at his most somnolent-sexy droopy-eyed) in her clutches, and there are several killings before matters are resolved. The screenplay is by Geoffrey Homes (a pseudonym of Daniel Mainwaring), from his novel "Build My Gallows High." With Rhonda Fleming. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13.)

Patton (1970)—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed, in a handsome, almost imperial, style, by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Elgin; Feb. 18.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; Feb. 13-14.)

The Phantom Baron (1943)—Somehow or other, Cocteau got involved in writing the script for this silly romantic adventure, which was directed by Serge de Poligny and has little connection to Cocteau's own screen work. Set in the early nineteenth century, it's about a hidden treasure. Cocteau played the title role; possibly he inveigled Gabrielle Dorziat into appearing in it also; in any case, she looks as if she's not sure what she's doing here. With Alain Cuny and Jany Holt. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 17.)

Psychic Killer—With Jim Hutton and Paul Burke, directed by Raymond Danton. (86th St. East.)

Rancho Deluxe—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. The self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (12/8/75) (Playboy; starting Feb. 18.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller twinges. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 13.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

Scent of a Woman—Vittorio Gassman, acting high on the hog, as a sardonic Army captain blinded in an explosion. We're supposed to be enchanted by his macho gallantry as he dashes around Genoa and Rome, literally smelling woman, the way hunters in movies used to claim they could smell bear. Is there still an audience for this kind of romantic swill? Dino Risi directed. In Italian. (Paris.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (New Yorker.)

Seven Beauties—With Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey, directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

The Slap (1974)—Isabelle Adjani playing a charmingly thoughtless, petulant, fibbing teen-ager in a heartwarming French comedy of the sort that generally isn't imported because it's assumed that Americans who go to foreign films won't be attracted by the French equivalent of the Debbie Reynolds and Sandra Dee movies of the late fifties. Claude Pinoteau directs competently, but the movie is contrived out of spun sugar and endless misunderstandings. Lino Ventura and Annie Girardot are the heroine's estranged parents. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; starting Feb. 12.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Plaza.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Columbia I; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia; through Feb. 17.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting Feb. 18.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver, which is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Coronet.)

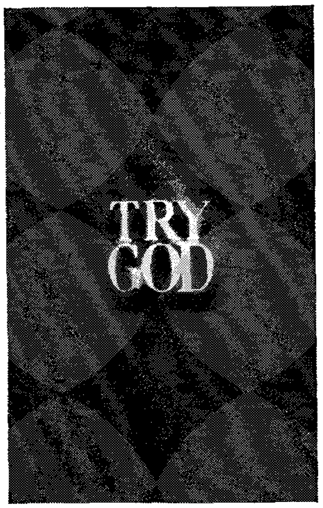
Titicut Follies (1967)—Fred Wiseman's first documentary, set in the state hospital for the criminally insane at Bridgewater, Massachusetts. Crude in technique, but a revealing (and shocking) piece of visual muckraking. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Topper (1937)—Much fun: a sophisticated fantasy, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett as a high-stepping married couple, George and Marion Kirby. Killed in an automobile accident, they return as elegant, ectoplasmic pranksters and drive banker Cosmos Topper (Roland Young) to happy distraction. Norman Z. McLeod directed this adaptation of the Thorne Smith novel; the picture was such a hit that it led to a series of movies and then a TV series, but don't judge this one by what followed. This is the one to see, and for those who don't know why Constance Bennett was a big movie star, her provocative, teasing Marion Kirby should provide the answer. With Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper, Arthur Lake as a bellboy, and Eugene Pallette as a house detective. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Playboy; starting Feb. 18.)

The Wind and the Lion—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt, Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Olympia; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 18, tentative.)

Zulu (1964)—A British Empire Western, set in Natal in 1879. Chins jut bravely, eleven Victoria Crosses are handed out, and there is a sly and entirely convincing performance by Michael Caine as an upper-class officer. Directed by Cy Endfield. Fun. (Elgin; Feb. 17.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER from a friend:

Did the ordinary folk of ages gone by appreciate the world-shaking nature of inventions and innovations when they were first introduced? Was Gutenberg's printing press instantly hailed? Did David Hume's theory of knowledge dazzle the populace, or was the reaction matter-of-fact? I ask because I recently chanced upon a report of a device destined to change the world of politics as we know it. And so overcome was I by the staggering consequences of this breakthrough that a single account of its birth, buried in a very large newspaper, all but seized me by the throat and hurled me to the floor.

It seems that the supporters of Senator Frank Church, an estimable Presidential hopeful, had come to a caucus of liberal Democrats in Massachusetts determined to claim a psychological victory from the caucus's balloting. (Psychological victories have largely replaced real vote-counting as a measure of political strength.) *Before* the votes were counted, Church's followers had printed a press release proclaiming, "The Senator's achievement in winning —— per cent of the vote here today was termed remarkable by his supporters, who went into the caucus with little hope of any kind of victory." Following the vote, they scribbled in the correct number (about twenty-four per cent) and distributed the prepackaged expression of wonder and glee to the press.

As a longtime political operative, I was for a moment puzzled by this tactic. It was certainly brave. Had all of Church's supporters somehow been kept from the caucus (by a felonious violation of the laws of probability, or by tainted chicken salad at a pre-psychological-victory lunch), it would have left the statement a shade limp. ("The Senator's achievement in winning one-tenth of one per cent of the vote here today was termed remarkable. . . .") It also raised some exquisite epistemological questions. Can something be proclaimed as remarkable before it happens? Indeed, is not an expectation of remarkability a self-contradiction? The readiness of those press releases meant that *nothing* Senator Church might have done—not even winning every single vote and conclusively proving Fermat's Last Theorem—would have been really remarkable. It was then that a shock of recognition swept my doubts away. I realized that, intentionally or not, these citizens had devised an instrument of such cunning as to remake the political landscape of our time. They had struck a stunning, perhaps fatal blow to that mortal enemy of modern politics: spontaneity. As any experienced campaign worker will tell you, the spontaneous event is the nightmare of the electoral battle. An uncontrolled outburst—a campaign worker's admission of doubt about his candidate's capacity or the campaign's momentum—can unravel the most carefully devised political strategy. None of the tools of the trade—the thirty-second spot, the four-color brochure, the six-city jet tour, the carefully chosen words and carefully frozen smiles—can make up for the accidental, unvarnished expression of vulnerability. For years, strategists have struggled to combat this menace. Each year, the weaponry has grown more sophisticated. Computers have learned to drop names and addresses into the body of the letters they type, to make them appear a more authentically individual expression. ("Believe me, Mr. Willis, nothing would please me more than to personally visit you at Cloverleaf Lane.") At the 1972 Republican Convention, the minute-by-minute briefing sheet for the chairman informed him that at the moment of Richard Nixon's renomination he would attempt unsuccessfully to quell the spontaneous outpouring of delegate joy. Now the final weapon is at hand: the totally planned expression of emotion and reaction. Since the key aim in primary campaigns is to do better than anyone expected, the trick is to proclaim that your vote exceeded your fondest expectations. (Remember, Lyndon Johnson beat Eugene McCarthy on write-ins in New Hampshire in 1968, but McCarthy "won" because of the expectations. And in 1972 Edmund Muskie "lost" with forty-six per cent, while George McGovern "won" with thirty-seven per cent.)

Following in the footsteps of Senator Church's doughty pioneers, a candidate need only print up a single victory statement for all primaries, with a simple formula: "Senator Frazier today scored a surprisingly strong x per cent of the vote in the —— primary, surpassing the highest expectations of his supporters, who would have been happy with x—10 per cent of the vote, and chilling his rivals, who were known to have wanted to hold Frazier to x—25 per cent."

Indeed, this tactic can be applied to the substantive world of politics as well. Suppose, for example, the President is going to announce whether he will sign or veto a housing bill. Whatever the President does, Senator Frazier, a candidate for the President's job, must be against. (That is how the system works; if you don't like it, you can go back where you came from.) Up to now, the Senator's only recourse has been to wait until the President made his speech and then react—incurring all the dangers inherent in letting a politician say something in public. Now the solution is clear. Hours before the President's speech, the candidate's press office sends out a release as follows: "Senator Frazier today expressed an overriding sense of dismay and outrage at the President's decision to (*a*) sign (*b*) veto the housing bill. At a time when the No. 1 issue across the country is (*a*) excessive government spending (*b*) lack of decent housing, the President's callous decision to (*a*) further erode the budget (*b*) condemn Americans to slum conditions can only be called immoral. I shall do all in my power to fight this outrageous example of (*a*) profligate waste (*b*) miserly indifference."

There are, of course, technical difficulties. You will need to carefully instruct the copy desks that all the (*a*)s or all the (*b*)s must be struck out in accordance with the President's decision. (It would obviously not do to attack the President for profligate waste if he vetoed the bill.) And, given the free-flowing alcohol on election nights, there is the danger that a happy-go-lucky campaign aide may scribble "So's your old man," or even more spicy comments, in place of both the (*a*)s and the (*b*)s. But these are trivial objections. The fact is that by eradicating the last vestiges of unrehearsed dangers the prepackaged expression of post-electoral emotion will surely rank as one of the great ——s of our time.

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Mr. Dolan at the Met

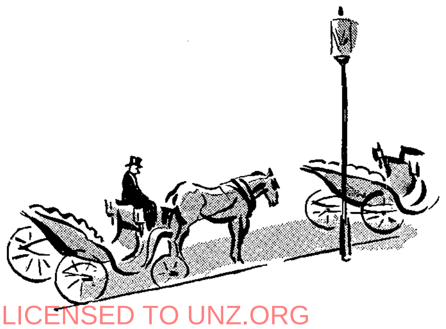
WE'D like to tell you about the recent activities of Mr. James J. Dolan, president of the Dolan Steel Company, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and, for one evening last week, the Metropolitan Opera's most unusual Ethiopian slave. His appearance as a special guest super in the triumph scene of the new "Aida" climaxed a brief but spectacular operatic career that began one afternoon in December, when Mr. Dolan and his wife, Edna, attended a charity auction in the opera-house auditorium. Mr. Dolan, an opera buff, was planning to bid on Rosa Ponselle's shawl, but instead he got carried away by Item 5, which was listed as "Chance for man to Super in New Met Production of Aida . . . and Invitation to Cast Party." After some spirited bidding, Mr. Dolan acquired Item 5 for four hundred and seventy-five dollars. When he checked with a Met official the following day, he was asked to report at 10:15 A.M. on January 28th for the piano dress rehearsal. We met Mr. Dolan at the stage door on the appointed day, and found him to be a tall, thin, amiable Irishman in his late forties, with sandy hair, blue eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses, and an open, friendly manner. He was wearing a tan raincoat and carrying a shiny black leather briefcase.

"My family is thrilled at the thought of seeing me onstage at the Met," Mr. Dolan said as we stood at the door. "Five of my eight children are coming down for the dress rehearsal, and my wife will be in the auditorium on opening night."

We asked about Dolan Steel, and discovered that it was a family business, founded by Mr. Dolan's father. "We buy semifinished steel, process it, and sell it in flat sheets," he said. "The year 1975 was a pretty bad year for us, and I needed cheering up, which is one of the reasons I'm here."

At ten-fifteen, Charles Caine, the Met's staff costume designer, conducted Mr. Dolan to the supers' dressing area for a costume fitting. The two men disappeared into a crowd of seventy-odd bare-chested males of various sizes and colors, most of whom were dressed only in undergarments. Some supers were applying body or eye makeup; others were pulling on armbands and collars or folding onto themselves short gold Egyptian skirts that closed at the waist with Velcro. When Mr. Dolan returned, he was barefoot, minus his glasses, and wearing a pair of white shorts, having left his clothing and his valuables with a security man. Mr. Caine handed him a jar of reddish-brown liquid and asked him to put on his body makeup. "It's called Texas Dirt," Mr. Caine told us as Mr. Dolan slathered the stuff over his torso. "A water-soluble makeup that gives a nice gloss to the skin under lights. You apply it in layers and get darker and darker." When Mr. Dolan was the color of coffee-with-cream, Mr. Caine helped him into a short brown cotton tunic that left one shoulder bare, handed him a knobby black wig, and stepped back to admire the effect. "We're aiming for a simple, comprehensive Ethiopian look," he said. "You're one of the prisoners."

As our party of three headed for the stage, Mr. Caine told us that this "Aida" required three hundred and twenty-five separate costumes. "We have eighty changes of costume in the triumph scene alone, with three groups of people changing twice or more, so that in those twenty-four minutes eighty-six people give you a hundred and sixty-six different looks."

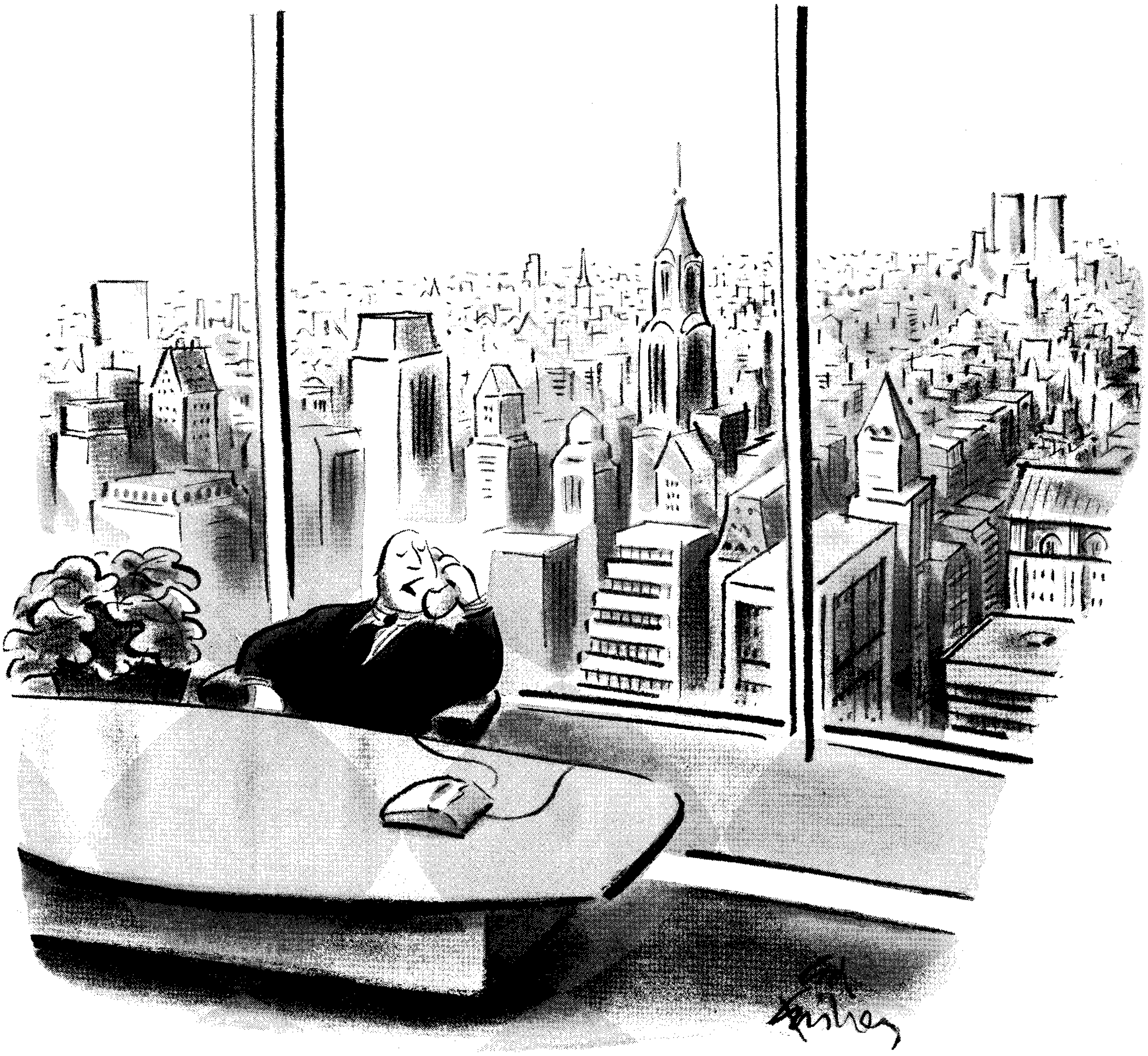


When we asked how this worked, Mr. Caine explained that groups of marchers wearing animal heads turned into Ethiopians or Radamès' guards by changing costumes and headpieces in the wings, and that a group of spoils porters became a platoon of archers for the scene's final tableau. "It's a matter of precise coördination and timing," he said. "You'll see."

Onstage, John Dexter, "Aida's" director, was showing a line of animal-headed men at the front of a large circular platform how to kneel in the profile position familiar from Egyptian bas-reliefs. "Kneel upright first and then lean back on your heels," he told them. "And don't *wiggle* as you go down." During a break, Mr. Dexter was introduced to Mr. Dolan, who shook him enthusiastically by the hand, transferring a considerable amount of Texas Dirt to Mr. Dexter. "You're going to have a terrible time," said Mr. Dexter with a slightly manic grin. "You and sixteen other prisoners come in at the back—bent over and looking very defeated, I hope. Then all seventeen of you cross in front of everybody to stage left as Amonasro enters from stage right." Mr. Dexter assumed a defeated crouch and moved rapidly across the front of the platform with Mr. Dolan in tow. Placing Mr. Dolan halfway back on the left side of the stage, Mr. Dexter said, "Here is the difficult part. You have to stand absolutely still for the rest of the scene. If I find you blocking the chorus, I may have to decapitate you so they can see the conductor." Mr. Dolan, shivering slightly in bare feet and brief tunic, nodded enthusiastically. "This is going to be a hairy rehearsal," Mr. Dexter added, "because our tenor is sick, and if I try to use a substitute who doesn't know the stage traffic he could get run over by a chariot wheel."

"I wish I had brought my glasses," said Mr. Dolan.

On opening night, we found Mr. Dolan in his private dressing room—Dressing Room 24—wearing his tunic, his wig, and a liberal portion of Texas Dirt, and surrounded by his considerable family. Everyone was sipping champagne, admiring two bouquets of flowers sent by old friends, and listening to Marilyn Horne, the Amneris, warm up in the dressing room across the hall. Mr. Dolan



"That may be your point of view down there, Hodgins. It's not our point of view up here."

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told us that there had been some changes after the dress rehearsal. "They added a strip of red cloth to the tunic to make me more visible," he said. "They also gave me some sandals. My only problem is that I can't sit down in here now, because I'd ruin the furniture with my body makeup."

We walked down the hall with Mr. Dolan to see how Cornell MacNeil, the Amonasro, handled that problem, and found him standing in the center of his dressing room while a makeup man covered him with a color even darker than Texas Dirt. "In the last two productions of 'Aida,' my costumes have been held together by safety pins," said Mr. MacNeil as a dresser slipped a ragged red tunic over his head and cinched it at the waist with a silver-studded leather belt. "So the one thing I asked for was something that wouldn't come apart when I jumped down from the cross."

"The cross?" we said.

"John Dexter thought long and hard about bringing me *in* tied to a cross," said Mr. MacNeil, "but not about getting me *down* from it. We've finally decided that the best way is for my bearers to give me a sharp jerk forward, so that I react by leaping to the floor."

"Do you sit down in here?" Mr. Dolan inquired.

"On a sheet of paper," said Mr. MacNeil, grinning through his curly beard. "After seventeen years of Amonasro, you learn a few tricks."

When the triumph scene began, Mr. Dolan and sixteen other Ethiopians took up their positions on a sunken staircase at the back of the stage. We walked around to a cavernous backstage area on the right to watch King's guards, porters, and litter carriers turning rapidly into animal-headed acolytes and spear carriers, and noticed that a lot of Texas Dirt was coming off in the process. There was one near-collision between a spoils litter loaded with giant elephant tusks which was being borne offstage and a file of gladiators who were marching up the steps in the opposite direction, but, despite the dim light and the multiple changes, all hundred and fifty Egyptians and Ethiopians ended up in the right place at the right time. When Radamès (James McCracken) mounted his golden chariot and Amonasro swung up on his cross, we edged forward to watch for Mr. Dolan's entrance. Finally, we saw him, moving rapidly forward from the back stairwell in a defeated crouch, leading a ragged group of prisoners around in front of a dazzling semicircle of Egyptian nobility in stiff gold robes.

Two hours later, at the Opera Guild cast party, we asked Mr. Dolan how it felt to be out there performing on that enormous stage.

"Just wonderful," he said. "I was so well rehearsed I felt like an old hand. As a matter of fact, Bill McCourt, the assistant stage manager, thinks he can put me back next month, as a bullfighter in 'Carmen.' "

"Let me tell you about Texas Dirt," Mrs. Dolan said, looking up at her well-scrubbed husband. "It keeps oozing out of the pores of the skin for about four days."

Entrepreneurs

AGENDA of the International Disco Forum (Roosevelt Hotel)—partial listing:

9 A.M.-10 A.M. Continental Breakfast
10 A.M.-11 A.M. Plenary Session: "Disco Power of the 70's"
11 A.M.-11:15 A.M. Coffee Break
1:30 P.M.-2:30 P.M. Session 2: "Marketing Disco Product"

At the seminar on "Marketing Disco Product," there were scores of people in flowered shirts. There was a man in a brown velour leisure suit who wore a monocle and looked serious, and there were several young men in service-station overalls (the name of the discothèque they represented had been embroidered over one pocket), and they looked *intent*. At the front of the room, a very large person talked about the needs of the emerging discothèque industry. We sat at a non-ringside table and listened. With us were Garnet Plank, his son David Plank, and Sean Sperring—three men with an interest in the emerging discothèque industry. Mr. Sperring is about to open a 2001 franchise discothèque in St. Louis; David Plank, with his father's cooperation, is planning to open a 2001 franchise discothèque in Odessa, Texas. The three men were dressed conservatively. Mr. Garnet Plank, who is in his sixties, wore a nicely cut gray suit. He looked, at first glance, like the sort of man who wouldn't let his daughter go out with anyone wearing a flowered shirt. "This is an infant industry, a growth industry, with a high profit margin," Mr. Sperring told us. "I'm a real-estate developer in St. Louis, putting up a high-density office complex. We've got a very valuable piece of ground. The pre-development stage, where we are now, can be very costly, and one of the major costs is controlling the ground itself. If we can control the ground until development, and produce a good cash flow at the same time, we've solved a big problem. Personally, I think ground control using discothèques—instead of parking lots, for instance—is a brilliant economic concept."

The very large person talking at the front of the room stressed a point he thought important by raising his voice. "We're getting back to the needs of society," he said, loudly. "People now are into *people* again, and that's what discothèques are all about. People don't want a hostile, metallic, *fixed-seat* kind of atmosphere—they want what you club owners have to give them."

"I'm in it for the same reasons as Sean," David Plank said. "With the additional reason of aesthetics—the involvement with light and sound, and the feeling of tribalism. I want to bring the aesthetic component to bear. I want to get into lasers."

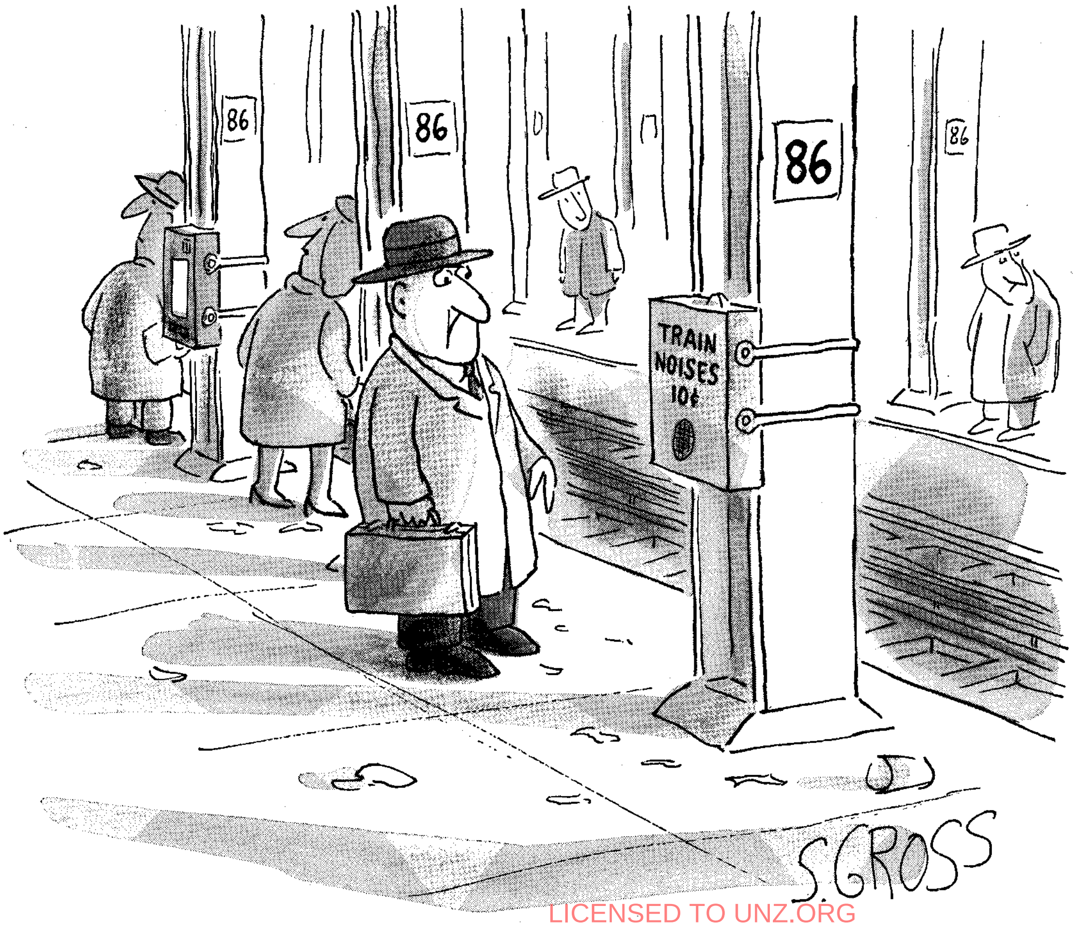
"Theoretically, if you set it up right you can make a political statement, a social statement—anything," Sean Sperring said. "You can take over the world. I'm only kidding."

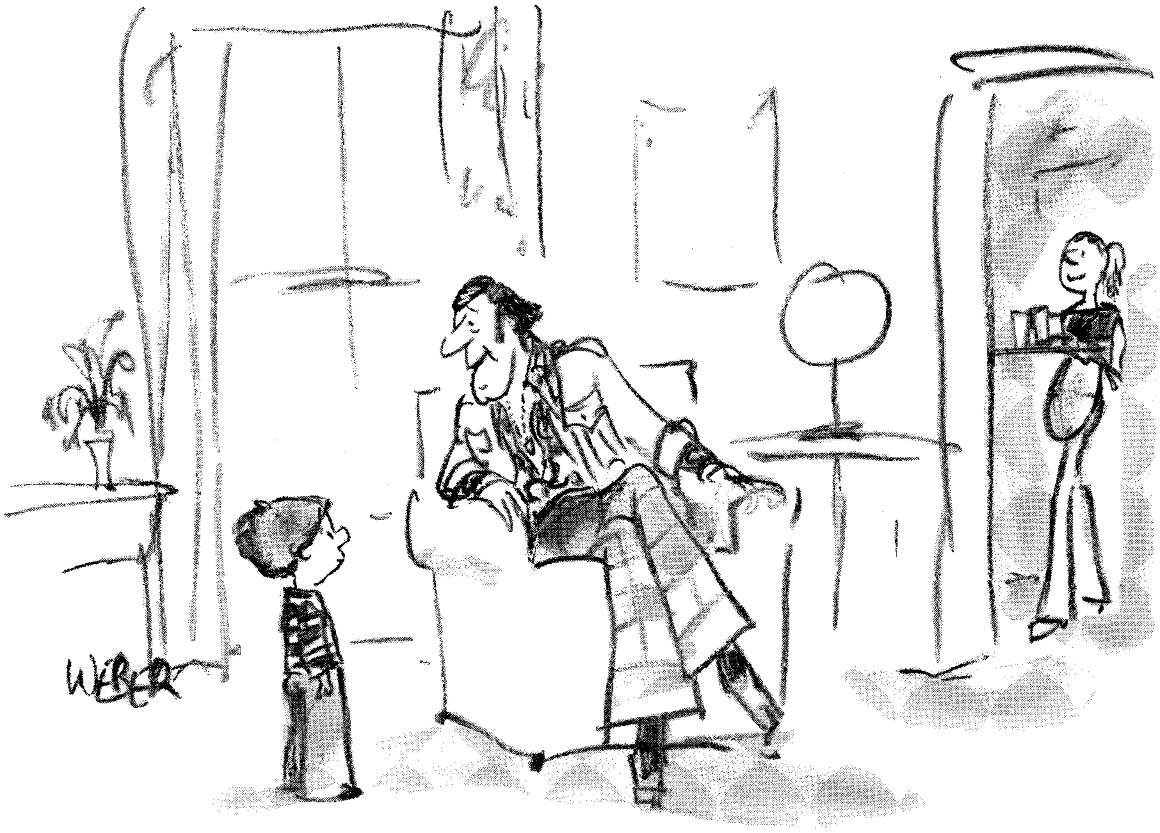
We asked the elder Mr. Plank if he had visited many discothèques himself.

"I have been in one in Columbus, one in Toledo," Garnet Plank said. "Did we go to one in Chicago, son? No, I guess not. I agree very much with this man who's talking now that this is a time of change. This discothèque idea is the thing."

"Mr. Plank comes along so we don't go too far out on a limb," Mr. Sperring said.

The discothèques that Mr. Plank visited in Toledo and Columbus are operated by Tom Jayson and Jim Kowalczyk, as part of their 2001 chain of discothèques. Mr. Jayson and Mr. Kowalczyk own and operate a club in Pittsburgh as well; and in other cities (like Odessa, Texas, and St. Louis) they look for investors who will commission them to build a 2001 club using their formulas. We talked with Mr. Kowalczyk, a very businesslike man wearing a red double-knit suit. "We can put up a club for three hundred and fifty thousand that it'd cost you five hundred thousand to put up," Mr. Kowalczyk told us. "Plus you get our expertise, and our continuing guidance. For that, we'll take five per cent of the gross. We are interested in big clubs—big enough for twenty-five hundred people—and we are completely computerized.





"Instead of calling me Grandpa, why don't you just call me Herb?"

Every drink we pour is computerized. We don't have someone up there spinning the records—a computer does it. We aim at the younger working people living at home, with discretionary income. We don't want to mingle with the young no-money set. We charge two dollars a head at the door. If we get twenty-five hundred people in, we've got five thousand dollars as soon as they're in the door. It's very exciting. We've got investors from Kuwait interested. Fifteen million dollars for clubs in Europe. I want you to meet my partner."

We were introduced to his partner, Mr. Jayson. Mr. Jayson directed our attention to a hologram of a shark, which he said was a crowd-pleaser. "What you have to remember is this: we interface the entire room into a computer—the door, the bar, the lighting."

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FROM the *2001 Newsletter*, Volume 76, Issue No. 1:

> ODESSA, TEXAS. David Plank reports he has finally completed his negotiations for his property which will house his 2001 entertainment complex. David Plank is a successful Odessa businessman who kind of made it on his own by hard work and being smarter than the other guy. David is President of Plank Coatings, one of the largest of its type in the Southwest, which coats oil drilling rigs and equipment.
>
> HINTS & TIPS
>
> PROJECTORS. The worst enemy a movie or slide projector can have is dirt and dust. If you have a clean club, it helps, but the projectors should be cleaned thoroughly every month. One of the best ways to clean is by using an air tank and a blow gun. Simply use one of the CO_2 tanks from either your draft beer or soda dispenser & attach a 20 foot air-hose with a blow gun at the other end. If you cannot figure out how to do it, write and we'll send you an instruction sheet.

Lunchtime

AS the weather around here becomes more unbearable, little ways to divert yourself can become important. Nighttime is not a problem. You can take care of that by accepting every invitation that comes your way. Midday is another matter. What to do about lunch? So far, we have tried having it with different sets of people; we have tried having it with the same set of people; we have tried having it alone; we have tried not having it at all. Just the other day, we tried having our lunch while watching a Theatre at Noon production of Maria Irene Fornes' play "Dr. Kheal" at St. Peter's Church, which is on East Fifty-sixth Street, and this new way of having lunch was far better than anything else we had tried.

There are two shows put on every weekday—one at a quarter past twelve and the other at a quarter past one. We took the early show. We got to St. Peter's at noon sharp, taking our lunch along, as we had been given to understand we should do. At the door, we learned that there was no admission charge but that donations were invited. We made our donation, walked in with a sandwich (ham salad) and a soft drink (ginger beer), and hoped for a good time. We got a good time. First of all, the theatre is a dimly lighted room with about fifteen medium-sized round tables, a red tablecloth on each table, and four chairs to each table. When we got there, about ten couples were already seated and were unpacking or eating their lunches. It was very cozy and comfortable-looking. We thought we would wait until the show got under way before we had our lunch, and then we were sorry, because we laughed so much. The show began with a man reading this from a piece of paper: "It is with great pleasure that I welcome Dr. Kheal to Theatre at Noon today. With this visit, Dr. Kheal is completing a cross-country lecture tour, which has taken him to more than fifty universities and colleges. After this lecture, Dr. Kheal will be returning to Harvard, where he will resume his position as Distinguished Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics. I am proud to introduce—Dr. Kheal." Dr. Kheal came onstage. Dr. Kheal, played by a talented young actor named Richard Hamburger, was wearing formal evening clothes and white shoes with red shoelaces. He looked quite comical. Then he started to act quite comical. He walked over to a blackboard that was already on the stage, drew a large square on it, and wrote in the square lecture topics like "On Poetry," "On Ambition," "On Energy," and "On Truth." All in all, Dr. Kheal—or Richard Hamburger—was a funny man. Also, he said very funny things. The thing he said that we liked best was on the subject of energy. He said, "How does one do a million small things? One at a time. How does one do a million big things? One at a time. How does one do one big thing? Never."

POND LIFE

WHEN my wife leaves me after dinner, as she generally does, to finish my cheese alone, it is my custom to take a book—any book—from our dining-room shelves, open it anywhere, and read. The best cheese palls without a companion. Sometimes I find myself in the middle of an H.G. Wells novel, marvelling at the sheer skill of the man and the neglect into which he has fallen; or it may be a page or two of Somerville and Ross, or Kinglake getting fun out of the plague in Cairo, or a description of the behavior patterns of the racket-tailed hummingbird, or Chadwick deciphering Linear B, or Henry James weaving and unweaving as tirelessly as any Penelope. There is no order or method about the books in this house, I am glad to say.

I stress the element of chance to show that when I opened Sassoon's "Siegfried's Journey" a few evenings ago it might just as easily (give or take a pound or two) have been Rostovtsev's "Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire."

Sassoon went on a speaking tour to the United States in 1920, and by page 194, where the book fell open, was in some small difficulty.

> I must explain [he wrote] that my lecture tour had by now become entirely dependent on my ability to obtain engagements by my own exertions. Early in March it had transpired that the Pond Bureau was on the verge of bankruptcy. This had been brought about by the failure of Maeterlinck to speak intelligible English, which had resulted in the cancellation of his tour with a huge loss of money to his agent.

A good Brie, taken in slow mouthfuls between paragraphs, encourages a reflectively sympathetic frame of mind. It was easy to see that Maeterlinck, expounding his mystical symbolism in a language nobody could understand, would test the endurance of the keenest lecturegoer. Bad luck on everyone, not least on Sassoon. Nobody, I should guess, suddenly burst out singing.

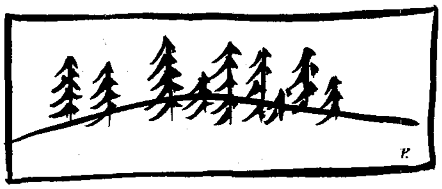
Anxious to know more about an agency that thought it could make money out of Maeterlinck, I ate another bit of cheese and hopefully turned back some twenty pages, to the beginnings of Sassoon's checkered trip to the States. There is nothing like aimless research for spinning out a meal, and I was soon rewarded by the discovery that James B. Pond himself, head of the Pond Lyceum Bureau, had come in person to London in the summer of 1919 to renew an invitation to lecture previously made by letter to Sassoon and turned down by him "owing to inexperience as a public speaker." Pond, who seems to have had some kind of death wish, pooh-poohed so trivial a handicap, and Sassoon, after trying out his voice in the Albert Hall (a stiffish test that Maeterlinck might have been well advised to copy), eventually set sail for New York some six months later.

"Got off the boat this afternoon about three," his diary for January 28, 1920, records. "Met by one of J. B. Pond's people, who brought me to this hotel in a very old taxi through streets inches deep in snow slush. My watch refuses to go, my luggage hasn't yet arrived from the docks, and the hotel is a rather depressing one. I have eaten a nasty dinner. . . ." He had a raging toothache as well. And next morning, calling at the Pond Lyceum Bureau to hear the details of his two months' tour, he "saw at once that [Pond] was uneasy about something." No wonder. As far as I can deduce, the Maeterlinck fiasco still lay some weeks ahead, but

> By the terms of our agreement he had guaranteed me a minimum of twenty-five lectures at a hundred dollars each, also paying my steamer fares and travelling expenses. It was, therefore, a complete surprise when he glumly announced that only two engagements had been booked for me in February, and none at all in March. He attributed this to the exceptional influx of British authors that winter . . .

A merry pair they must have been that slushy January morning. But there were no recriminations: "I was always on the best of terms with Pond, who treated me well. But all he could do was to tell me to collect my earnings independently and pick up what engagements I could as I went along." Not an easy assignment for a young poet in a strange land, but somehow or other the tour went on, even after bankruptcy had revealed its distressing verge in March. Just how that was achieved I cannot say, for the Brie was finished and coffee would be available elsewhere. I left the table with the conviction that Sassoon was a pretty even-tempered young man and that J. B. Pond, though obviously a likable chap, had still a good deal to learn about the lecture-tour business.

Imagine my astonishment—but no, on second thought it is too early yet for that. We are coming up to a coincidence, but it must be approached in due order and with proper preparation. It is, then, some three hours later that same evening, and I am settled comfortably in bed, book in hand, ready for my accustomed half-hour read. This is no random volume, opened at haphazard, for at bedtime I read conscientiously, starting at page 1 or earlier. It is, in fact, a biography of H. M. Stanley, written by Byron Farwell, published in 1958, and called "The Man Who Presumed." I borrowed it about a week ago from the local library, having a weakness for all those intrepid and splendidly quarrelsome explorers whom nothing dismayed except, perhaps, the skepticism of the Royal Geographical Society, and by now my nightly stint of forty or fifty pages had brought me almost to journey's end. Behind lay interminable marches, famine, fever, smallpox, desertions, treachery, Remington rifles and poisoned arrows, drownings, executions, endless recriminations, and occasional moments of triumph. Livingstone had long ago been found and Emin Pasha rescued, neither of them showing excessive delight. Of the six hundred and twenty-three Zanzibaris, sixty-two Sudanese, thirteen Somalis, and ten white men who started out with Stanley on the latter expedition, a total of five hundred and twelve were dead or missing. Stanley had done enough, and I was at liberty, all passion spent, to enjoy Chapter XVII, "Retirement and Last Days."



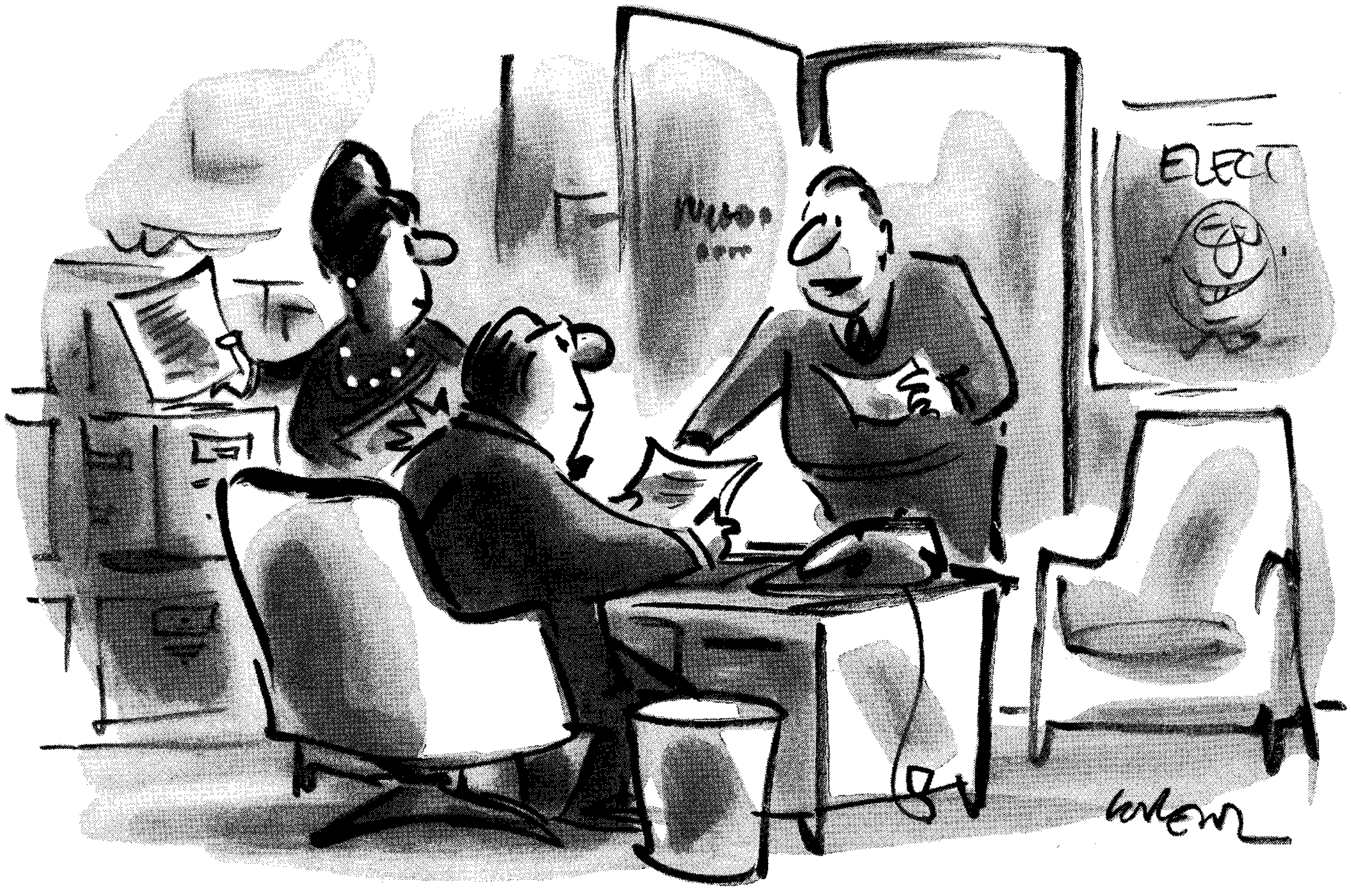
Stanley, I read, married a Miss Dorothy Tennant, who liked to draw ragamuffins and was descended from Oliver Cromwell. And then

> On October 29, 1890, the Stanleys sailed for the United States to begin a great lecture tour. . . . Stanley was scheduled to give a hundred and twenty lectures in the United States and Canada. The tour was organized

(I break off here for a moment to allow the reader time to imagine my astonishment)

> by Major James B. Pond, who was also the booking agent for Mark Twain, Henry George, Bill Nye, and the Ricca Venetian Mandolin Quintette.

James B. Pond, it will be understood, had vanished completely from my consciousness, gone with the Brie, in the three-hour interval since I had first become aware of him, so that this second meeting struck me with astonishing force. Here he was again, thirty years earlier, already hard at it with the Stanleys and the Twains, little dreaming that a generation later he was to make such an infernal muddle



"Danny Thomas is considering Wallace, Dean Martin is tilting toward Reagan, and Sammy Davis, Jr., is still in a holding pattern."

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over Maeterlinck and Sassoon. I could scarcely have been more excited if I had come upon him at Ujiji, wearing a cloth cap and red-sleeved waistcoat, with the blue waters of Lake Tanganyika shimmering in the background.

Stanley was more fortunate than Sassoon in his dealings with J. B., who on this occasion "had made elaborate plans for his lecturer." Stanley and his bride, Mr. Farwell reports, "traveled in a special Pullman car that had been named *Henry M. Stanley*, a grand affair equipped with its own kitchen, a dining room, three state bedrooms, a bathroom, and a drawing room complete with a piano," and one cannot help reflecting with a certain sadness on poor Sassoon's very old taxi and depressing hotel. On the evidence, it begins to look as though Pond, the very man who in his heyday had taken Mark Twain *and* the Venetian Mandolin Quintette in his stride, was beginning to lose his touch by the nineteen-twenties.

Or could it be, perhaps, that this was not the same James B. Pond? Americans have a tiresome habit of passing on their first name, initial and all, to their sons, so that a "Jr." or even a "II" is sometimes attached for clarity, as they are to yachts and race horses. And Stanley's Pond was a major, whereas in Sassoon's recollections he is plain Mr.—if that. The possibility has to be admitted that what we have here is not one James B. Pond but two, and bang, in that case, goes half the allure of my coincidence. Bang also goes the notion, conceived at about midnight, of writing a definitive Life of James B. Pond, perhaps entitled "From Stanley to Sassoon"—a biography which, as anyone who has had dealings with authors must agree, would have been hardly less replete with interminable journeys, desertions, inability to speak intelligible English, recriminations, and poisoned arrows than Stanley's. If the record shows, as I fear it must, a succession or string of J. B. Ponds, I certainly have no intention of writing a mere brochure about the Lyceum Bureau.

A pity. Still, something remains from my researches between 8 P.M. and midnight. Stanley's greeting to Livingstone is pretty widely known, but how many are aware of *Mrs.* Stanley's opening remark to James B. Pond? Here it is, faithfully recorded by Mr. Farwell: "When they were introduced she quietly remarked, 'I don't like you, Major Pond.' "

This seems to me as memorable in its way as her husband's rather overlauded salute, and it may be that the shock to poor Pond started that decline in his grip on affairs of the Lyceum Bureau that reached its nadir, thirty years later, with Maeterlinck and Sassoon. Nor can one help reflecting what might have been the long-term results had these two strange greetings of husband and wife been, by some irony of fate, interchanged, had Mrs. Stanley very reasonably said, "Major Pond, I presume?," while Stanley himself (who, after all, only four days before the famous meeting found occasion to carve "Starving. H.M.S." on the trunk of a tree) opened up at Ujiji with a brisk "I do not like you, Dr. Livingstone." For one thing, I suppose, four hundred and forty-five Zanzibaris, fifty Sudanese, twelve Somalis, and five white men might have lived to see Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. But not, perhaps, Stanley. —H. F. ELLIS

•

Mickel Lolich started more games, *struck out more games, struck out more* batters and hurled more shutouts than any pitcher in the football staff.—*The Times.*

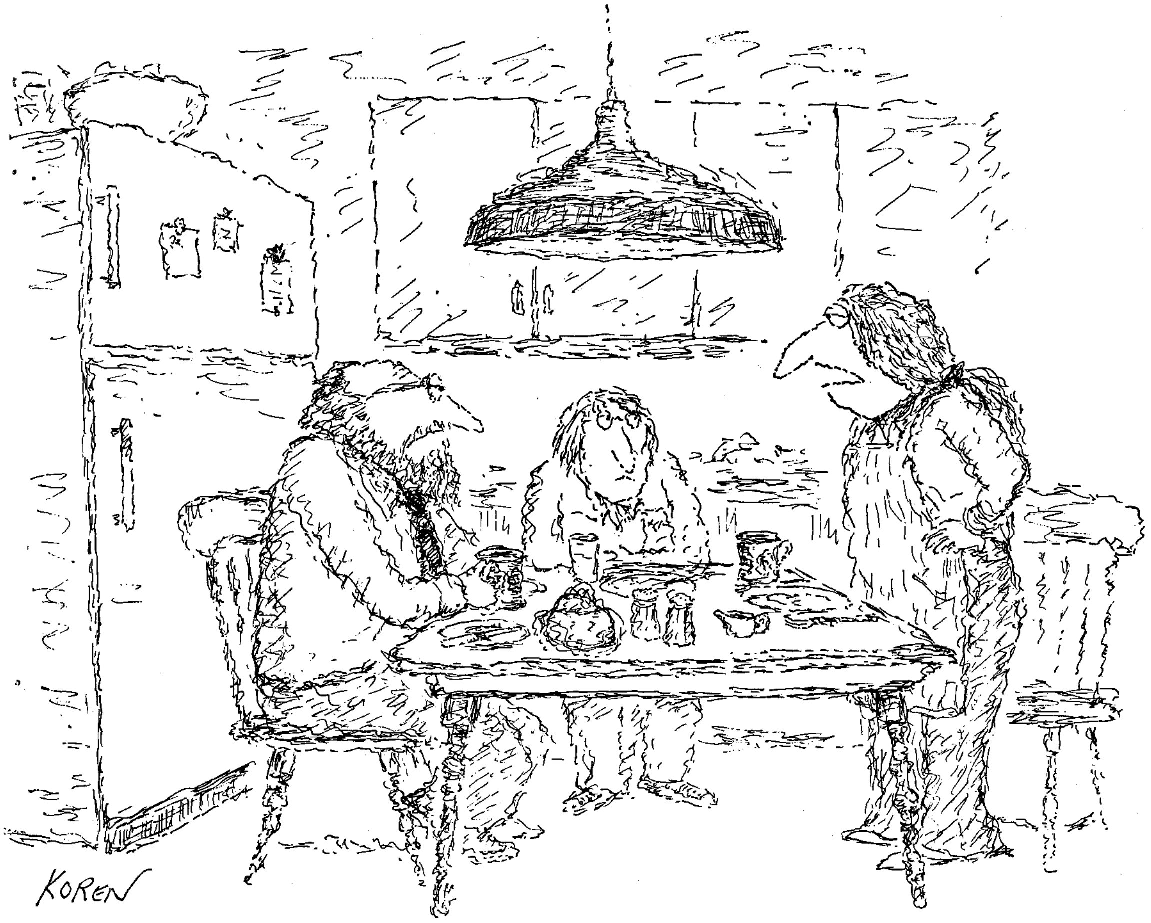
Fumbles a lot, though.

THE AGENCY

THE boat was old. The food was boiled. The berths were not sound. The passage took more than a week. The class in all cabins, on all decks, was tourist class. On the ninth day out of New York, the night before Cobh, there was, near the engine room, a talent show. A girl from Briarcliff tap-danced to a hymn. Three boys from Tufts played "Aloha Oe" with forks on water glasses filled to various heights. A couple, returning to Bavaria after twenty years, sang "Du, du liegst mir am Herzen" seven times. A clerk from Albany did imitations, turning his back to the audience to compose his face before each one. A Scoutmaster from Tenafly rode his unicycle around the floor. The Bavarian couple's daughter, having been at first reluctant to perform, sang an operatic German favorite, which, translated, turned out to be "Fritz, Rejoice! Fritz, Rejoice! Tomorrow We Are Having Celery Salad." And then an Indian student from McGill, who had boarded the ship at Montreal, slowly, deliberately wound a turban around his head. That was it. He did not win the prize—a pastoral scene in marzipan—but he gave one to think what talent is. Such an interesting conception of it did not come my way again until, years later, in a trench in the Sinai, an Israeli soldier, born in Yemen, chewed up and swallowed a razor blade to impress Yaël Dayan.

THAT year, a Fulbright to Paris had somehow found his way to a band of street fighters in Budapest. A Fulbright to Florence had died with a party of tourists he had been leading through the desert in Libya. The Americans were not staying put. Students on grants abroad lost permission to receive their checks by mail. Showing up to be paid kept them, once a month, at least, in place. Back home, a group of students, driving a car across the country for its owner, whom they did not know (an agency made the transaction), sped for hours through the desert. It was nearly sundown. They had seen no other cars since noon. Then, in the distance, with the setting red sun just behind it, they saw a car, at the world's edge, coming toward them. They laughed and kept driving. For several minutes, the two cars raced in their lanes toward each other. Drivers and passengers began to smile and wave across the desert. A few more seconds, laughing, shouting, waving. The two cars collided. There were twelve occupants in all, and none were dead when it was over. A seventeen-year-old boy regained consciousness in the air, caught and sustained by telephone wires. He was too startled to be scared. He climbed down the telephone-pole rungs calmly. His arm was slightly broken. The others, only bruised, were scattered along several yards of highway. They picked themselves up gradually, looked at what remained of the two cars, shuddered, and sat down together.

THE arthritic Chihuahua, with cast, glazed eyes, walked among the plates and glasses on the tablecloth. We were in a restaurant near the Banque de France. Mme. Devereux was telling her experiences of the war. She had rolled bandages. She had suffered privations, inconveniences. She had endured reports of the conditions at the front. At first, word of the ghettos in Eastern Europe had caught her sympathies. But then, she was appalled. They, she was told on high authority, had stolen all the doorknobs off the ghetto doors, and sold the knobs. They were such salesmen; she had been naïve. But when, as M. Devereux had known they would, they turned around and sold the bandages, Mme. could roll no more. She caught our eyes. "*N'est-ce pas, mon petit,*" she said, stroking a tufted bald spot behind her Chihuahua's ear. He wheezed and stretched. A wineglass overturned. "Is that not right, that they just went too far?" It was not one of us who overturned the glass. It was the dog. We were trying so hard. Maybe it was our French we were uncertain of.

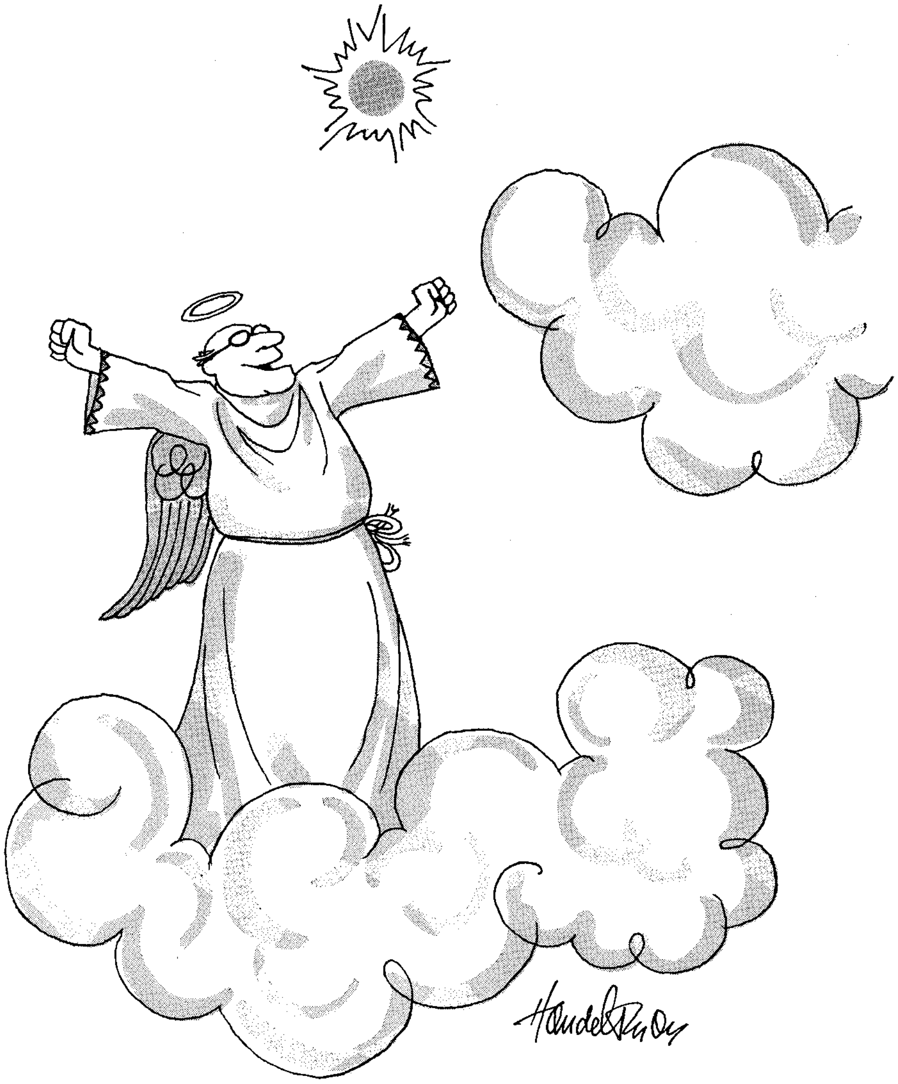


"Young man, at table you either particularize or generalize, but not both."

WE had lined up. We had crossed the Atlantic on a small, old boat of the French Line called the Flandre, which we called the Flounder—partly for the joke but mainly to avoid in each other's presence that attempt to pronounce the French "r," which seemed of such importance to us then. We had lined up for the *carte de séjour* and the identity card, for student accreditation and for the certificate of equivalence to our American degrees. Having stood in one line long enough to reach the bureaucrat whose job it was to issue one document, we learned that the prerequisite for it was another. At the end of the line for this other, we learned from its bureaucrat that he could not issue his document without evidence that we had already obtained the first, or a third, perhaps others or both. It was the fall of 1961. French students—and, for all we knew, students of every other nationality—were already burning American flags in the Sorbonne courtyard, on behalf, they said, of Cuba. It was clear they hated us. We stood. We smiled. We had gone abroad with the American smile. We were very serious. Only the least serious of us roamed the streets at night, chanting "*La Paix en Algérie*" with one student crowd, or "*Algérie Française*" with another, until the two groups filled the boulevards, converged, and, with the help of massed policemen swinging weighted capes, rioted. On the same night the Marquis de Cuevas was borne by litter to a performance of ballet at the Opéra, where he was strewn with rose petals, Bonbon Wechsler, of Santa Barbara, who had already acquired a small Moroccan boyfriend and was chanting with him to improve her French, lost track of the boyfriend, and, being carried along by the demonstration, at its edge, was accidentally pushed through the window of a bookshop on the Rue Bonaparte, where she nearly bled to death among the old, incomplete sets of tarot cards. The complete sets had been bought up by American students of "The Waste Land" right after the war.

"FAR from it," the man who cleans up this office after hours keeps muttering to himself. "Far from it. Far from it."

THE most important line, the longest and the most embittered, was the line for the student restaurants. Some people stood in it for forty-six straight hours. The restaurant card required that all other cards and documents be in order. Quite often, an American or other foreign student would arrive with his completed file at the desk and be met with the stare, the shrug, the look of perfect insolence which characterizes, everywhere, the bureaucrat who likes his power to obstruct. Many students wept. Most of them persisted, with that flat determination to understand the country and the language which took them in so many different ways. In no other language, for instance—certainly not our own—were we so improbably familiar with the vocabulary of churches, with naves, Flamboyant Gothic arches, apses, capitals, transepts; or with the words of medieval hymns and songs of courtly love. We spoke of the quality of the blue in the stained-glass windows of Chartres, which modern science had not been able to duplicate, as though the medieval craftsman who had produced it were a colleague. He had, we knew, billed his diocese for the purchase of sapphires ground up to create that color. Modern science had, at least, established that sapphires played no part in its composition at all. It was our first, most scholarly appreciation of the padded expense account.



"*Ah! What a glorious day to be dead!*"

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THE fashion models walked down the ramp, surveyed the audience with utter, unamused contempt, turned, sauntered out. For some reason, this induced the lady customers to buy. Within a year, convinced of many European things and yet unalterably American, we all went home.

WE are thirty-five. Some of us are gray. We all do situps or something to keep fit. I myself wear bifocals. Since I am not yet used to wearing specs at all, I tend to underestimate the distance required, for instance, for kisses on the cheek. If the other person wears glasses, too, we are likely to have a brushing clack of frames. We have had some drunks, an occasional psychotic break, eleven divorces, one autistic child, six abortions, two unanticipated homosexuals, several affairs of the sort that are lifelong and quiet and sad, one drowning, two cases of serious illness, one hatred each, no crimes. No crimes is no small thing. We might have run over somebody in high school and left the scene. Before that, we might have stopped putting pennies on tracks to be bent by trains, and instead tried to lie down between the rails while all the cars of a train passed overhead. Every child heard that some child had done it safely once somewhere. We were always daring each other to do that. It would not have been a crime, of course. But it would have taken us over that edge of irreversible violence where, whether in a pattern of years or in the flicker of an oversight, crime begins.

“FAR from it. Far from it,” he is muttering to himself again.

EVERY child, naturally, who was not a sissy swam. In lakes, and seas, and heavily chlorinated pools, they earned their certificates: Beginner, Intermediate, Advanced, Junior Life Saving, Senior Life Saving—all the New England summer accreditations of the healthy child. There has been, always, the preoccupation of people of our age and class with documents: degrees, cards, certifications, records, licenses. One got them the year one became of age to get them. Of age. Or the lapse turned into long regret, and then to fear. The accreditations all began, though, in the water: at five the dog paddle and at fifteen the dive to break the death grip of some giant instructor, in order to tow him, by means of the chin carry, the hair carry, the cross-chest carry, whatever other carry, home. By now, there have been many years of accepted assurances that the water's fine—quite warm, actually—once you get into it; many years' insane passings on of such an assurance. And here we all are—all, that is, except Barney, whose sailboat overturned two years ago last November. It is probable that he had been drinking. When Jim and I took him to dinner the preceding August, he said he was bored with his job.

“NOW, class. Now, seniors,” the high-school principal said, interrupting the pledge. “It's one nation. Under Gawd. Indivisible. Some of you are saying under Gahd. In fact, most of you. What are the parents going to think? What are your teachers going to think? What are the visitors from Hartford going to think? This is very important. Many of you are college bound. Now say with me, please. Gawd. Again. Gawd. *Un*der Gawd. *In*divisible. Good. Now let's resume. Give it the feeling you're going to give it on graduation day.” Her name was Miss Crosby. Crawsby, not Crahsby. We let it pass.

FROM her earliest childhood, Jametta Anna Scozzafava had mysterious sources of information about what holiday it was. No school tomorrow, she would say—often quite late for a small child to be up on a cold evening: Scragg Day, or Teachers Records Day, Moss Day, State Commemoration Day, or High School Bus Repairs. Mysteriously, these holidays did exist, although few of them recurred from year to year. Jametta also knew holiday nights: Chalk Night, Garbage Night, Crab Night—and, I think, Teachers Records Night, although I am not sure. Chalk Night and Garbage Night were clear enough. I never knew what were the right observances for Crab Night and, one year, for Seven Moon. From third grade on, Jametta spent most of her classroom hours either whispering with Moose Natale, or absent altogether with the Pass Card. In her senior year, however, Jametta sat in front of one Albert Benso, in the first row of Miss Keane's English class. We were doing our required Shakespeare play. The state seemed to require of its students one half year of world history, Mesopotamia to the present; one half year of American history, Jamestown to the present; one solid year of biology, in which one earthworm and one frog must be dissected; and, somewhere in four years of English classes, a Shakespeare play. Miss Keane's method of teaching Shakespeare was to assign parts for reading by row, characters in order of appearance: first seat, first row, first part, and so on along the rows. The class was doing “The Merchant of Venice,” Miss Keane's favorite. Miss Keane had done her disquisition about Shylock—a villain she found comparable, and perhaps even related, to all the many traitors in our own

FEBRUARY: THE BOY BRUEGEL

The birches stand in their beggar's row:
Each poor tree
Has had its wrists nearly
Torn from their clear sleeves of bone;
These icy trees
Are hanging by their thumbs
Under a sun
That will begin to heal them soon—
Each will climb out
Of its own blue, oval mouth.
The river groans;
Two birds call out from the woods

And a fox crosses through snow
Down a hill; then he runs.
He has overcome something white
Beside a white bush, he shakes
It twice, and as he turns
For the woods, the blood on the snow

Looks like the red fox,
At a distance, running down the hill:
A white rabbit in his mouth killed
By the fox in snow
Is killed over and over as just
Two colors, now, on a winter hill:

Two colors! Red and white. A barber's bowl.
Two colors like the peppers
In the windows
Of the town below the hill. Smoke comes
From the chimneys. Everything is still.
Ice in the river begins to move,
And a boy in a red shirt who woke
A moment ago
Watches from his window
The street where an ox
Who's broken out of his hut
Stands in the fresh snow
Staring cross-eyed at the boy,
Who smiles and looks out
Across the roof to the hill;
And the sun is reaching down
Into the woods

Where the smoky red fox still
Eats his kill. Two colors!
Just two colors!

A sunrise. The snow.

—NORMAN DUBIE

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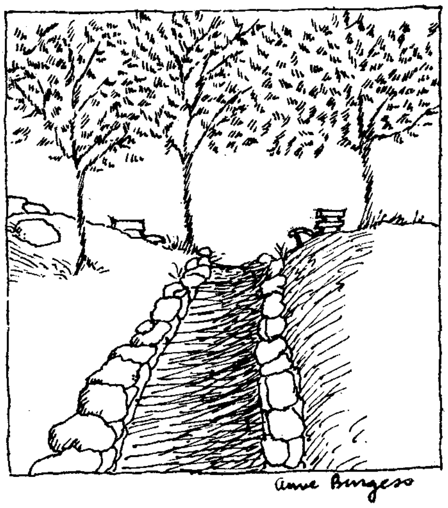
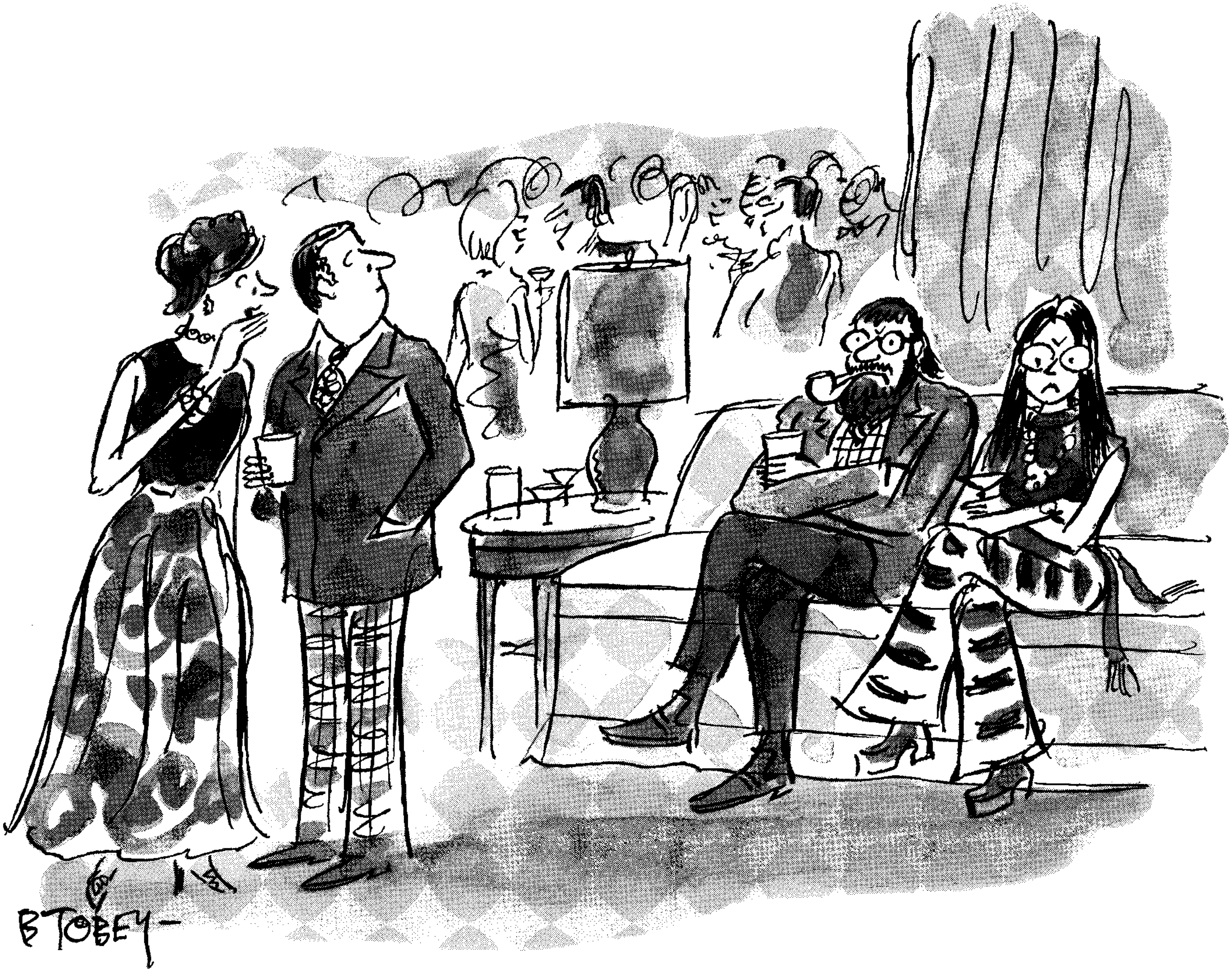




"The Sandersons are very defensive. They just moved from SoHo to Larchmont."

• •

time, our own country, brainwashing our boys abroad, flashing subliminal messages on television, stealthily approaching, if they did not already have, our minds. Miss Keane had subsided. The reading started. Jametta was Portia. It fell to Albert to read Lorenzo. "Lorenzo Benso!" Jametta shouted. "Lorenzo Benso!" swept the classroom. It was our first political slogan, and the witticism of Jametta's academic life.

"FAR from it," the shuffling man is muttering to himself again. "Far from it."

THE Albany legislator wept as he cast his vote. His brother-in-law was up for a judgeship. He had no choice.

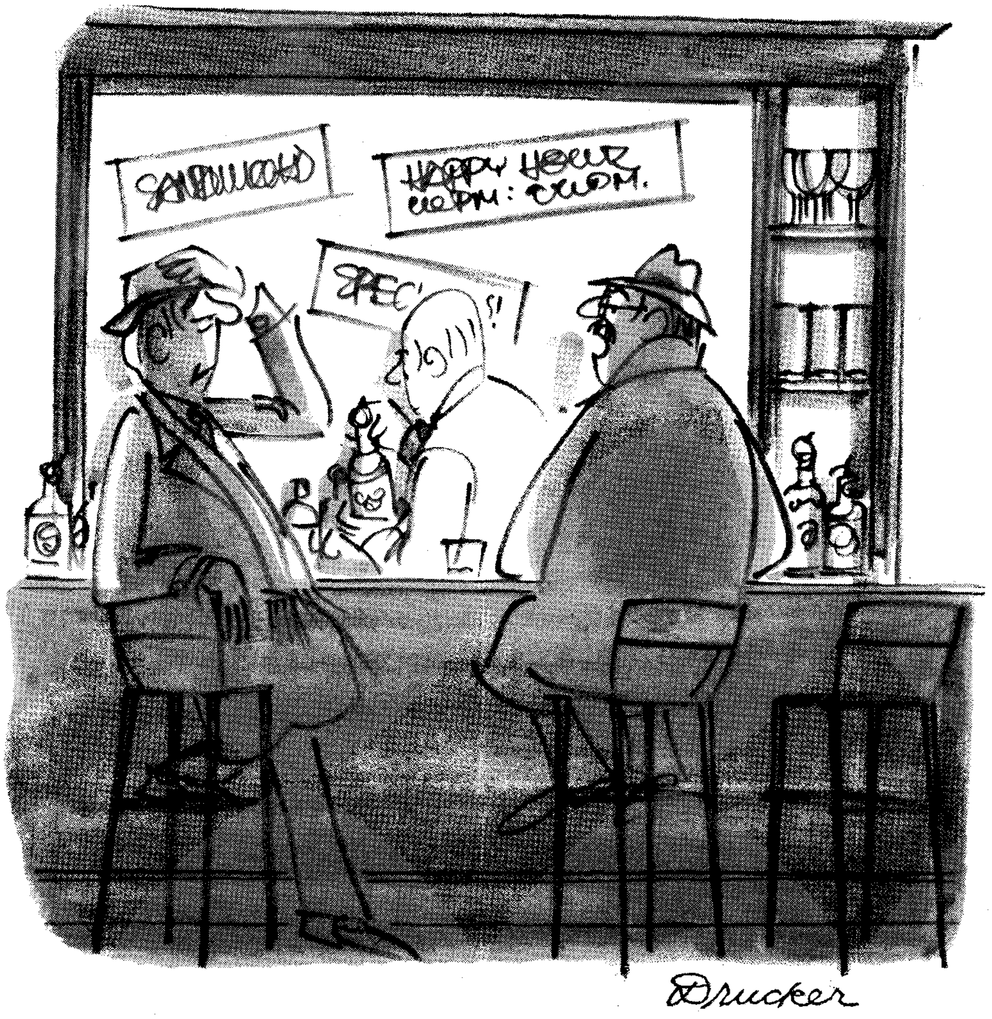
"I will hear no ill spoken of Rosa Addio," the assemblyman said. "She is a fine, Christian woman." The lobbyist for the teachers' union blanched.

"Ah, jobs, jobs in the ghetto," said the tenured pedant on the academic investigating committee that, yearly, adds to the coverup of corruption in our branch of the city university. "Ghetto jobs is our *bête noire*." Then he giggled and said, "Excuse me."

THE clerk of the morgue of this paper is an irascible man. Reporters are always taking his files away, forgetting to sign for them, keeping them, losing them, throwing them away. Over the years, it has made the clerk ill. I signed for a file, took the folder to my desk, and then took it home. Everybody does it. It is against the rules. After four days, I brought the folder back. The clerk of the morgue was incensed. What, he demanded to know, if the man whose file it was had died in those four days; what, in the absence of the file, would the obituary have been constructed from—had I considered that at all? Well, I said, since I had signed for the file, if the man whose file it was had died somebody could have called me up. I would have brought the folder back. True, the clerk said, but there were questions of another sort. What if, in those four days, a new fact about the man had come to light, a fact that ought quite surely to be added to the file; what, in the absence of the file, was there to add the fact to, what rubric, category, or place was there to put the new fact in—had I considered that at all, had I given it one moment's thought? I said I had not. The clerk, becoming pale with rage, said he might have to raise the matter with management. People seem to be unhappy in so many different ways. I've always liked the wrathful keepers of the files.

"WHAT you say is true," the professor said, staring through his study window at the sky, "but not so very interesting."

HE ran up the stairs, and they were after him. He fumbled with his keys, opened the door, slammed it behind him, and listened for their



"I need a higher polish on my armor before I go home."

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breathing and for their steps. He heard their steps first—heavy feet on the carpeted stairs. Then he heard breathing. He looked through the peephole in his door and saw, as usual, nothing. He turned suddenly, caught his own reflection abruptly in the mirror, and nearly scared himself to death.

"I HAVE a collect call for anyone, from . . ."

"Yes, operator. That's fine."

"Miss Ellis in Wash . . ."

"That's fine, operator. I accept the . . ."

". . . ington, D.C. Will you accept the charges?"

"Thank you. Yes."

Sometimes coöperation impedes the drift. Someone, many people probably, had urinated in the phone booth. That is common. Many things serve something other than their original, unarguable purpose. The left lane, for example, on the highway. Some people use it because they prefer it. Some people use it because it looks like any other. Some people use it for some other reason. But the thing is, you are supposed to be driving faster if you use that lane.

"Hello, Jim?"

"Hi."

"Just a moment, please. I have a collect call for anyone, from . . ."

"Yes, operator. That's fine. *I accept the charges.*"

"Hello, Jim. I'm . . ."

"Go ahead, please. Your party is on the line."

THE slowest-talking man I know tends to loom in elevator doors, in hallways, booths, and other narrow places. He coughs, nods to himself, begins a sentence, continues nodding to himself in all the pauses along what he has to say. Eating with him is a problem. He chews so thoroughly. He raises his fork, speaks, pauses in mid-sentence, nods, takes what is on his fork, meditates, chews. When he swallows, one thinks he is about to say his sentence to the end. But no, he loads his fork again, eats, nods in silence, has a little sip of coffee and another mouthful before going on. Agreement stalls him. Sometimes, when it has been clear for several phrases just what Mel is going to say—when one has been standing, for example, in the rain beside a taxi one had hailed at the very instant Mel loomed—one tries to complete his sentence for him. It slows him down. He waves his hand, irritably, as though warding off a swarm of gnats before his face. He moves his head like a pitcher shaking off a signal that he does not like. Then he starts again, nodding, waving, pausing, finishing his sentence in his own good time.

"HELLO, Jim. I guess they fired me."

"They have?"

"Yeah."

"Well, it just isn't our day, then. I've just been chased all the way upstairs from the hall, by what looked like two crazies."

"You ought to call the police."

"No. They're gone. I heard the outside door shut."

"Well, then. How are you?"

"O.K. And you?"

"Fine, I guess. Unemployed."

"Oh, well. You can always . . ."

"The number you have dialled is not in service at this time. Please place your call again or dial your . . ."

". . . teach or something."

"I guess so. This isn't . . ."

". . . operator, and she will be able to help you."

". . . much of a connection."

"No."

"The number you have dialled . . ."

"Hello, hello. Ida. Will you drop it?"

"And my client feels that unless there has been substantial compliance by . . ."

". . . Rotunda. Thank you, Ron. WCBS Newstime is four . . ."

". . . and Muriel. Overnight. Enough. Never, frankly, have I . . ."

"Jim, I think we better . . ."

"Is this Washington 225-8462?"

"No, it isn't."

"Could I speak with Ramon?"

". . . but the highest respect for him close quote, paragraph."

"Iss no here."

"Would you read me that again, please. Beginning . . ."

"*Allo, allo. Ramon?*"

"Iss no here."

"Jim, I'll try . . ."

". . . and costly litigation. Moreover, there is nothing . . ."

". . . on hold for twenty-two minutes. I don't call that stepped out. I call that . . ."

"... or anybody else. I won't drop it. Let him drop it. If they ..."

"... freezes over close quote, paragraph. Do you get the ..."

"... such rudeness. Well, she hung up. But I made the ..."

"... in the second sentence?"

"No, I don't."

"Ramon? Ramon? *Allo* ..."

"Iss no here."

"... simple question. Is it dead, or isn't it? I have been ..."

"Jim, this connection is really ..."

"Mark you, Mr. Ambogewe. We will not subscribe to any such ..."

"... awful."

"Yeah."

THE restaurant on Jim's corner has three pillars—one at the back, one near the entrance, one in the middle of the wall behind the bar. On the pillar nearest the entrance, there is a dart board. You have to pass behind that pillar to enter or to leave the restaurant, to use the phone, to hang or to pick up your coat. In front of the pillar, people throw their darts. The pillar, it is true, is broad. The dart board has now been on it for six months. Nobody seems to mind or mention it. I try not to look in that direction when we're there. The owner of the restaurant, who used to be an editor on night rewrite, is an extremely literal-minded man. He would be reluctant, for example, to infer from rabbit tracks in a forest that not just four rabbit's feet, connected in a manner yet to be established, but, in all probability, an entire living rabbit had passed by. This made working with him, when he was still at the paper, a little slow. It also means that he will not move that dart board until he has hard evidence that is what he ought to do.

"DON'T dwell on it," the shuffling man is now saying to himself. "Don't dwell on it."

JIM, who used to work at the paper, then at the foundation, works for the candidate just about full time now. I am surprised that I hate it. But I do. For a time, all our people milled about, saying "The system works, the system works," the way both teams used to straggle off the field shouting "We won. We won. We won" when a game had been called on account of a dispute, or rain, or darkness, or because some boy had decided to take his baseball home. I am sure it does work, or I hope it does, and I used to think it did; but I was glad when we could all stop saying that.

I AM the Paul Revere of the morning phone call. There are social ladies one may call at 8:45 A.M.; their lines are busy. Two minutes earlier, one wakes them up. Most people at the paper sleep till eleven or noon. Jim has breakfast at six. When I used to go to Washington, I took the first morning shuttle. In phone calls, I am somehow always, always on the early side.

"MY daughter, you see," said the drunk man, who had not yet quite mastered the idiom, "is a Jesus creep."

"Freak," said the girl on his right.

"I beg your pardon?"

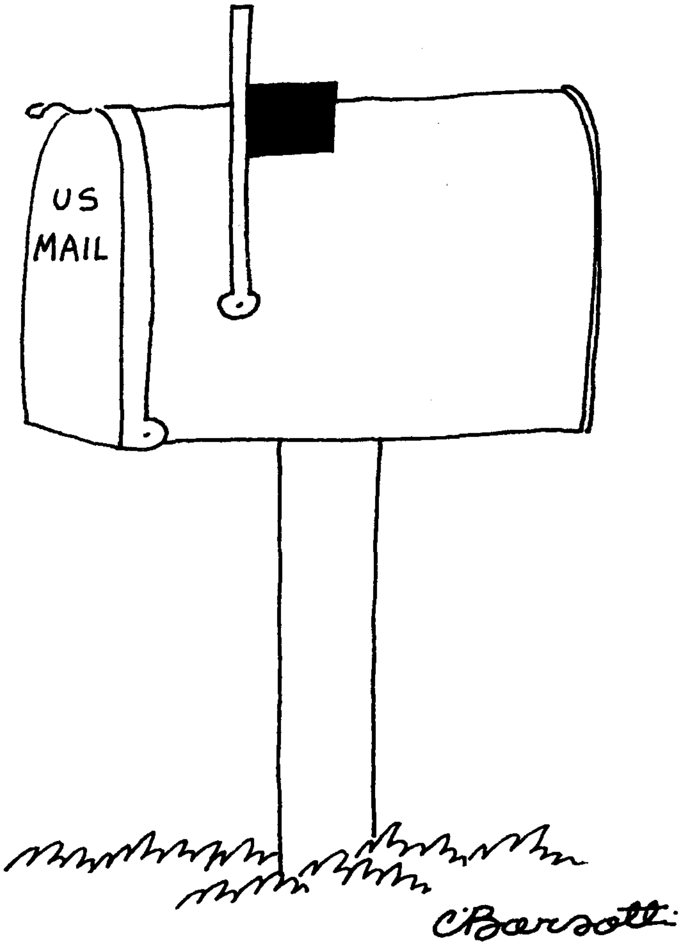
"Jesus freak," the girl said, politely.

"Yes, that's what they call it. So I said to my wife, 'Saint *Paul* was a Jesus creep. Saint *Fran*cis was a Jesus creep. Why, everyone doing God's *work* is a Jesus creep. It's another way of saying Christian. That's all it is.' She said, 'Be that as it may. I don't have to like it.' You see."

THERE is a flower shop in the arcade under the Pentagon. A whole floor of the Pentagon is filled with stores, clothing and camera shops, bookstores, boutiques. In the days when our staff resignations began, I sent Phil Eisen, our boss, and his girl African violets from that flower shop after a dinner at their house. Since it would be awkward to call and ask, Did you or did you not receive those Pentagon African violets, I guess I'll never know whether they received them or not. Then Phil resigned. I had a drink with him the night he left. When I first met him in Washington, Phil was the fattest man I'd ever seen. That night, he was extremely thin. I couldn't think of anything to say. I said, "Phil, you've lost weight." He said he had gained ninety pounds in fifty days, he had been so very angry in his work. Recently, he had become angrier still, and lost a hundred and twelve. The change had come when he began to write a book. Every piece of news, any turn of events at all, had this quality: it depressed him utterly. I asked him whether his book was done. He said it was. I asked how long it was. "Eight hundred and ninety-seven pages," he said. Then he added, worriedly, "You don't suppose they'll think I wrote it in a fit of pique."

"IT'S not so bad," the great professor said. "It only isn't wonderful. And nobody has an obligation to be wonderful."

MY argument with the psychiatrist of Jim's younger brother, Simon, was as follows: whether the natural gait of the horse is, in fact, the gallop or the trot. I said it was the trot. He said it was the gallop. Or the other way around. The point is that we insisted, all through dinner; we pursued it for a long, long time. It is not an argument that ramifies much. Within the first few seconds, one has said about all there is to say. There are many such questions, which, once they are stated, are completed. Does Macy's tell Gimbels, for example, does not ramify. You have got no further if you go on to Does Saks



tell Bendel, does Bonwit's tell Bergdorf's, does Chanel tell Givenchy, does Woolworth's tell Kresge's, does Penn Station tell Grand Central, does CBS tell NBC. You are no longer expounding a proposition. You are having a tantrum. Simon's psychiatrist and I pursued our tantrum, in duet, all evening long. The horse might have had two natural gaits, the Charleston and the entrechat, for all it mattered. I meant that I didn't like the man and that I thought that within twenty years his profession would have vanished, leaving no artifacts of any interest except a dazed memory of fifty years of ineffective and remunerative peculation in the work of a single artist, Freud. I also meant I didn't like his flowered shirt. He meant, I think, he didn't like me, either.

"SARAH now is twenty-one, twenty-one, twenty-one," we used to sing in the dining room. "Sarah now is twenty-one. And safe from King Farouk." On days when it was nobody's birthday, we sang something that went "My father killed a kangaroo. Gave me the gristly part to chew. Wasn't that a terrible thing to do. He gave me to chew the gristly part of the kangaroo." It was not clear why this particular lament should be sung so often in a distinguished academic institution. Perhaps it was for relief from the plainsong, the madrigals, the lovely, authentic, but somehow wildly misplaced old ballads we were always singing, in the cloisters, in the dining rooms, at the foot of the bell tower, wherever some tradition or other required that these songs be sung.

"ALL acts are acts of aggression, we know that," the professor said. "The point is to give them other properties."

THE wallflower sat reading in the Paris restaurant. There used to be so many categories of wallflower: the anxious, smiling, tense ones, who leaned forward, trying; the important, busy, apparently elsewhere preoccupied ones, who were nonetheless waiting, waiting in the carpeted offices of their inattention, to be found. There were wallflowers who clustered noisily together, and others who worked a territory, resolute and alone. And then there were wallflowers who had recognized for years that the thing was hopeless, who had found in that information a kind of calm. They no longer tried, with a bright and desperate effort, to sustain a conversation with somebody's brother, somebody's usher, somebody's roommate, somebody's roommate's usher's brother, or, worst of all, with that male wallflower who ought—by God, who ought—to be an ally, who could, in dignity and the common interest, join forces to make it through an evening, but who, after all, had higher aspirations, and neither the sense nor the courtesy to conceal it, who, in short, always scorned the dinner partner fate and the *placement* had dealt him, worst of all. The category of wallflower who had given up on this was very quiet, not indifferent, only quiet. And she always brought a book.

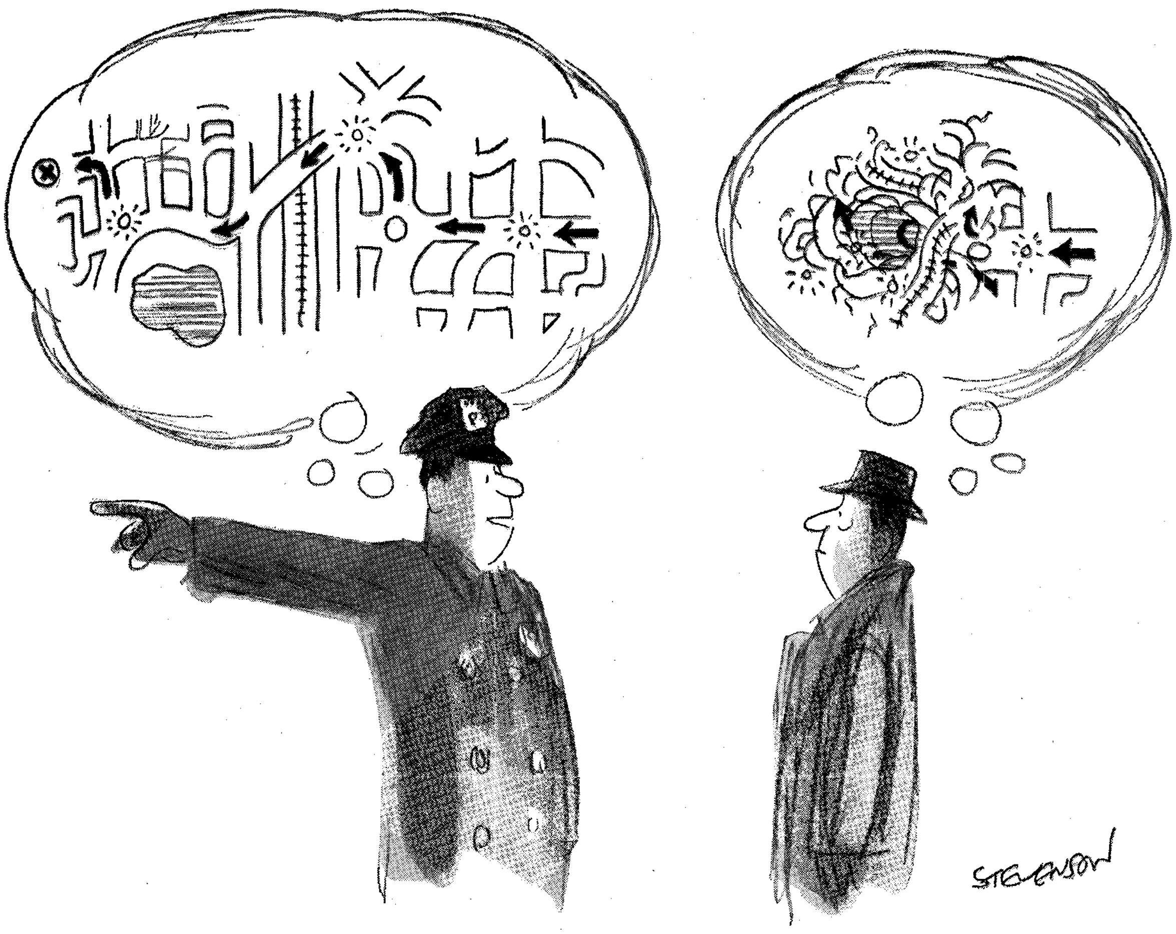
The wallflower, then, was reading in her neighborhood Paris restaurant. The regular customers sat at their accustomed tables. It was nine-thirty on a busy night. She had finished her meal and ordered coffee. The light in the restaurant was pleasant. She read on. A tall, blond, shaggy man had been coming to the restaurant every evening of the autumn. He always sat at a small table near hers and ordered a single cup of coffee. He sat, with that single cup of coffee, most nights from nine until the restaurant closed. He was there, as usual, this evening. Her coffee did not come. She read. Her awareness of the shaggy man was, as it was of the restaurant in general, peripheral. In addition to his coffee, he had ordered brandy. He seemed altogether less poor. Suddenly, though quietly, he offered her a cigarette. She looked startled. "*Ça vous scandalise?*" he said.

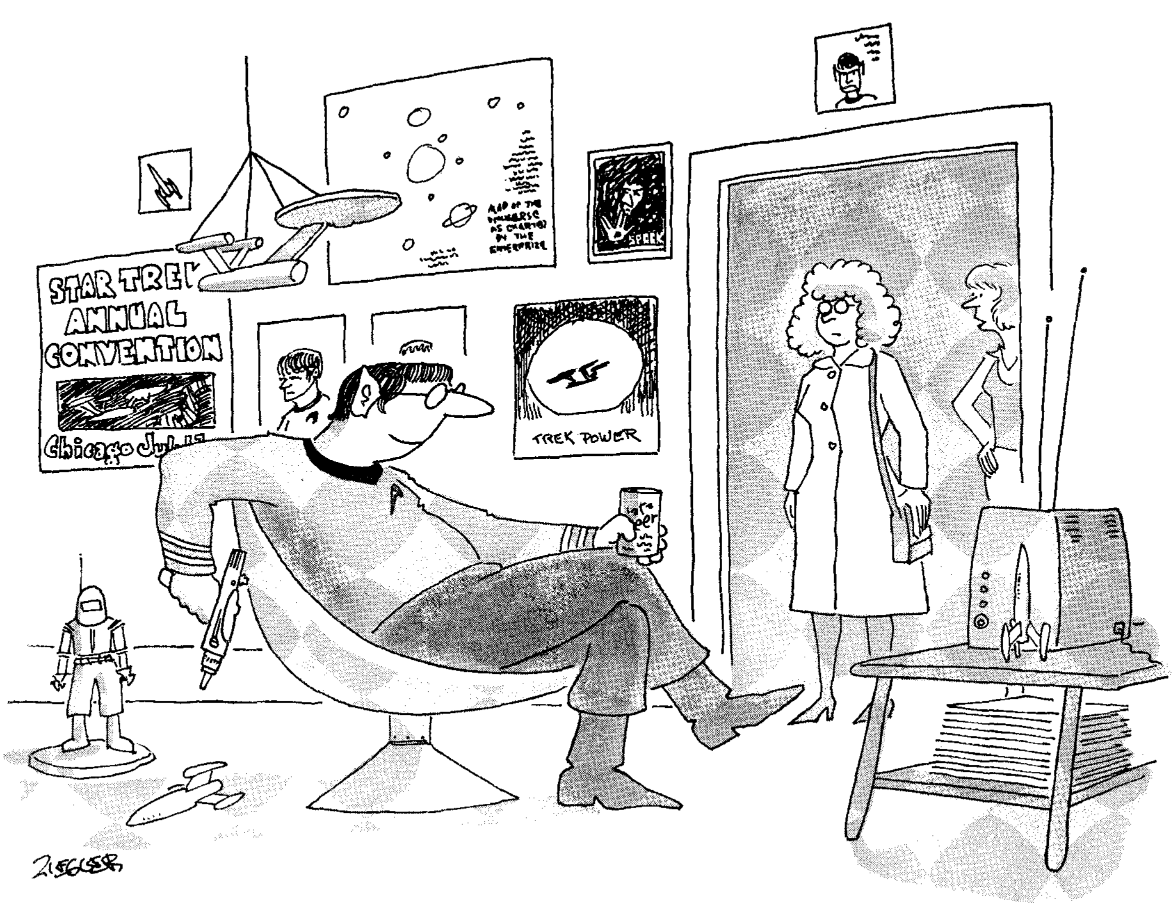
"SHE feels she doesn't want to anchor the hat."

"I'm not talking about now. Now is different."

"Whatever it is they want from him is not what is there."

THE freshmen, who had been at the top of their classes through high school, got C's on their first college midterms, and felt the world tilt. Within months, they had caught on to serious study, had learned to set forth information, with that last original fillip of the expert mind. In default of the fillip, when invention





"Of course, I didn't know George was a Trekkie when I married him."

failed them, they used the fail-safe method for undergraduate work at any solid institution: take two utterly unrelated things or matters and show that they are, if not in fact identical, actually related in the most profound and subtle sense. Work of this sort would demonstrate not only the highest tradition of the scholar but also the signature of the alert undergraduate, her mark. For lectures, the arhythmic academic flirtation, the intense gaze at the instructor, the averted eyes when that look was returned; the secret smile at anything that could remotely be construed as felicitous or comic; the hastily scribbled work in notebooks, not when points were obviously being made in order or by number but at some highly arbitrary moment, when the instructor could not have realized that his lecture had reached a memorable point. The crude strategies of the years preceding college—the raised hand, the eager question—were despised, and rightly. "Tell Thorne to shut up," on a scrap with a fragment of a doodle, was passed, in complete consensus, all the way across the room to Bronx Science graduate Thorne. Having refined her display of rapt attention to changes rung on silence, Thorne went on to marry a tycoon and run a clinic for unmanageably disturbed children. The style of apparent fascination specific to the classroom was of service to the students all their lives.

• •

"SO, for these purposes, digitalis, adamantine, apple orchard, gonorrhea, labyrinthine, flights of fancy, Halley's Comet, Duffy's Tavern, birthday present, xenophobic are all synonyms," the great professor said. "Synonyms, in terms of metre, that is."

"I see."

"And words that rhyme," he said, "are synonyms, in terms of rhyme, with all the words they rhyme with. Cat, gnat, flat. Fang, sang, sprang, you see."

"Yes."

"So that in the study of poetics, we have. Rhyme synonyms. And metre synonyms. I leave aside pure synonyms of meaning. There are not really very many. And there are other factors, of course."

"Of course."

"In tests of free word association, we find that some people respond in ways that reflect what we might call the cast of mind of synonyms. You might say trap. They say snare. You say dog. They say cat. More or less equivalences, don't you see.

"Other people have what we call the turn of mind of context. You say trap. They say door. You say cat. They say hairs. Contextual associations. Can you give me another rhyme synonym for flat, Miss Miller?"

"Sprat."

"Yes. And another metre synonym for apple orchard, Mr. Elkin?"

"Vigilante."

"And a free word association, in the line of synonyms, to church, Miss Wheelock?"

"Temple."

"And a context response to church, Mr. Cook?"

"Apse."

"Exactly. Fine. You will see at once that every choice in language is determined on every plane—rhyme, metre, meaning, other planes—by a factor of synonymy. And one of contexture. If you do not see it, I refer you to your Jakobson and Halle. At first, we thought the distinction of no practical importance. Then we found that in cases of severe speech disorder the absolute extremes turn out to be, at one end, cases of pure synonymy, the same word is repeated endlessly. Repetition. At the extreme of context, we have words rambling, with no apparent coherence. What we have come to call a word heap."

"A word heap."

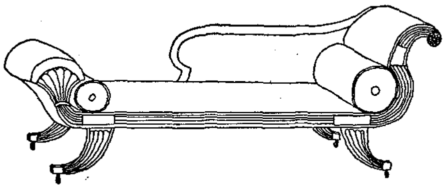
"Yes. Now, if we turn from poetics to other fields—anthropology, for instance—we find surprising applications. I turn your attention to a tribe of Indians in the Northwest, the Haida. The normal body process of elimination seemed to them a sad thing. When they encountered droppings or dung in the fields or forests, they said a little prayer of commiseration on behalf of the squirrel or other animal, which, as they thought, it was lost to. The first brave of the tribe, in the first times, was courting one of two sisters. The other sister was jealous and forlorn. On the path to the sisters' home, this brave one day noticed a pile of excrement that, in the course of his many journeys, had grown nearly to his own size. He asked it, as it were, to pull itself together and marry the other sister. It did so. From the marriages of the two sisters, the tribe descends."

"Really."

"Now, what we have here might be considered a disorder of synonym in the name of context. Marriage, usually, is a matter of synonymy, equation. Husband, wife. Boy, girl. But here we have a marriage of a person with an object with which that person is, as it were, only contextually associated. There are other considerations, of course. But wherever we look—poetics, psychology, anthropology, linguistics—the ideas, the two functions, synonymy/equivalence, contexture/rambling, turn out to be among the basic structures of the mind."

"I FOUND the whole work disappointing," Nina Valindez, a student in one of my own courses, here in the city, wrote, on the other hand, in her paper last term. "It was more theatrical than filmic. It did, however, remind me of many nineteenth-century novels such as 'Vanity Fair,' by Thackry. And many of the better novels of Jane Austen." Pat Gertz, one of my best students, wrote a paper on the subject "The Sorted Love Affair in Forties Cinema." The paper expressed all the views that a student of my generation might have held of which love affairs were and which were not to be considered "sorted." And yet. And Shelley Muess. Shelley Muess, who had received a passing grade, left many agitated messages last term, after midnight, on my answering service. The last message said she would take our case to the Student Faculty Arbitration Grievance Council, and enter a Denunciation/Demerit against my record with the Student Faculty Appraisal Board. I called Shelley, to ask what the trouble was. She said she had never received less than honors grades before. Since it had been a matter of some importance to me that I not actually flunk anybody in this intellectual swamp and rip-off, I mentioned that the exam had only required each student to list the films shown so far in the course. Students were allowed to help one another with it, to take it home and turn it in the following week. Since Shelley had missed most of the films, and misspelled the ones she got, a passing grade seemed to me not ungenerous. "Well," Shelley said, hardly able to breathe with indignation, "I'm not an English major."

That course was Media History II. Other courses we offer, in the city's and the university's current budgetary crises, are Introduction to Communications Media, Oral Interpretation, Special Forms of Oral Interpretation, Acting for Cinema, Film Theory, Film Criticism, Film Making (Feature) I, II, III, and Honors, and so on. The chancellor of our branch of the university once asked me what I thought of our division head. I said I thought he was a thug. "Ah," she said, with a chiming laugh and a lilt, clapping her hands just once. "You writers! What a way you have with words." For the most part, the students treat me with grave, gentle concern, as though I were something strange—a giraffe, say—among them, or an apprentice on a tightrope, or one of their own on a bad trip.



MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND THE BIRDS

Last night I saw Merce Cunningham and his ten amazing dancers
dancing for eighty minutes without a break in the college gym.

I am trying to tell you how it was
but of course there are no words
for being wholly enclosed in a space,
a tight cocoon without chinks
so none of the wonder will leak out.

Instead, I ask you to watch the assorted birds
feeding outside this window,
darting and dropping and zeroing in,
assuming positions in groups of threes
or fours, to break up and form
new patterns, other groups

how each incessant performer
signals a personal flash of color:
cardinal red, jay blue,
towhee orange, March pea green
of not-yet-yellow goldfinch,
always tempered with black

how even their silences prefigure
shifts already known to the muscles

and how none leads or follows
how each moves
to the authority of its brain
its autonomous body

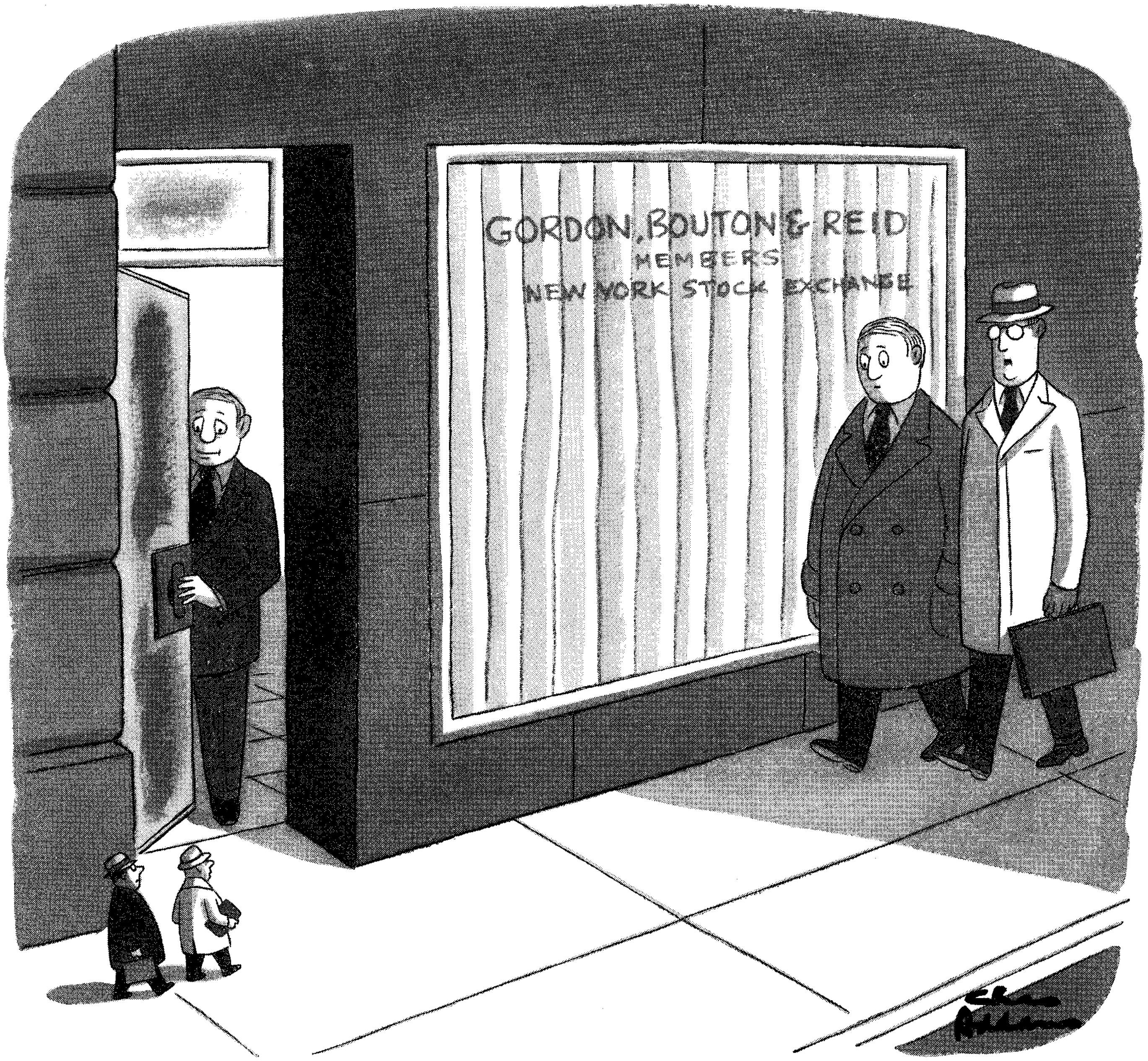
perpetual proof that the world
is energy, that to land
in a certain space at a certain time
is being alive. Watch how they manage
to keep it up till each soul is fed
and then disappear into nowhere.

—LISEL MUELLER

• •

THEY were saying "Make peace, not war," and so, the Commander of the Ohio State National Guard testified in the course of the Kent State trials, he threw a rock at them.

DINNER was over. Almost everybody had gone home. Jim and I were clearing the table. Benjamin, a tousled young journalist who was covering the negotiations at City Hall, was happily drinking up what remained in everybody's butter dish. He did this without comment, as though it were the ordinary thing to do after a dinner that included melted butter. When he had finished, he drank what re-



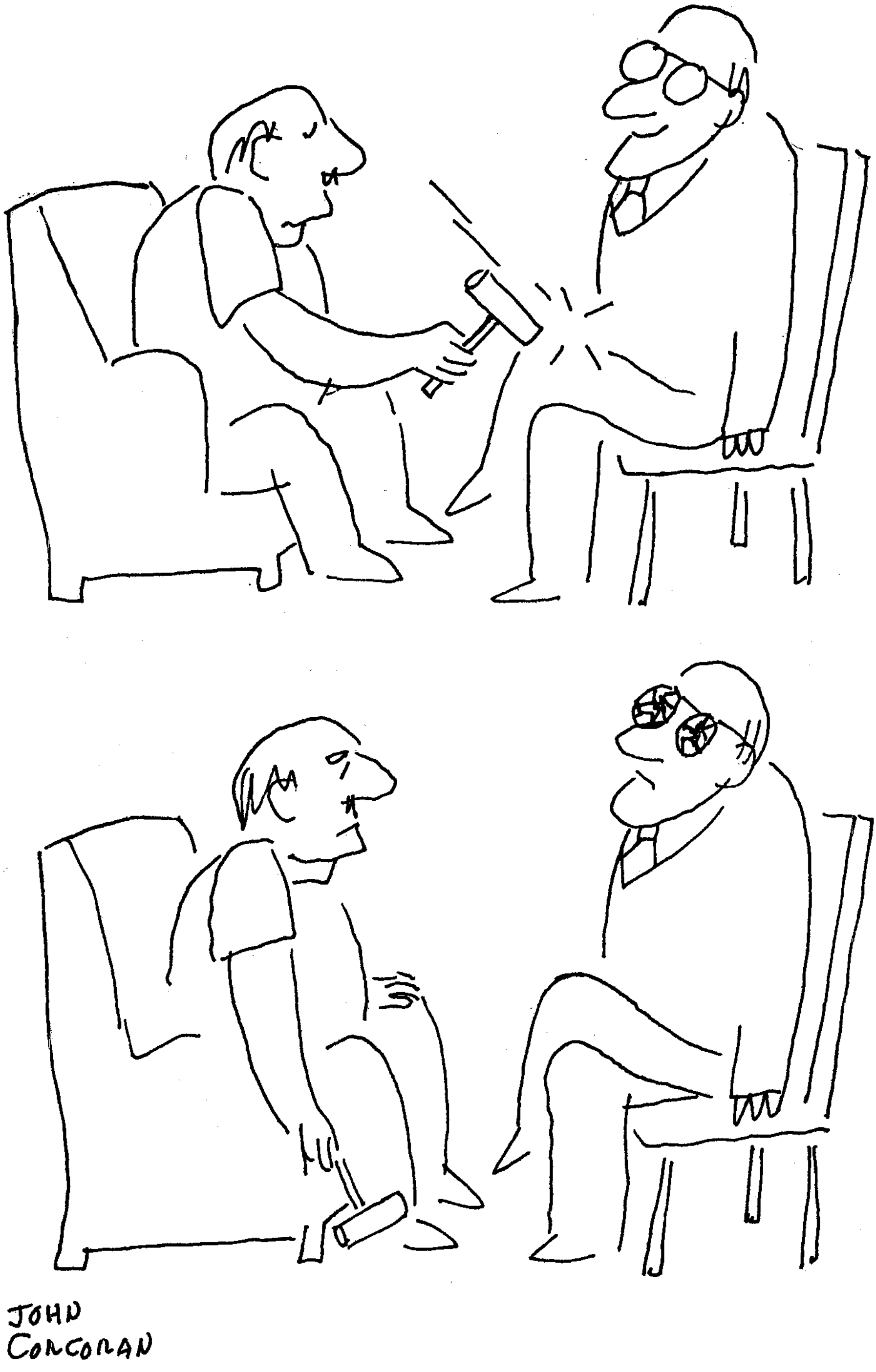
"Looks like the small investor is finally getting back into the market."

• •

mained in three cups of coffee, and sat down on the sofa, with a perfect grin.

THE girls were always running out of money—out of cash, precisely—to pay taxi drivers, train conductors, men who delivered pizzas after dark. They borrowed cash, normally, upon arrival. They borrowed passions—Wallace Stevens, Joseph Conrad, Mozart, hiking, the Bible—from one another, as girls of another generation borrowed clothes. At the great universities in those years, everyone who was not doing philosophy, in the mode that liked to think of itself as Ordinary Language, was in one of the jargons of the social sciences. The philosophers at the great universities were, without exception, failed mathematicians. When they were not examining much of natural, civilized discourse to conclude that it, after all, lacked meaning, they muttered Gödel, Russell, Hilbert, liking to imply that they themselves had chosen philosophy over mathematics to give themselves a wider, though related, intellectual field. With an intoxication they derived otherwise only from drinking a little sherry or from being in the presence of somebody English, they required and then flunked their undergraduates, year after year, in a course called Symbolic Logic, much as the social scientists, who weren't mathematicians, either, liked to flunk their students in a course called Statistics 101. Many students had been frightened by even the mention of algebra or numbers ever since their first struggles with long division—and ever since someone first told them, most often wrongly, as it turned out, that their skills were verbal skills. The whole business enabled professors in all the departments that were a disgrace to the humanities in those years to claim for their work a strong mathematical base. The serious colleges for women were, by contrast, solid. They taught the same courses, without fuss and with a small sigh, as they taught other foolish courses, notably in education, at that time. They reserved their serious efforts for the medievalists, true scientists, linguists, pre-law and pre-medical students, other scholars, all of whom went out, degree in hand, into the world, and were asked, like their predecessors, whether they could type.

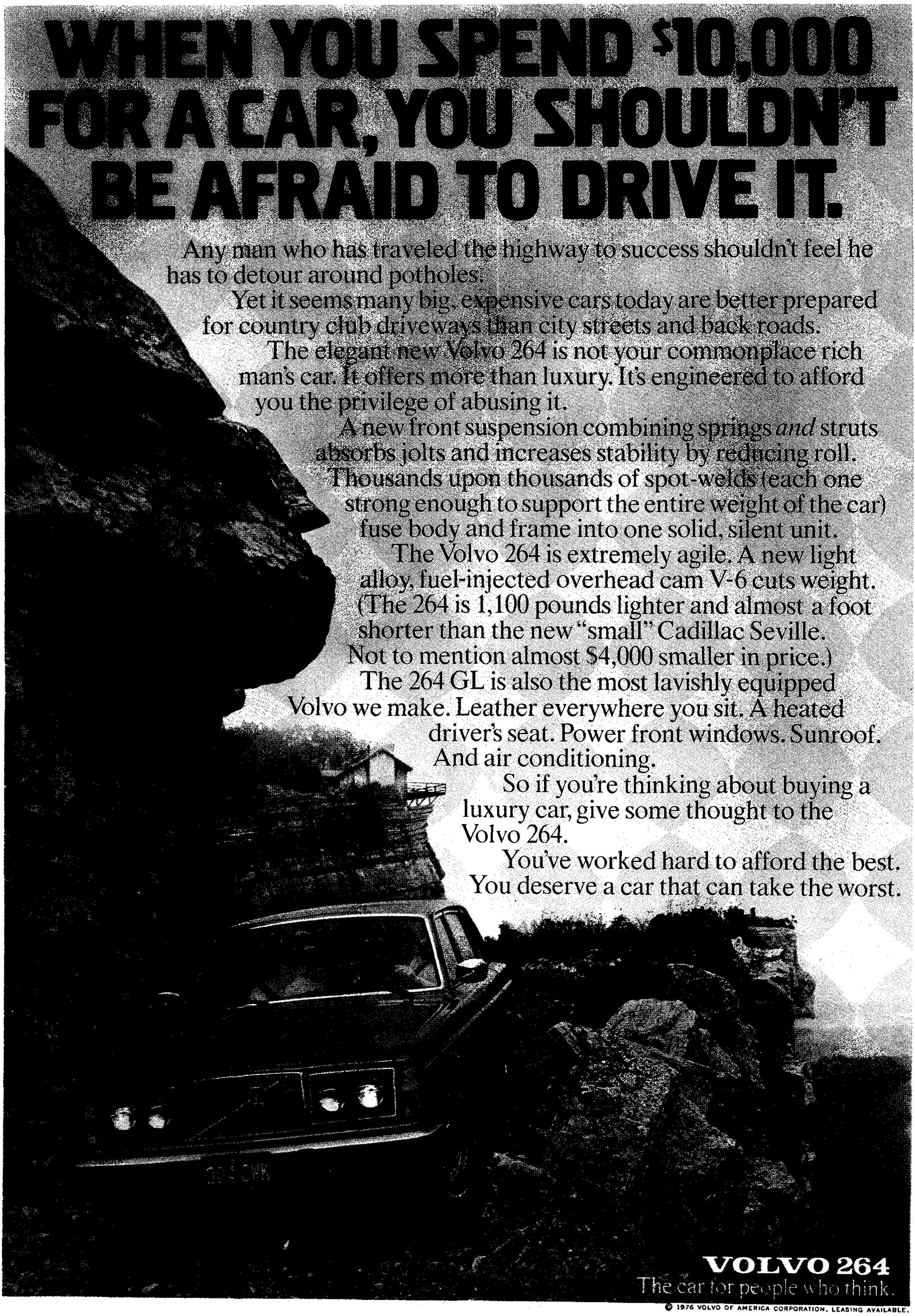
“CAN you have dinner Thursday night?” Simon asked. Jim was in Atlanta. “It will be very late. Have a sandwich or something before. I’ll pick you up at seven. Don’t ask where we’re going. It will be a surprise.” The surprise was a five-hour performance of “Parsifal.” This implied a misunderstanding so profound that I kept looking at Simon from time to time to see whether he meant it as a shaggy-dog sort of joke. Mostly, he was asleep. Whenever he woke up, he was so evidently happy to be there, at that interminable spectacle in that vast auditorium with too few aisles. He would grin. I would grin. He would go back to sleep. The worst part, I think, comes near the end, when the hermit sings to Parsifal about how wonderful it is that Parsifal has brought the Spear, which will, after so many years, relieve the suffering of Amfortas, the Fisher King. The aria itself lasts many years. One is aware of Amfortas, waiting in pain, while this long-winded hermit and Parsifal exchange congratulations and amenities. Narrative conventions do make it quite impossible for them to bring the king the Spear, and *then,* when he is no longer in pain, sing about their sympathy for him, in all those years, and their great gladness that a remedy is at hand. The whole magic of a plot requires that somebody be impeded from getting something over with. Yet there one is, with an emotional body English almost, wishing that pole-vaulter over his bar, wanting something to happen or not to happen, wishing somebody well. Amfortas was not even on stage. In fact, there was no Amfortas. Yet, more than I wished that I were elsewhere, more than I wished that the opera were over, I did wish that they would bring that king his Spear. When it was over, Simon, who is really a musician, woke up, cheered, applauded. He is a chief resident in surgery at a city hospital. When he isn’t on call, he studies voice. “Wasn’t it wonderful?” he said.



THE athletes among us were extremely delicate, subject to injuries and colds. Avalanches fell on them. Their stomachs were easily upset. When Ralph’s girl left him for a year in Paris, he, after two beers, leaped over a cliff and missed whatever he muzzily thought of as his destination, and hit a tree, and broke his jaw in seven places. His girl returned to him. His jaw was wired. She got the flu. We all used to *think* we loved to swim when we were younger. Tired, shivering, we pleaded to stay in. Now, at the fifth stroke of what begins as a brazen crawl, my feet sink. I have to swim some other stroke. Once, Alice, a true and natural athlete, jumped into the pool of a hotel in Palermo and swam her crawl. She had already played an hour of tennis, and ridden one of the furry island horses. She felt that her exercise for the day was not complete. So she swam. At her third lap of the long pool, an Italian, who had been lying in the sun, simply could no longer stand it. He dived in, began the crawl. They did two laps, Alice in the lead. At her fifth lap, he was already half a pool behind her. He speeded up. His feet were lagging. At her nineteenth lap, he gave it up. He was enraged.

THE child of nature, with a sunburned stomach and dirt on its wrists, had followed the wrong fur sleeve at the supermarket. He was now quite lost. He began to sob, wetly, hysterically—not like a scared, lost child but in the manner of a tyrannical, mean, accusatory brat. “You’re not my mother,” he began to shout, a natural informer, at the pale, wrong lady in the near fur coat, and then, “She’s not my mother,” when he had gathered a sympathetic little crowd. “Lady, are you this kid’s mother?” the supermarket manager asked the lady. She said she wasn’t. He said, “Well, then why don’t you leave him alone?”

When Sally, one of our legal re-



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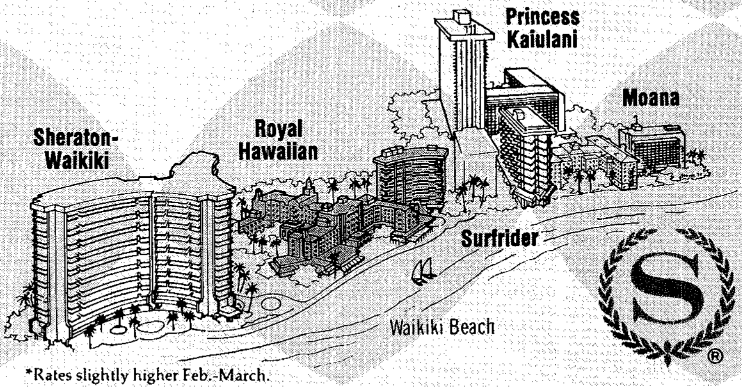

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porters, went to the hospital, we thought she might have to have a hysterectomy, and she did. We visited her by turns. Carl was there on the second afternoon. When the nurse asked him to leave the room for a moment, he naturally left. "Now, Mother, here we are," the nurse said. She brought somebody's baby in. Sally, who does have two children, was confused. She said, "Wait, just a minute." The nurse cooed. Sally pointed out that the baby wasn't hers. "Now, Mother," the nurse said, "in large hospitals we often think that. But Baby knows. Baby has a wristlet." Then she looked at the wristlet. She said "Oh, now," one last time, and, holding the baby, walked out.

"HARRY," the blonde said, waving her drink and putting out her cigarette, "do you realize you have made yourself into a person that one has to lie to?"

"Janine," he said, "you know I'm very tired of your *aperçus*?"

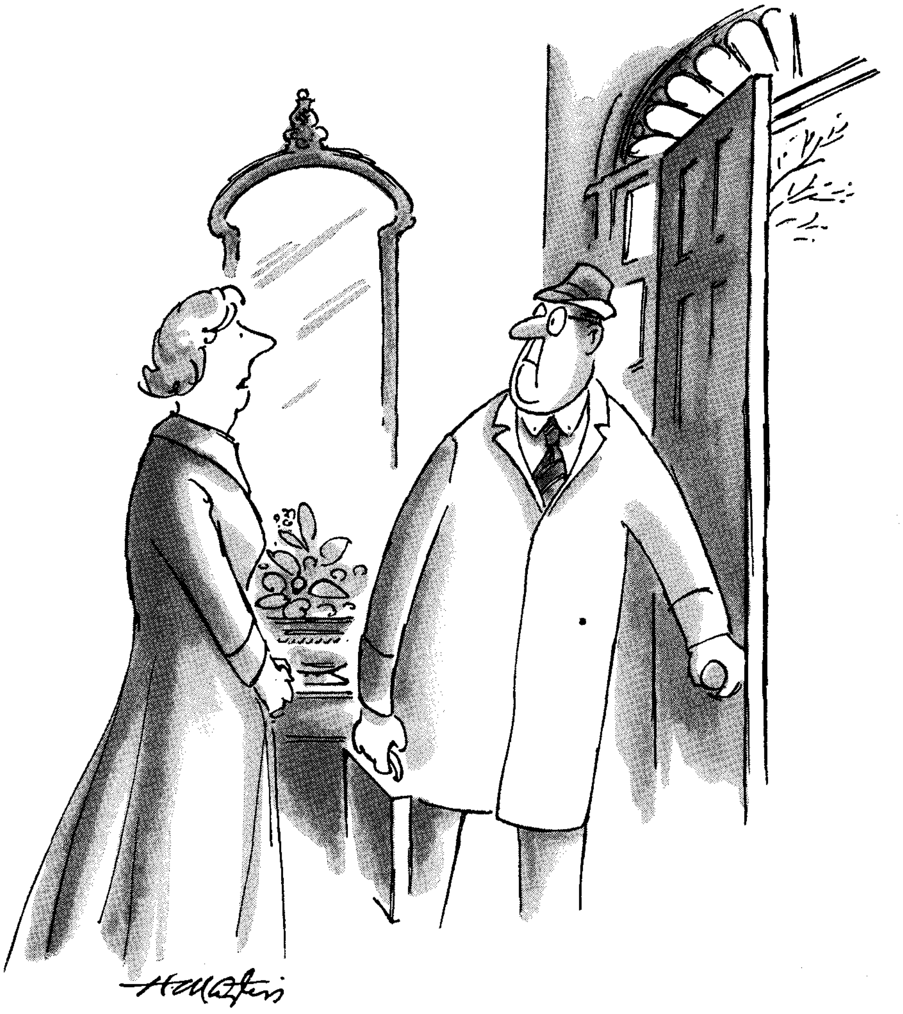
WHAT was mortifying was the limbo dancing. What was mortifying was the fat, hot, drunk, sunburned, and flattered man at whom the calypso lyrics were directed. What was mortifying was the way his wife danced with the famous, tense, witless insult comedian. What was mortifying was the insinuating child who recited "Horatius at the Bridge" in its entirety. "Sweetie," the blonde screamed from the dance floor to her adolescent grandson, "isn't this fun?"

I NEVER liked him, and now he is dead. Perhaps I should wish that I had liked him better. But I do not wish it. And I did not like him. I was not asked, which is just as well. What he was was asleep. So they should not have buried him. Hindsight is easy. Mistakes will happen. It was one of a series of errors that marked his whole life. Not the last error, it now seems. His will is under litigation. The penultimate error perhaps.

It was his misfortune to die during the strike of the Cemetery Workers & Greens Attendants Union—oddly enough, in this city, Local 365. At Calvary, Cypress Hills, Mount Carmel, the unburied coolly bided their time. The trouble is, he was our candidate, Jim's candidate, really. It can't be helped. That is all.

OUR anachronism. The young uptown doctor found his standard of living drastically threatened by the change in the law. He had worked hard through his schooling, interneship, and residency. He had married a girl he had met at a mixer, at Goucher. They had settled in Rye. Every Thursday night, beginning at midnight and ending at eight in the morning, he had been performing abortions, for years. The rates he had charged had not been steep, when compared with the cost of a trip to some other country. Occasionally, for a young actress out of work or some other demonstrably poor patient, he had done the operation for free. On some Thursday nights, there were only two patients. Sometimes, in the fall, there were seven. His preferred number for any Thursday night was four. He called all his patients—the Thursday-night ones and those in his regular practice—by their first names. He insisted that they call him Ned. When abortion in New York became legal, Ned, never having thought of the problem in these terms, faced the prospect of having his annual income reduced by two thousand dollars a week, cash.

He had never been a man without scruples. The legal risk he had taken, through the years, for his patients; a sense that sane, prosperous men did not pay taxes on cash income; and a vague, liberal perception that it was not altogether right to support an already too powerful government—these had combined in Ned's thoughts into a moral certainty that his Thursday-night cash income was not subject to the income tax. He had anyway of late been taking losses. Sheila, his wife, was in analysis. His two daughters were in therapy. His son—he did not know what to think about his son. At five, the boy already lacked stamina, lacked ambition. He seemed a happy little boy, but there was no question that he was far behind Doug and Netta Forster's five-year-old in intellectual development and motor control. He was also far less tall. Doug was Ned's best friend, and Ned had hated him since their earliest childhood. Doug had been something of an athlete. Doug had won full scholarships for college and medical school. It was true that Ned had not required scholarships, but the fact was that he had not had them. In the Army, Doug had met somebody with whom he had invested in real estate in Arizona. Ever since, it seemed clear that he was marginally richer than Ned had ever been. To conceal



"Well, dear, have a nice day at your office, club, and tryst."

this fact, this disparity, had so far been the most expensive proposition of Ned and Sheila's lives.

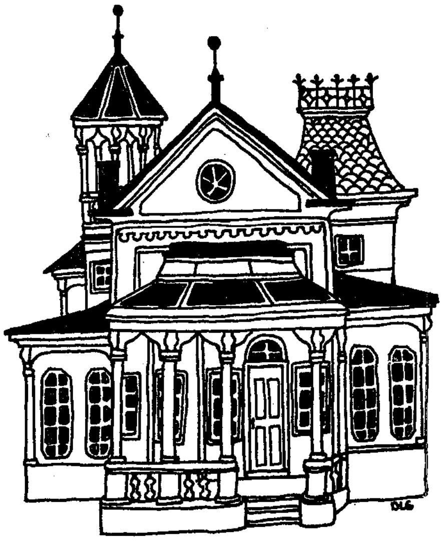
When the law changed, Ned had to consider these and other enormous pressures. He decided to make no concession whatever to the change. He needed the money. He had ten years of Thursday-night patients as evidence that when they needed him he was a good and kindly man. Patients trusted him, just as they always had, as they should have. When a girl or a woman now came to him, thinking herself pregnant and not wanting to be, he told her to come to his office Thursday night. In a very short time, he found himself instructing patients to do this whether the tests showed they were actually pregnant or not. He justified this to himself in a number of ways. He was busy. They were anxious. In patients beyond their early twenties, the operation might be advisable, in terms of some radical hygiene. Or he could use the occasion to install an intrauterine device.

The result of this rationalization was that on Thursday nights Ned's waiting room was a perfect anachronism. The women, girls usually, who arrived there were nervous, embarrassed. They did not want to be seen by the others. At the same time, each thought that the others looked legitimate. Perhaps the others were there only for the installation of that intrauterine device. The receptionist had a bright and maniacal cheerfulness. She sat there, with country-and-Western music blaring from her transistor, checking people in. By eleven-fifteen, when even the last patient had usually checked in, the receptionist left.

On any given Thursday, there might be a fifteen-year-old, shy, not pretty, accompanied by an overbearing, overcheerful mother; another young woman, perhaps a grade-school teacher, evidently religious, miserable, praying, removing her rosary from a purse and then replacing it, uncertain whether she could use a rosary on such a day or not; one young, engaged couple; one apparently adulterous young wife, alone. But whereas what had brought people to Ned's office before the law changed was usually something savvy, something knowledgeable, in having got such an address at all, what the people in Ned's office now had in common was ignorance, and perhaps shame. It would save them the embarrassment of going to a hospital, he said, or of having what he said was a "record" in Albany. As he put each one of them to sleep, with his own special intravenous formula, he said, "Just you wait. You'll find this a kind of high." Then he worked on his patients, one by one, through the night. None of them had complications. None of them died. The jet, Xerox, the abortion law (except for Ned, who may be the only dinosaur I know), and of course, of course, the tape recorder—these advances in terms of the reversible and the irreversible are one line, one still fuzzy line, between our set and the last set and the next.

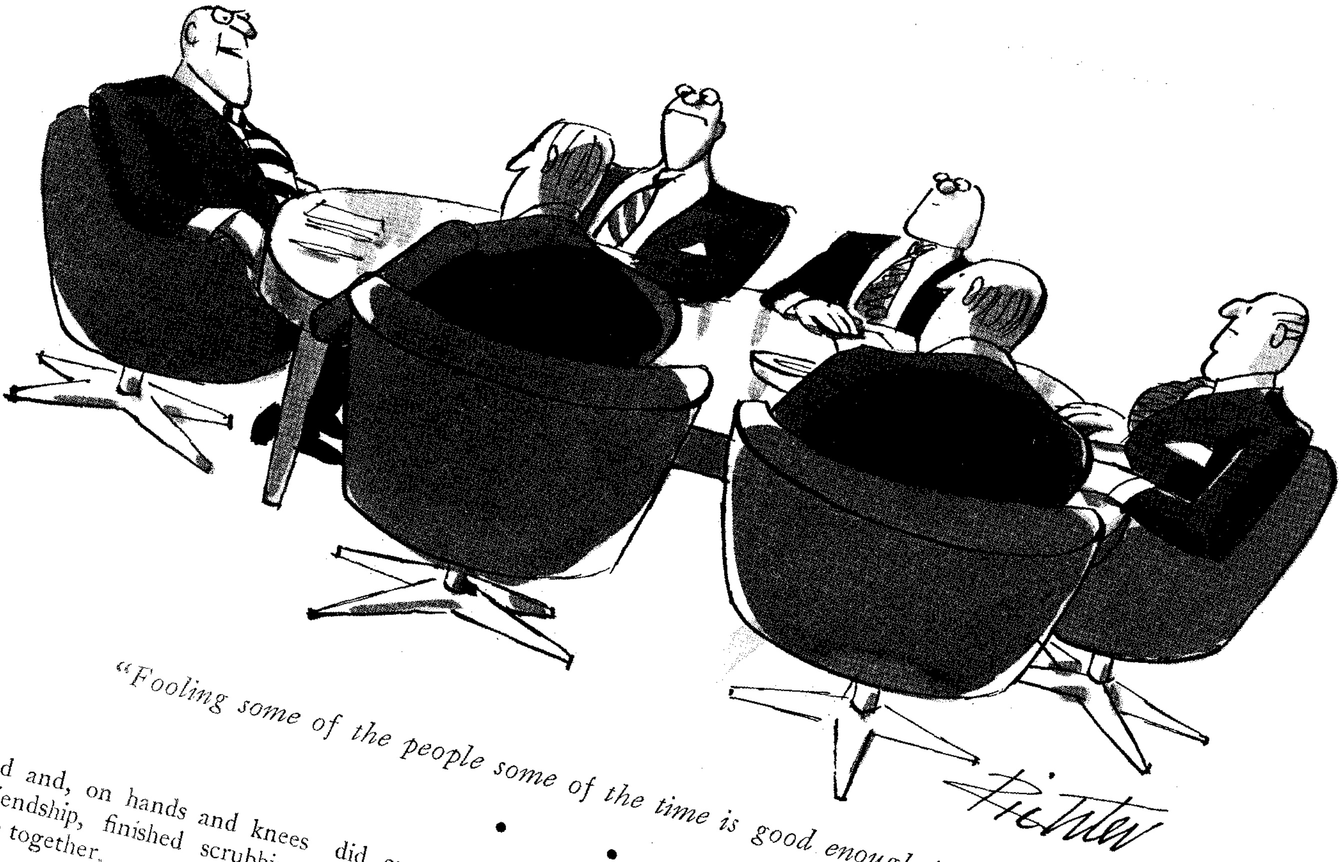
THERE are only so many plots. There are insights, prose flights, rhythms, felicities—but only so many plots. At a slower pace, in a statelier world, the equations are statelier. The mayor has eloped with the alderman's wife, and it was to be expected if one looks back. The children of both couples are now under a strain. The mayor and the alderman won't confide in each other or be doubles partners anymore. The other consequences, it will turn out, might have been foreseen. In three households and two generations, and in the tree house instantly, the track can still be kept. In class, we have tried to enumerate categories of story line: the plot of things on their way to one another, which converge; things parallel to one another; things that part; things that gain on one another, in a chase. There is always time as an obstacle—to the future, as in suspense; in nostalgia, to the past. One need only have a sleeping pill and a thriller racing toward a confrontation to be certain that a plot is not just a conceit like any other. And yet.

And yet, the only plots, it may be, are trials. In any group of two or more, it may be, somebody is on trial. Sometimes more than one person is on trial, and sometimes everyone is. But not for long. Under the law, a person can be said to plan alone or to plot alone, but not to conspire alone. There are other things no one can do alone, of course: be a mob, or a choir, or a regiment. Or elope. But quite often seven people walk off into the sunset all together, and the eighth is the custodian of the plot.



A FEW years ago, the wire services reported that, on account of a defective latch, the cargo door on a DC-10 opened in flight. A coffin fell out. A lady at work in her flower garden saw what she took to be a coffin fall from the sky into a neighboring field. Having been recently widowed, the lady made the obvious inference. She put down her trowel, drove to the nearest state asylum, and committed herself. When reporters reached her, to tell her the thing had really happened, and to ask her reaction to the event, the lady said she preferred to stay right where she was. There has been no further news of her, or of the lady in the supermarket. Twenty years from now, however, the kid accuser in the supermarket may be gaining seniority as a congressman.

PRIVATE AUFRICHTIG was the son of immigrants from Rumania. He had graduated from a yeshiva and from college in Queens. He was planning to become a C.P.A. Private Lehmann was the son of a famous novelist and a ballet dancer. He had gone to Exeter and Harvard. He was planning to write plays. Both men, one through his brother-in-law's contacts with a local politician, the other through his father's friendship with a retired Army general, had managed to avoid the draft with four months' active service in the National Guard. The influence of the politician in one case and the general in the other had jumped their names to the top of the waiting lists at local armories. At five o'clock on a morning in February, their second morning as Guardsmen, Privates Aufrichtig and Lehmann had drawn cleanup duty together. They had already been working forty minutes on a barracks staircase. The mops and brushes, even the soap and water, seemed, like all National Guard equipment, old and in poor condition. Both men were haggard and sleepy. Both men were cold. On a step near the top landing, Private Aufrichtig turned to his colleague, sighed deeply, and spoke his first words of the morning. "Ach, Lehmann," he said. Private Lehmann replied without hesitation, in these words, "Ach, Aufrichtig." Then they



"Fooling some of the people some of the time is good enough for me."

both sighed and, on hands and knees and in friendship, finished scrubbing the staircase together.

• •

THE Begum played Scrabble. Morning, afternoon, and night, on the beach, aboard the boat, in the harbor night club, with ordinary sets, or Scrabble dice, or cleated letters for use on jolting surfaces, the Begum played. The Russians had smuggled in a cheese, of which they were proud. Nobody else cared much for it. Apparently, as in the matter of wines, there exists an international body of experts which rates cheese. Last year, for the first time, the Soviet Union invited this committee to come and test its cheeses. The committee had pronounced itself unable to distinguish between any single Russian cheese and any other—except one, which, on the basis of its smell and general appearance, the committee members unanimously declined even to taste. The Russians on our island always passed around this cheese.

We sat on the beach. The Queen was an inexhaustible swimmer. Somebody had to be with her at all times to see that she did not feel lonely or drown. She talked while she swam. Ralph, who could make conversation while swimming, was with her. He was subject to chills; when he came out of the water after one of these long swims, he would stammer with cold. His girl and her brother were sitting beside us. Being naturally fair, they were now very sunburned. They stayed wrapped in their towels, and did crosswords, or tuned in to their program of news from the mainland, or did whatever else seemed amiable, or kind, or polite.

When Jim's friends from the days when he was in the O.S.S. first settled there, they tried to raise cattle, for milk. There were already small herds of wild cattle, from past generations, at large in the hills. Within a few weeks, the wild cows, having entered the pastures by night, had lured the tame cattle into the hills with them. Now wild cows and tame cows, side by side, would come thundering through the palms of an evening, churning up the few flower beds and grazing on the few lawns there were. People began to surround their lawns with enormous rolls of barbed wire. Every carefully watered green thing was now fortified against the cows.

AT City Hall, as on the campus, negotiations are in progress. It is not at all clear to me what a negotiation is. Union and management, say, terrorist and foreign minister, buyer and seller, kidnapper and F.B.I. agent, husband and wife; at least two parties anyway disagree. They exchange views. A strike, perhaps, a war, a bankruptcy, a murder, a divorce impends. One side begins, and claims it can accept no less. The other responds, saying it can afford no more. It is clear to both sides, from the start, that both positions are false. They proceed to bargain then, in what is called good faith. Bad faith exists when a side takes both positions to be absolutely true, then deals with something other than negotiation in its heart—stalling for time, for instance, so that allies may arrive and bomb the house. Good-faith negotiation requires a liar's margin of some sort. "I can't stand it," somebody says. "I can't help it," someone else replies. Justice is called upon, as well. At City Hall, when they negotiate, the parties get a little sleep on the floors of rooms across a hall. Night after night. In Teheran, in the oil negotiations of 1971, a representative of the companies absentmindedly left a memo on the bargaining table during the lunch break of the first day. The memo outlined the companies' fallback position on any compromise that they could consider tolerable. A reporter bought the memo from a janitor. It was published in the paper the next morning. The fallback position became the position at which the talks began; the remainder of the negotiations entailed the companies' retreat from their original final position. The absentmindedness, almost everyone agreed, was real.

IN the matter of jobs, I think I know nine spies. Eight are American. One is foreign. One has dual citizenship. It is hard to know what they do, exactly, except that they are inexhaustibly gregarious. It is not thinkable that any of the nine could learn, or for that matter keep, a secret. I am certain that they do not hover over microfilms or denounce friends. Two

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date starlets. One lives from time to time with débutantes, now divorced, whom he has known since boarding school. I guess what these spies—if they are spies, and I'm sure they are—are paid to do is observe trends. Why any government should pay them to observe trends is not clear to me. It may be that there are times when any information about anything whatever seems to have a valid quality. More likely, spying is one more featherbedding, overpaid bureaucracy. Certainly all nine are snobs, with manifold, even catholic snobberies: class, money, power, fame, fad, culture, byline, notoriety. They are all best men at controversial second weddings; escorts of abandoned wives; godfathers of very late litters of children; fixtures at black-tie dinners for convicted forgers who have published memoirs and for rehabilitated dope pushers and stranglers who hold visiting professorships of Urban Planning and Reform.

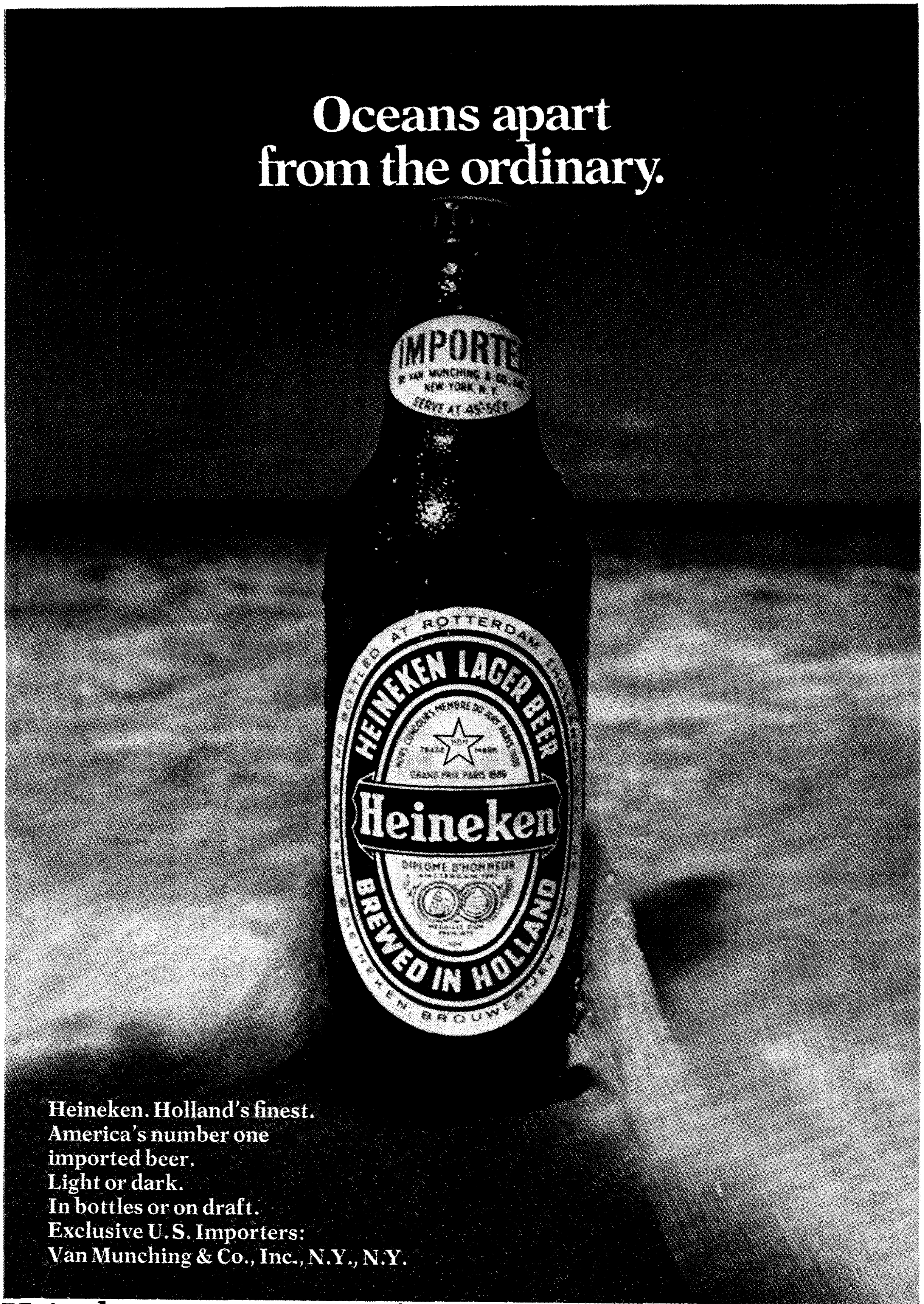
Each of the nine seems to be liked by everyone except the other eight. Our agents are fluent in at least a second language, but then we all are. I don't know why we were not all asked to be agents, but we weren't. The only one who claims he was and who now drinks and talks about it is Lane Prell, who needs to be an authority on most matters. Whenever the C.I.A. is mentioned, and Lord knows it is mentioned often, Lane becomes nostalgic, confidential, cynical. His point is that, when he was with the Agency in some exotic country, which he is not at liberty to name, the Agency was not even competent to arrange an abortion for a young, highly valued contact, whom, on that account, it lost. True or false, this anecdote evidently means a lot to Lane. He seems to find in it an immense, a universal relevance. "Guatemala," he'll say. "Don't tell me about Guatemala. When I was with the Agency, do you know we couldn't even arrange . . ." or "Clandestine activities. Don't make me laugh. When I was with the Agency, we couldn't even manage . . ." Apart from Lane, though, we all regard as fraught, and even graceless, allusions to such personal concerns as race, religion, income, politics, sexual proclivities, and, now, institutional affiliation.

"ARE you shaky on ladders?" Jim said. It had crossed my mind just then. I had never been shaky on ladders in my life before. I looked down the three flights of ladders to the cement floor. I laughed. "Hell, no," I said. "Not at all." "It would be O.K.," he said. "Fears are such a personal thing." I would not have been scared, I think, if I had been wearing sneakers and jeans. But climbing around a construction site in high heels and all, I was beset by an extreme proposition of What if. What if I just cleave to the rungs and hover here, without looking down at the concrete? Nothing could be done. If Jim were to hold out his hand from the rungs above, it wouldn't help; if I leaned back, the entire ladder would probably fall. The thing is to eradicate the What if, or at least postpone it, until it becomes an appropriate, theoretical speculation, on the stable ground.

THE idea of hostages is very deep. Becoming pregnant is taking a hostage—as is running a pawnshop, being a bank, receiving a letter, or listening to a confidence. Every love story, every commercial trade, every matter in which trust is involved, is a gentle transaction of hostages. Blackmailing, kidnapping, then, are among the extreme violations of the deal. Anyway, I seem to be about to have Jim's child; at least, I think I will, and the thing is that I haven't mentioned it to Jim.

"FAR from it." There he is again. "Don't dwell on it."

WE had been heading for it all afternoon. Every time we all decide to do something out of doors, we begin the day with a sense of exuberant good health, followed by a slow intoxication of danger. Often it ends mildly. Somebody barefoot steps on broken glass, or one of the beer drinkers cuts himself on the tin. One year, somebody's guest from Palo Alto actually inhaled a cinder of his marijuana. Other times, someone missteps serving at tennis, falls, turns gray. In every case, it winds up in the emergency room. When this happens, it is always past four in the afternoon. Whoever is hurt always apologizes. The form is from school days. Whoever got carsick and made the school bus stop, whoever had a tantrum and then high fevers on the way to the museum always spoke of spoiling it for everyone. Counting the wounded at the end of an afternoon these days, as they still, if they are conscious, apolo-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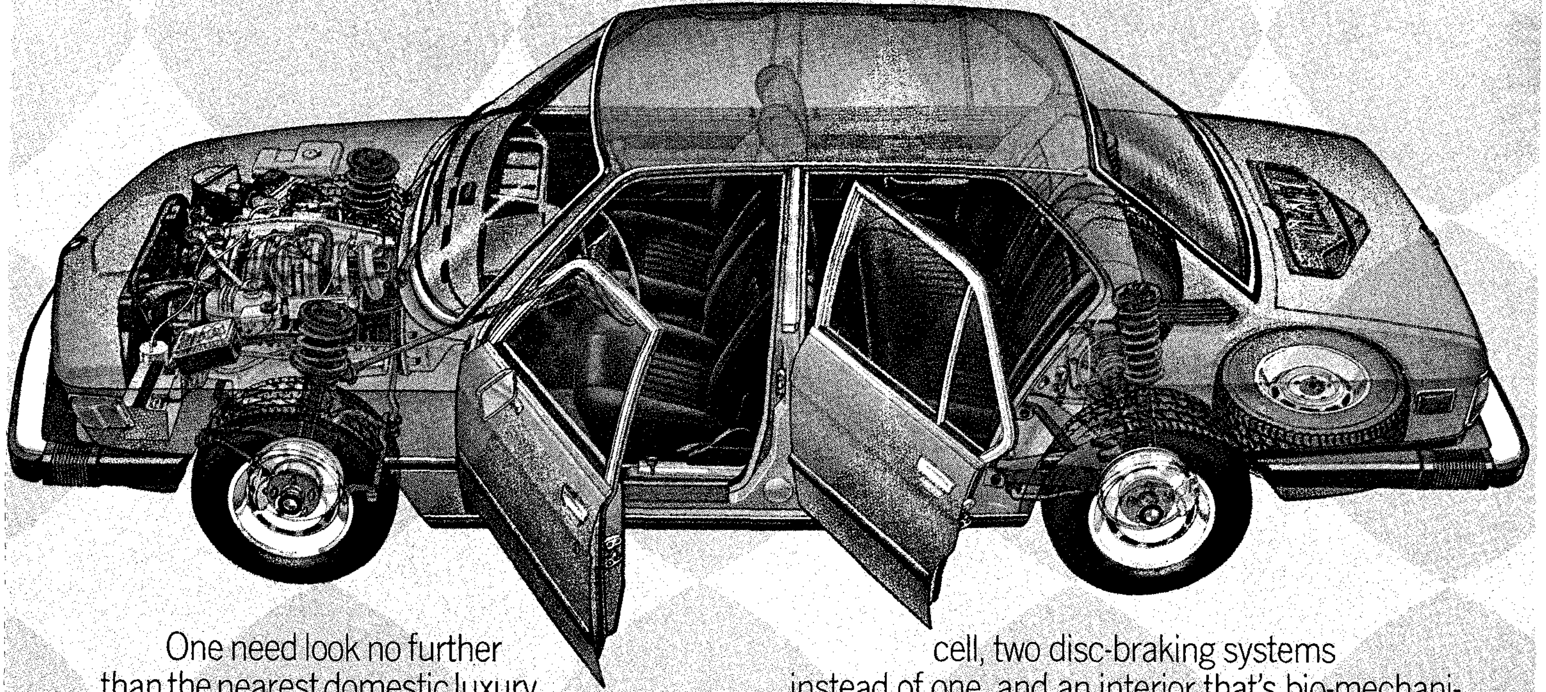

One need look no further than the nearest domestic luxury sedan to find ample evidence of a styling department run rampant.

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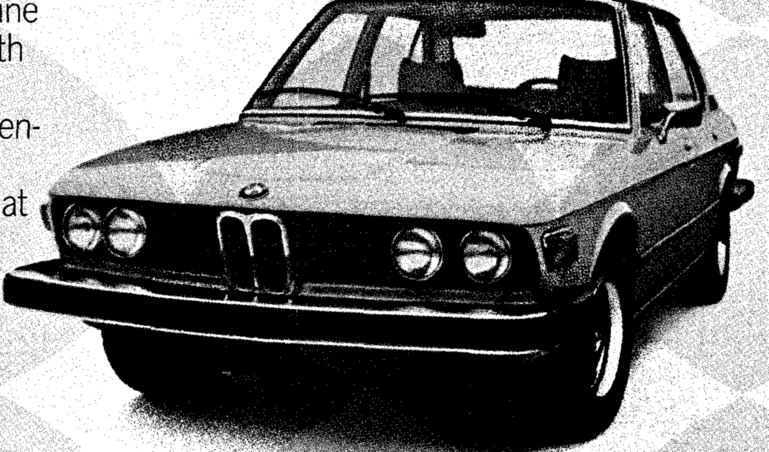

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gize for spoiling it for everybody, we often find they outnumber the one or two hale whom they think they have spoiled it for.

When Dan rode his bicycle over a cliff, we all behaved in characteristic ways. We were in Central Park. There was intense competition for calm, for sane instructions. Cover him, take his pulse, call a doctor, get an ambulance, stand back, raise his head, don't move him, leave him room and air. He had been riding his bicycle at full speed, with a kind of Western-yodel whoop, over the cliff edge. It had been a dare. He was out quite cold. In the rush to help, Jeff and Lee—who are really the nicest of us—quietly returned all the bicycles, including Dan's, with its bent frame and mangled wheel, to the store from which we had rented them for the day. Two uniformed men appeared. They told Dan to get up. He opened his eyes. “Lie still,” Jim said. “Wait for the ambulance.” One of the uniformed men said, “Hey, man, we *are* the ambulance.” Dan blinked. He tottered up a steep hill to their car. He sat on a stretcher. They let him sit up, occasionally bumping his head lightly against the roof, all the way to the hospital. He mumbled apologies. Ralph's girl, in a helpless daze of solicitude, held Dan's shoe in her lap. Situps aside, it is possible that we are really a group of invalids, hypochondriacs, and misfits. Every time somebody gets hurt, someone else inevitably, inevitably, twists something or runs into something. I don't know. Even our people who stay fit with yoga seem to be, more than others, subject to the flu.

“Do you realize how angry you sound?” must be one of the most infuriating questions in the language. “Good morning,” says the poet's wife, quite sunny-natured. “Do you realize,” the poet replies, “how angry you sound?” The poet's wife, confused, pacific, says she isn't at all angry. He repeats his question. Three more disclaimers on her part; on his, three more, apparently calm and deadpan, repetitions, and she is in fact beside herself. We are all, from time to time, too—well, too vehement. But there doesn't seem to be much anger in our set.

On a charter flight, I once met a middle-aged black man from Georgia, who had served in the Second World War, put himself through school, and then through college in the South. His oldest son had won a scholarship to Yale. At the end of his junior year, the son dropped out. He was going to travel across the country, play the guitar, and find himself. Shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in one generation, in these times, perhaps. Or the boy might become a star and send all his own sons, and his daughters, to Yale.

Jim has in his mind, I think, one erratically ringing alarm clock, one manacled dervish, one dormouse, replete with truisms, and one jurist with a clarity of such an order that I tend to love his verdict in most things. So, there is this question of this hostage, if that's what it is, and there is the fact of my not having mentioned it. These days, Jim says, very often, “Well, I had to make a decision. In my judgment, it was the right one; I'll stand by it.” Every politician seems to like to say that. I don't care for it. Having somebody's children is not, of course, the sort of thing that yields much to consultation. There it is. One simply does it. On the other hand, there seems to me no time, even years from now, when such a decision is not subject to review. Leaving aside the more gothic possibilities, what if one's son (or, and this seems unimaginable, daughter) simply, from the first and in every way, doesn't turn out right, or is unhappy all his life, what then? I don't know what then. “You can't miss it” always means you're never going to find it. The shortest distance between two points may well be the wrong way on a one-way street. All the same, all the same, I think there's something to be said for assuring the next that the water's fine—quite warm, actually—once you get into it. You can't miss it. It could be that the sort of sentence one wants right here is the kind that runs, and laughs, and slides, and stops right on a dime. —Renata Adler

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Secretary's Report

It was suggested that the Department reimburse Chapters for membership dues every four months instead of every three months. Reasons: 0285036

1. Less checks outstanding
2. Less conflict with National and State activities
3. Less expense and time
4. There is a new direct mailing from National so that all Chapters will receive an up-to-date rooster of all members quarterly, and change rooster, and delinquent rooster monthly.—*From minutes of a meeting of the La Crosse (Wis.) Reserve Officers Association.*

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THE THEATRE

ON THE ADVENTURE OF OLD AGE

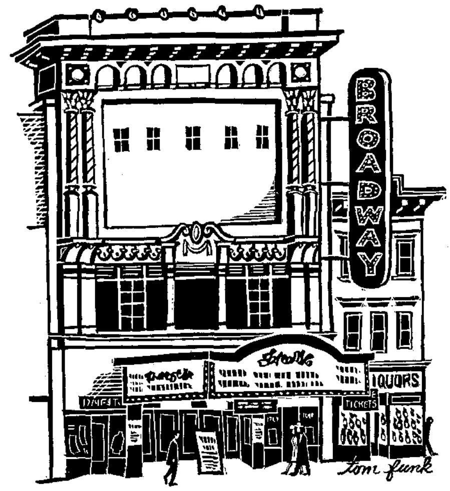
Enid Bagnold's "A Matter of Gravity" is a late-arriving specimen of that once indispensable theatre phenomenon the "vehicle." Whatever the author may have intended the play to be when she set about writing it—and the internal evidence is strong that it was an intellectually ambitious work, dealing with age and loss and mankind's clumsy accommodation to an unknowable fate, all on terms scarcely less lofty than those of Eliot's metaphysical comedy "The Cocktail Party"—the production we see at the Broadhurst has become something other, and of a diminished significance: the means of showing off a single star in the most extreme form of her present incandescence. Nothing matters so much in a vehicle of this kind as that the star should shake the very firmament of heaven with her blazing passage across it; in the present case, the passage includes irresistible guffaws of laughter out of her tomboy past, refreshing our recollection of the slender virgin huntress she once was, and also the occasional shedding of crystal tears out of a recent past perhaps darker than we have been encouraged to suspect.

The superlunary creature who is called upon to perform these feats is, of course, Katharine Hepburn. She is playing an elderly English widow, Mrs. Basil, whose antecedents, long settled in a great house in some green valley securely distant from London, were content to make little noise in the world as they went on adding leaf and twig and branch to the family tree. At the opening of the play, Mrs. Basil is in her seventies, with a grandson at Oxford as her sole heir and a fat cook with an embarassing bent for levitation as her sole companion; when the play ends, Mrs. Basil is nearly eighty, the cook remains in command in a disintegrating kitchen, and two great-grandchildren are about to set foot on the premises for the first time. In a fashion most un-Basil-like, the grandson has married a fiercely self-aggrandizing half-black student from Jamaica, whose passion is not for her husband but for the house that he will one day inherit. Old Mrs. Basil gallantly gives way to her successor; she will retire to the "paying wing" of a local asylum, while leaves of a new color and a new temper unfurl on the family tree.

Actresses rejoice to play characters older than they really are—for one thing, it is obviously less of a strain than playing characters younger than they are, which is their conventional doom throughout much of their professional careers. Now in her sixties, Miss Hepburn squeezes the last drop of pleasure out of her imagination of what it will be like for her to be approaching her ninth decade: she will be as beautiful as ever, as vigorous as ever, as quick-witted and as tart of tongue as ever, and she will be looking forward with unabated relish to being an athletic nonagenarian. Miss Bagnold, who in fact is some twenty years older than Miss Hepburn, understandably takes a somewhat less optimistic view of age; if it is an adventure, it is one marked by discoveries so painful that one can only laugh at them. Speaking for herself at one point in the play, she writes, "Fear makes me witty;" that is a truth earned by authentic old age, and not by its simulacrum onstage.

Mrs. Basil finds herself surrounded by some exceptionally unpleasant people; the only one I was able to feel any sympathy for is a homosexual college don named Herbert, well played by Paul Harding. (I got the impression that his part had been considerably shortened in the course of shaping the play into a vehicle for Miss Hepburn.) Other members of the cast are Charlotte Jones, as the cook; Wanda Bimson, as young Mrs. Basil; Christopher Reeve, as the grandson; Elizabeth Lawrence, as an ice-cold intellectual; and Daniel Tamm, as Tom, Herbert's suicidal lover. The gorgeous drawing room in which all the action takes place is by Ben Edwards, who has borrowed a lovely Gothic Revival window from—I believe—Malahide Castle, in County Dublin; the costumes are by Jane Greenwood; and the lighting is by Thomas Skelton. The direction is by Noel Willman.

—Brendan Gill



OFF BROADWAY

An A for Don B.

It is surprising, though perhaps it shouldn't be, that Donald Barthelme's writings should prove to be so theatrical. In the Sub-Plot Cabaret, way downstairs at the American Place, "Conversations with Don B." makes as lively and as witty a little revue as you can imagine, with an attractive cast of five, one of whom, Josh Rubins, triples as performer, songwriter, and musical director. Most, though not all, of the sketches originally appeared in this magazine, and often they have been reshaped for performance. What is surprising is that writing that seemed entirely satisfying in print should actually be enhanced by being spoken. (Time after time, I kept remembering the recorded voice of James Joyce reading the Anna Livia chapter from "Finnegans Wake.") The only number I can think of at the moment that seems diminished in transition from page to boards is "That *Cosmopolitan* Girl" (here published under the pseudonym Lily McNeil), where parody is unfortunately broadened into travesty. But that is my one quibble. Among the successes are "The Balloon," as spoken with appropriate sensitivity, humor, and feeling by Ron Faber; a sketch about standing in line with a check for $84.06, which ran here anonymously as Notes and Comment; and an effective dramatization of "The Phantom of the Opera's Friend." Mr. Rubins' songs are entirely in keeping; the music is melodic and the lyrics are nimble. Who, including Mr. B., could ask for anything more? The other members of the company are Rozanne Ritch, Michael Wickenheiser, and Kimberly Farr, and the director was Caymichael Patten. "Conversations with Don B." is one in a series of revues based on the work of American humorists. I can think of no better way to celebrate a Bicentennial.

—Edith Oliver

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THE RACE TRACK

Lucky Saturday

THE elements relented, and there was racing at Aqueduct last Saturday—a full card for the first time this month. Dan Lasater, the Midwesterner who has led the list of this country's winning owners for the last two years and has horses all over the place, made a smart move when he sent his three-year-old colt Wardlaw to New York. Wardlaw, winner of the Count Fleet stakes a couple of weeks ago, led from start to finish in the main event of the afternoon—the Lucky Draw Stakes, at a mile. Nevertheless, he had to go all out to beat New Collection, to whom he gave four pounds, by a nose. Chati was third, half a length away. The time—1:37⅖—was first-rate, considering the sloppy condition of the track. There was another lively finish in the Red Camellia, a $35,000 overnight race for three-year-old fillies, which was run as a replacement for the Searching Stakes, cancelled earlier in the week because of the weather. In it, Answer beat Quintas Vicki by a neck.

There was still plenty of snow around the Big A on Saturday, reminding you, if you needed reminding, of the blizzard last week, which also closed Suffolk Downs, Narragansett Park, Garden State Park, and Bowie. I must say that Joe King—the Aqueduct track superintendent—and his ground crew deserve full marks for battling the thaw that penetrated deep into the racing strip and for getting it into condition again. Winter racing at Aqueduct certainly hasn't been profitable so far: the New York Racing Association has lost attendance receipts and its share of the tax on the pari-mutuel, and the state has lost its cut, which won't please the Albany gentry. (Last year, the state's revenue from betting on thoroughbred races was $75,857,457.) The horsemen have lost the prize money that would have gone to them from the sixty-one races that were not run over the past two weeks, while their overhead for care and feeding has continued. And Wrong Horse Harry wonders how many racegoers, bundled up in the stands near the heaters, have given a thought to the jockeys as they go to the post. Race riding at Aqueduct is rough work these days, when the temperature is often below freezing and there is a stiff wind blowing off the water. Because long johns and woollen socks are out of the question for riders, who have trouble keeping their weight down, many of them wear panty hose, and they will tell you that nothing keeps the cold out better than a couple of pages from a newspaper between the panty hose and the britches. Surprisingly, there have been few colds or cases of flu in the jockey room.

FOOLISH PLEASURE, winner of the Kentucky Derby last year, made his first appearance under colors this season at Hialeah on February 4th in the Our Native Purse, a $10,000 overnight at seven furlongs, and won it by seven lengths. The times were 0:23, 0:45⅘, 1:10⅕, and 1:22⅖; the winner then ran an extra furlong just for the fun of it, and his time for the mile was 1:35. Enthusiastic observers say that Foolish Pleasure has never looked or moved better and that he will be odds-on for the Widener Handicap a week from Saturday. The thriller of the afternoon occurred when Redundancy came up in the last stride to beat Summertime Promise by a nose in the Columbiana Handicap, one of the prizes of the meeting, for fillies and mares over the turf course. Toonerville, who they say runs better in cool weather than in hot—he would be a champion at Aqueduct—won the second division of the split Bougainvillea Handicap, the main event last Saturday, beating One on the Aisle, London Company, and seven also-rans in the world-record time of 1:51⅖ for a mile and three-sixteenths on the grass. Sea Lawyer took the first division. By the way, despite the Florida weather, there were only a hundred and fifty-nine more spectators in the stands at Hialeah on Saturday than there were at Aqueduct.

FOR THE RECORD: Only one winning ticket was sold on the fourth-race trifecta at Garden State Park last Saturday, and it paid $85,198.50. The ticket holder asked to remain anonymous.

—AUDAX MINOR

* * *

Mers el Kebir is everything one ever wanted to know about the Middle East and wished he hadn't found out after he had asked. Not that I asked anything about it. How could I have? I had never heard of it. As somebody once wrote, "You could look it up."—*"The Prefect Plot," by Glen Cabary.*

Better not. It might break your heart to learn that it isn't *in* the Middle East.

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We're New York's first bank. Founded in 1784 by Alexander Hamilton.

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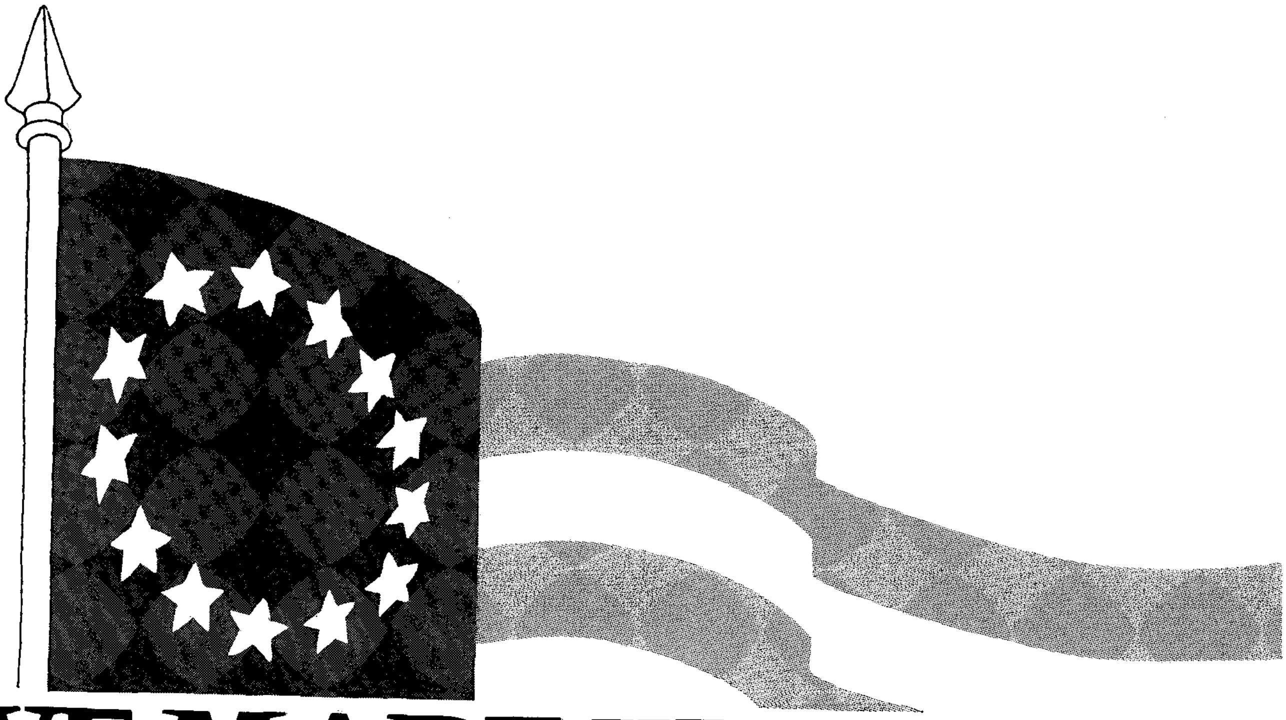


WE MADE THE FIRST LOAN TO AMERICA.

U.S. JOURNAL: MIAMI BEACH

REFLECTIONS OF A MORE OR LESS JUNIOR CITIZEN SHOPPING ON WASHINGTON AVENUE

WASHINGTON AVENUE, the main shopping street of South Beach, is sometimes called Yenta Alley. In Yiddish, a yenta is a shrew or a battle-axe. As shoppers, yentas make the new brand of suspicious and aggressive consumers—those truth-in-packaging advocates and coöp-food-purchasing organizers and unit-measurement freaks—seem like a gaggle of impulse buyers. Washington Avenue is a tough place to run a fruit stand. It is also a tough place to shop. The clerks are as contentious as the customers.

"Is this papaya ripe?" I heard a woman ask a clerk at a Washington Avenue fruit stand one day.

The clerk looked at the papaya. "Yeah, it's ripe," he said.

"To me, it doesn't look ripe," the woman said.

"You don't believe me, why ask me?" the clerk said. "Decide for yourself."

"This is not a ripe papaya," the woman said, putting it back in the bin and reaching for another.

At the Big Chips fruit stand on Washington Avenue, I once happened to be standing next to a woman who was asked repeatedly by the clerk to refrain from squeezing the strawberries with such gusto—a request that a Washington Avenue shopper is likely to treat the way a customs inspector might treat the request of a bearded and long-haired young traveller not to break the seal on a clear-plastic envelope full of unidentified white powder. On Washington Avenue, fruit is not casually tossed into a market basket; it is inspected. A Washington Avenue shopper goes over a tomato the way the bomb squad goes over a metal fragment found at the scene of the blast. The woman I heard being warned about bruising the strawberries told the clerk that, her eyesight having deteriorated over the years, an educated sense of touch was the only means at her disposal for guarding against imperfections in strawberries. She continued her inspection, sighing occasionally to indicate how she felt about the quality of the berries circumstances had forced her to examine. When she had finally finished, and the clerk was pouring the strawberries into a paper sack, one strawberry apparently missed the sack and fell back into the bin.

"You dropped one," the woman said. "One of them fell out!"

"Oh, that you can see," the clerk said. "Before, you had such bad eyes you had to feel every strawberry. But one strawberry falling you can see from five feet away."

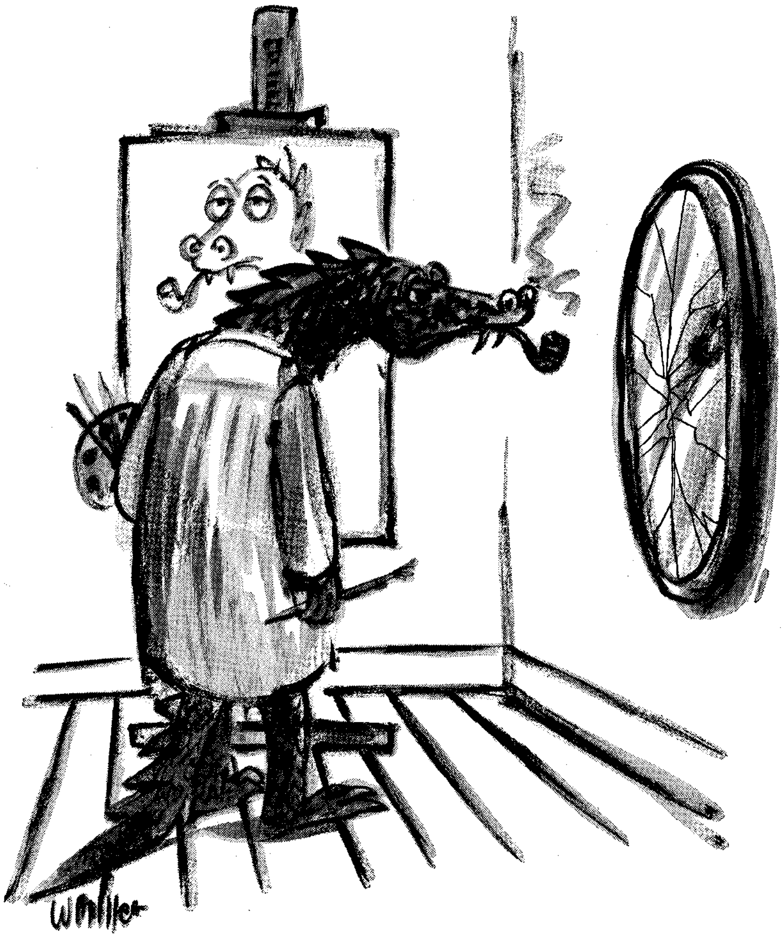
"Brute!" she said. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I'm not the one handled all the strawberries."

"You should be ashamed. Oh, you should be so ashamed—treating an elderly person like that," she said.

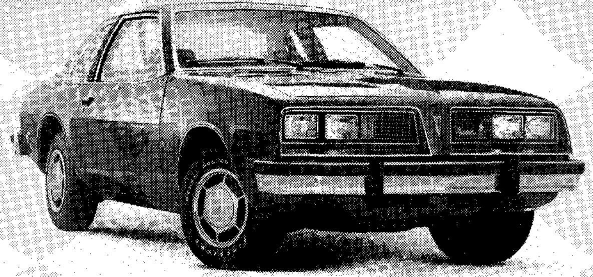
"Now she can see," the clerk mumbled. He picked a strawberry out of the bin and put it in the sack.

South Beach, the southernmost dozen or fifteen blocks of Miami Beach, is dominated by elderly European-born Jews who have retired from the cities of the Northeast; its style of shopping is partly the result of so many shoppers' being people who have severe restrictions on their budgets and virtually no restrictions on their time. It may be that shopping under such circumstances could bring out yenta-like behavior in Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. It has occurred to me, though, that some normally easygoing residents of South Beach may assume a combative posture as they enter Big Chips or the Thrifty Supermarket the way heavyweight prizefighters suddenly start bragging and growling at each other at the weigh-in. Could it be, I have sometimes wondered, that the smiling, warm-looking woman sitting on the bench over there, showing off pictures of her grandchildren, is suddenly transformed into one of the Eumenides by entering Lundy's Supermarket? Like boxing, after all, shopping on Washington Avenue is carried on as a self-contained activity bound by set rules. Everybody knows what days the Thrifty has specials. Everybody knows that Lundy's will not give refunds or exchanges on "any jar or canned goods that have been unnecessarily refrigerated." Some of the shouting that goes on during shopping hours on Washington Avenue must be caused by the impatience and irritability associated with old age; some of it is undoubtedly caused by the anxiety associated with living on a fixed income during a period of terrifying inflation. But I think clerks on Washington Avenue sometimes absorb punishing remarks for the same reason that heavyweights sometimes absorb punishing uppercuts—because somebody good at the game has seen an opening.



Whenever my father was in the Miami area, he used to drive to South Beach to hear women argue with the butcher, the way other people drove down to watch the dogs race. As a tourist, my father was unvaryingly contrary. The marked spots that places like Disney World now provide to

If you like beautiful faces as much as beautiful figures, you belong in a 1976 Pontiac.



Sunbird: 35 mpg Highway/22 mpg City (EPA)
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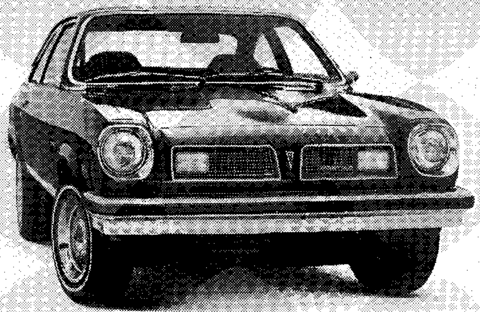
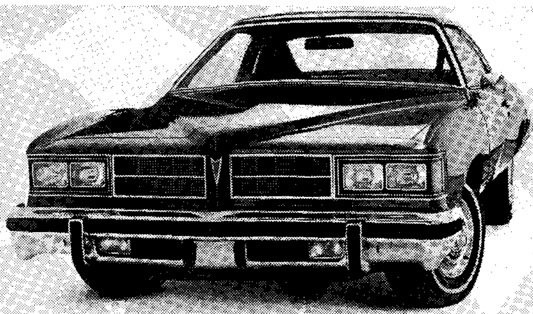


Astre: 35 mpg Highway/22 mpg City (EPA)
Equipped with the available
140-cu.-in. 2-bbl. L-4 engine and manual transmission.



LeMans: 25 mpg Highway/17 mpg City (EPA)
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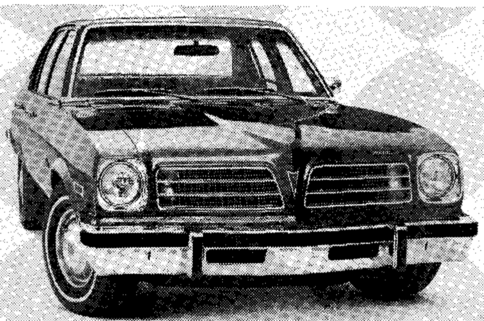

Ventura: 25 mpg Highway/17 mpg City (EPA)
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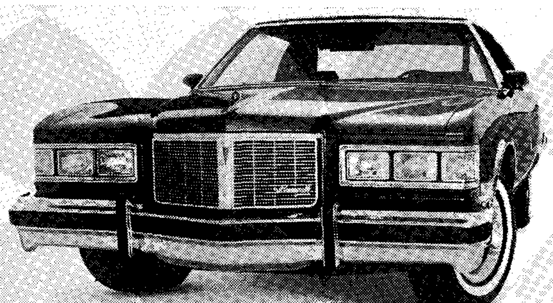

Bonneville: 19 mpg Highway/13 mpg City (EPA)
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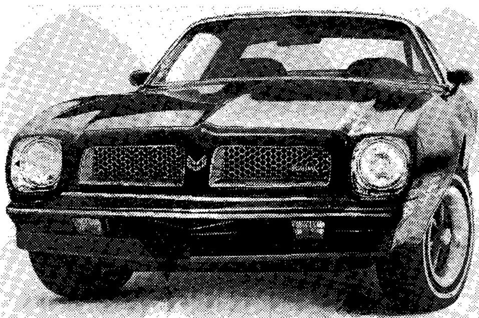
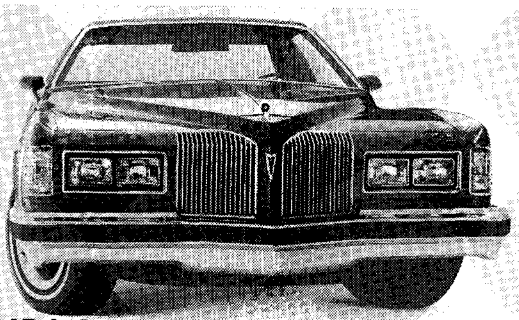
2-bbl. V-8 engine and Turbo Hydra-matic transmission.



Firebird: 25 mpg Highway/17 mpg City (EPA)
Equipped with the standard
250-cu.-in. 1-bbl. L-6 engine and manual transmission.



Grand Prix SJ: 20 mpg Highway/15 mpg City (EPA)
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PONTIAC

The Mark of Great Cars

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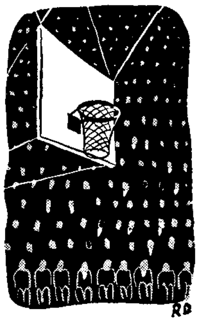
GM

indicate where amateur photographers should point their cameras would have puzzled him; when he first took his movie camera to Florida he used it to take films of stout bathers approaching the ocean on a slightly chilly day. It says right in the tour book left in Miami Beach hotel rooms that the Bal Harbour shopping center—a collection of stores in northern Miami Beach that includes branches of Neiman-Marcus and Mark Cross and a number of other well-known retailers—is a "must-visit sight for every visitor to South Florida," but my father preferred the stores on Washington Avenue, particularly the butcher shops. He had a non-scholarly but lively interest in the development of the Yiddish curse that came out of the Eastern European ghettos—"May you have an itch in a place impossible to scratch" and "May streetcars grow on the back of your throat" and that sort of thing—and he thought kosher butcher counters in South Beach were good places for hearing particularly imaginative curses, perhaps because the shoppers were inspired by the added irritant of kosher meat's being even more expensive than non-kosher meat. He loitered around butcher counters on Washington Avenue the way American folklorists used to hang around remote Tennessee mountain towns. While he was there, of course, he bought the specials. His favorite curse was one that seemed to indicate an attempt to adapt the form to modern American life: one woman said to a Washington Avenue butcher, "May you have an injury that is not covered by workmen's compensation."



WHEN a checker at the Thrifty Supermarket has trouble reading the price on a box or a can, she holds it up and shouts over to the next checker in Spanish. On Washington Avenue, both the clerks and the people who sweep out the stores are likely to be Cubans. South Beach has not only Cuban workers but Cuban residents. By some estimates, thirty per cent of the population of South Beach is Spanish-speaking. The newest supermarket on Washington Avenue specializes in Cuban food instead of schmalz herring and stuffed kishke. One of the kosher butcher shops on Washington Avenue now has a small sign saying "*Se Habla Español.*" A visitor to South Beach could get the impression that every young person he sees is Cuban and every old person is Jewish, but, as it happens, some of those little old Jewish men playing pinochle in, say, the pavilion of Friendship Corner #2, one of the centers run by the Miami Beach Park and Recreation Department, are actually little old Italian men playing knock rummy.

Still, retired Jews are an overwhelming majority, and South Beach is culturally Jewish. (It is not as religiously Jewish as all the kosher signs and advertisements for cantorial concerts would lead a stroller on Washington Avenue to believe. In an article for the Sunday magazine of the Miami *Herald* several years ago, a reporter named Mel Ziegler took the trouble to do some mathematics with population figures and synagogue seats and service attendance, and concluded that the elderly Yiddish-speaking residents of South Beach did not necessarily clutch at religion in their final years.) In America, an ethnic culture is partly something that provides additional hobbies for the retired. An elderly Italian has not just shuffleboard but bocce. An elderly Jew has not just television but the Yiddish music hall. And arguing. The ethnic culture of anybody who has survived one of the immigrant neighborhoods of New York or Boston or Philadelphia is likely to include contentiousness. According to Chaim Rose, who presides over Friendship Corner #2 and has worked with the elderly in Miami Beach for more than twenty years, South Beach residents are contentious not just with clerks but with card partners and landlords and the people in the next apartment and with old political opponents who still can't seem to grasp what the only true course for a revolutionary was in Lithuania in 1912.

The Jewishness of South Beach is also partly a matter of packaging—the sort of packaging that makes pancake-mix pancakes served in a Pennsylvania hotel "Pennsylvania Dutch pancakes" instead of just pancakes. Along Washington Avenue, the packaging is designed for an audience that is elderly and Jewish. A movie theatre that features a stage show between showings of the film ("You've all heard of Mario Lanza, and this next singer . . ." "I know you all know who Liza Minnelli is; well, this young lady I'm about to introduce . . .") does not call its stage show local-talent night but Five Acts of Vaudeville. The Famous, a well-known restaurant on Washington Avenue that is popular with the people who stay in the more expensive lodgings uptown, advertises "Jewish-American Cuisine—from Boiled Beef to Lobster Tails."

ONE day, at a Washington Avenue fruit stand, I came across a tiny woman who was having difficulty picking the best ten oranges out of a bin that held perhaps two hundred of them. The oranges were ten for thirty-nine cents. She had already chosen six. The problem she was encountering in selecting her final four was that the bin was so wide it kept at least a third of the oranges beyond her reach. A clerk was only a few feet away—picking cucumbers from a box and tossing them into a bin next to the oranges. She explained her problem to him. He just looked at her for a moment, and then went back to tossing cucumbers.

"Will you help?" she asked him.

"No," he said.

Not being one of the combatants, I felt free to move down a few dozen oranges for her. "Thank you very much," she said. "Taller people can reach. It's not fair."

"You're right," I said.

Under the circumstances, a finely developed sense of justice seemed reason enough for her request, although that is not the motivation normally mentioned in explaining why South Beach shoppers are inclined to examine all two hundred oranges in order to find the best ten for thirty-nine. There are those who say that the elderly of South Beach buy only a few items at a time at the Thrifty because they can afford only necessities or specials, and there are those who explain the same phenomenon by saying that people with nothing much to do prefer to make a daily ritual of shopping rather than fill a shopping cart to overflowing in the manner of a suburban housewife trying to get the supermarket chore off her back for a few days.

There are undoubtedly people living in South Beach who are desperately poor and people who are desperately lonely. There are also people who are quite comfortable. A lot of South Beach looks more or less the same—whitewashed two- and three-floor apartment buildings with efficiencies and "pullmanettes," small hotels built in the days when toniness was simulated with English names (The Shelley, The Chesterfield, The Essex, The Kent, The Carlton) instead of with the French names that were in vogue after the war, when the larger hotels (The Sans Souci, The Versailles, The Deauville, The Fontainebleau) were built

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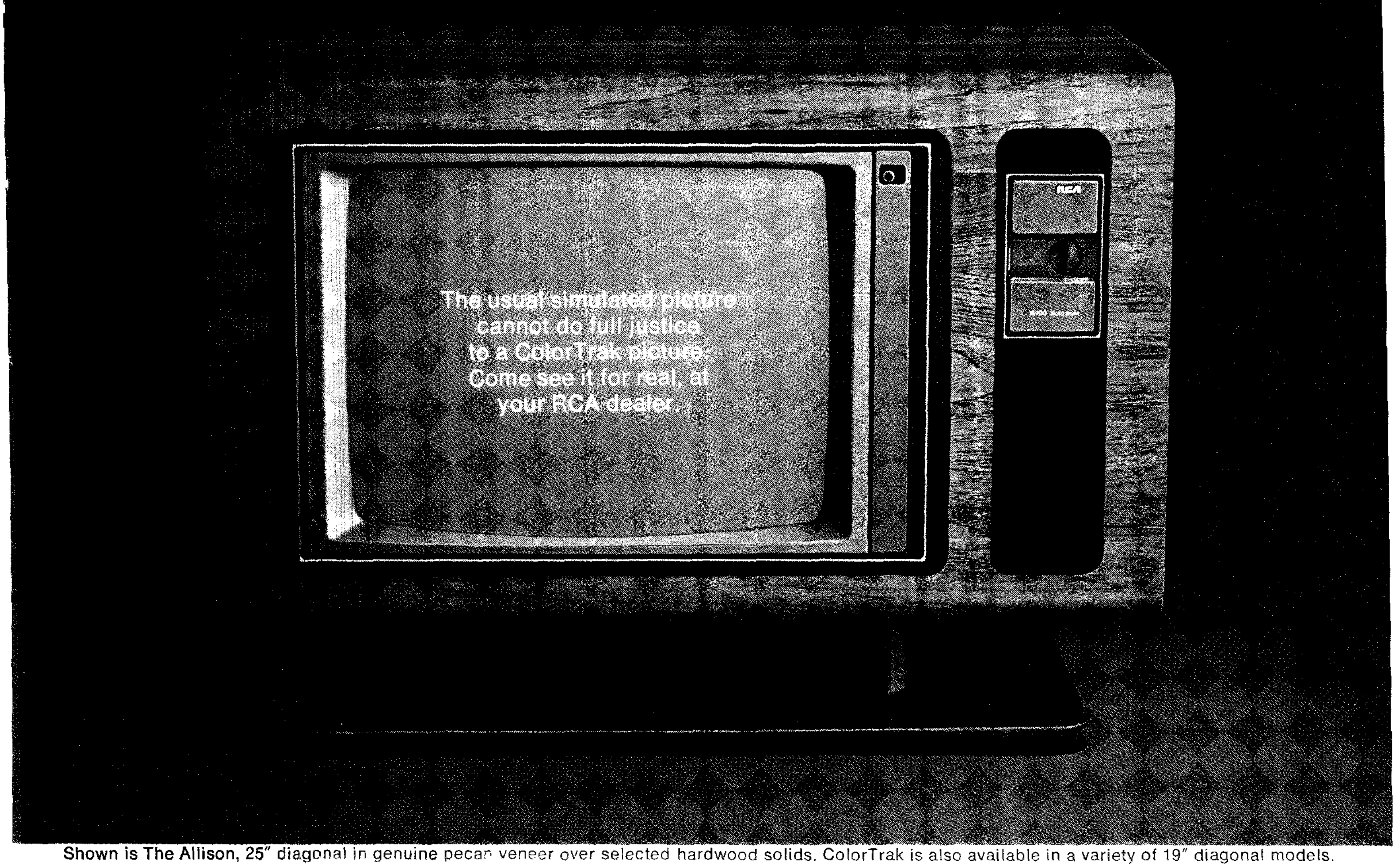
—TV Guide, Sept. 27, 1975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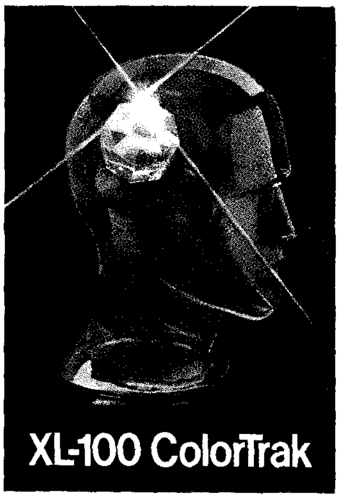

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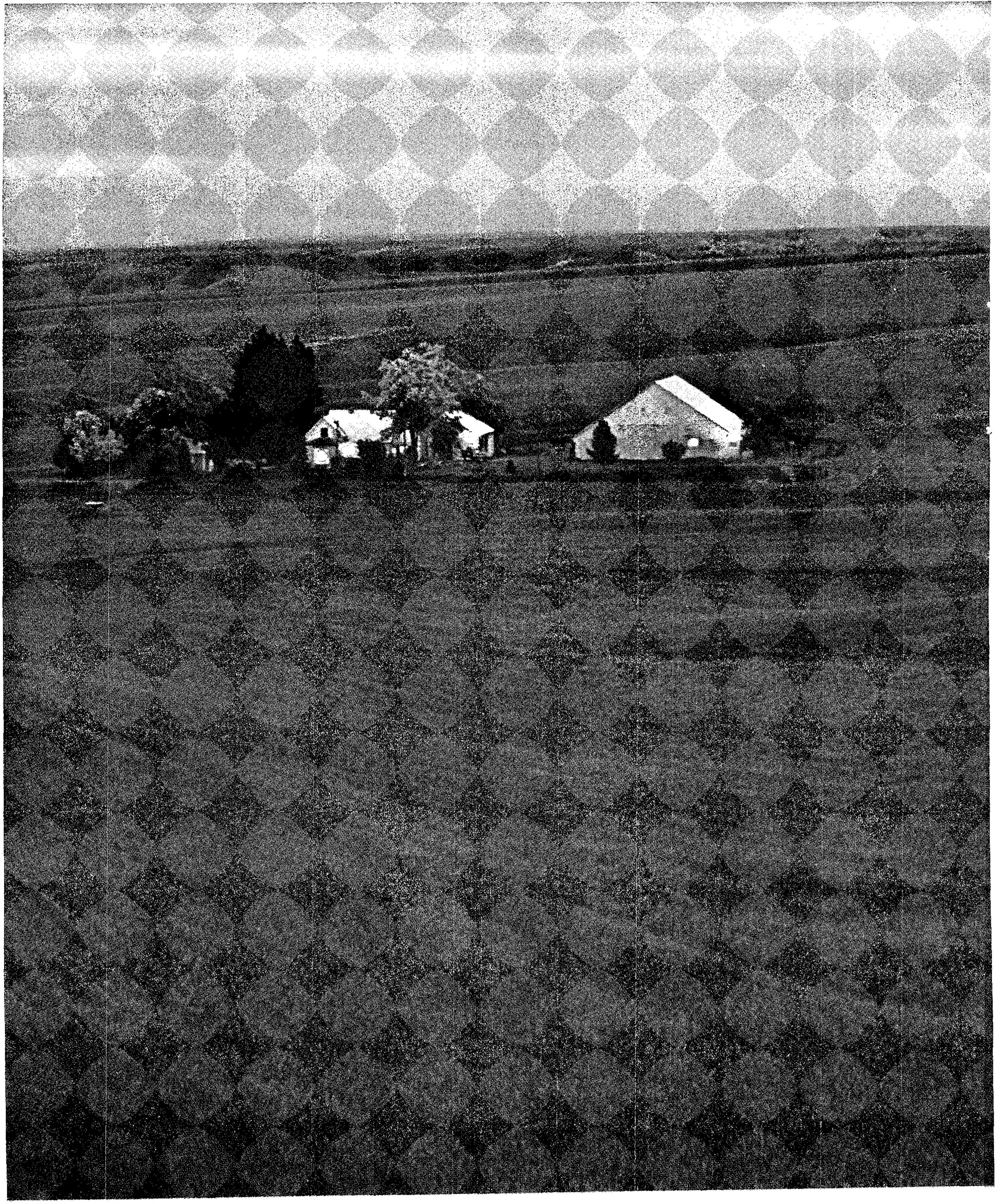
The new RCA XL-100 ColorTrak System. It "thinks in color."



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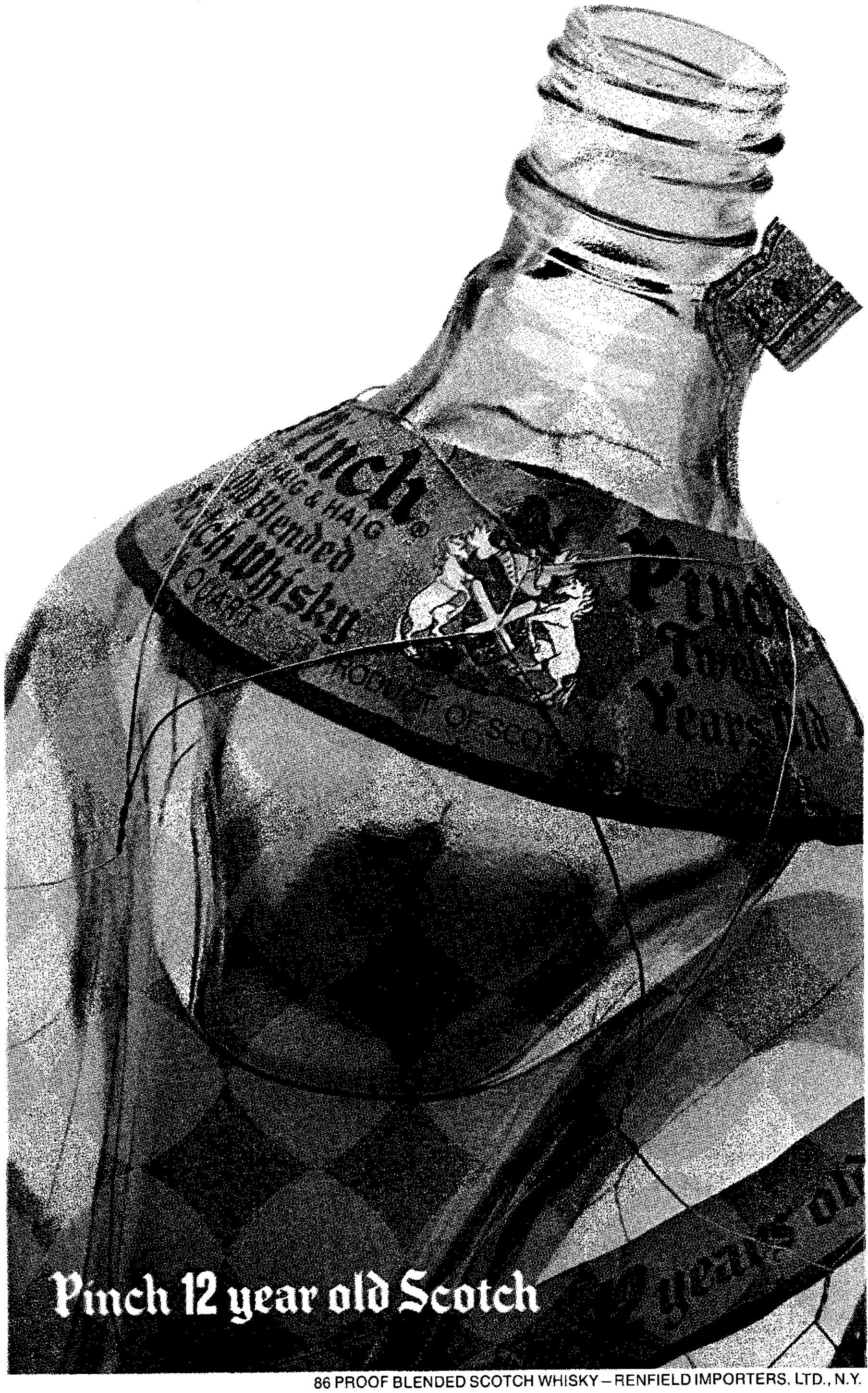

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farther uptown. But someone like Chaim Rose can usually make a good guess at a resident's former occupation and retirement income by looking at his address in South Beach. When some of the residents of South Beach first came from Europe to New York, someone familiar with the lower East Side could have used their addresses to make a good guess at the villages they came from; sixty or seventy years in America has at least sorted them out economically instead of geographically. But they all go to the Thrifty for the specials.

All of them, of course, have lived for sixty or seventy years in a country that treats shopping as a skill and a hobby as well as a necessity. The selling technique of, say, an automobile dealer is based on treating the customer as a fellow-expert—familiar with the jargon and the motor-magazine ratings and even the markup. The Bal Harbour shopping center really is considered a "must-visit sight" for a lot of tourists in South Florida. For a retired person—a retired Jew in Miami Beach or a retired Lutheran in Arizona—shopping can become the skill and hobby and necessity that dominates all others. Women who were mildly proud of being able to feed a large family in a thrifty way monitor the butcher's movements with a concentration they could never manage with two children pulling at their skirts. Men who formerly used their business sense to run a store apply it instead to comparing the McIntosh-apple prices at Big Chips with the McIntosh-apple prices at the Thrifty.

FOR a big special at the Thrifty or the Food Fair, it is said, people come to South Beach from the expensive condominiums in northern Miami Beach or even Hollywood—the huge high rises that crowd up against the shoreline like some hopelessly lost monsters looking for a way back to Manhattan. There are now several such condominiums in South Beach—on the bay side, facing Miami—and just about everybody having anything to do with the Chamber of Commerce or the tourist industry in Miami Beach would like to see more. They would also like to see fewer old people—particularly old people of limited means. A concentration of elderly people is bad for the image of a tourist town—especially a tourist town that seems to have a steadily rising median age even in the neighborhoods of expensive hotels and condominiums.

The occupation of South Beach by

the elderly is not merely a problem of image but a problem of real estate. As a tourist center built on the concept of "last year's hotel" being replaced by "this year's hotel" (or, more recently, this year's condominium; a new hotel hasn't been built in years), Miami Beach has more or less used itself up. The only way new development can take place is to begin all over again—at South Beach, where development started, and where, ironically, the retired waiters living in pullmanettes can walk to a broad sand beach instead of the pathetic strip that has been left for the seventy-five-dollar-a-day luxury hotels farther north. For several years, there has been talk in Miami Beach about how to redevelop South Beach. A building moratorium has been in effect while options are being considered, and last year the city council went as far as to officially declare the section below Sixth Street a "blighted area"—a designation necessary to qualify for certain state funds. For a while, it was said that any sensible plan for redevelopment of South Beach—a plan that would presumably include expensive hotels and marinas and new condominiums—would result in the relocation of the elderly people who live there now. But apparently everyone concerned decided that relocation would be too damaging politically. As soon as the subject was mentioned, the elderly people of South Beach began shouting at city-council meetings and telling reporters the council was planning a "final solution" to the problem of the elderly—a reference to the Holocaust that, as an example of unrestrained arguing, compares with claiming impending blindness as a reason for squeezing strawberries. The level of contentiousness in South Beach means that councilmen, like clerks, have to treat the residents not as passive and perhaps pathetic old folks but as combatants. Any battles that the elderly of South Beach lose will not be lost quietly. The residents would obviously react to someone's offering them relocation the same way they would react to someone's offering them an overpriced brisket.

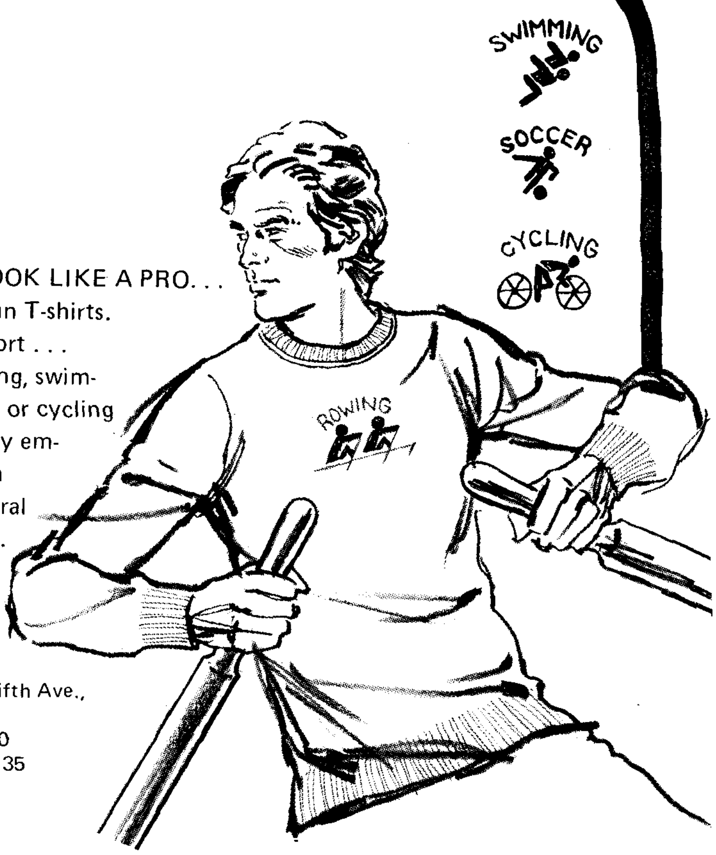
—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

A PISTOL PACKING PARSON
TELLS IT LIKE IT IS . . .
with two guns
blazing and a
bull whip swinging,
he tamed the
whole town!

—*Movie adv. in the Chattanooga Times.*

With three hands you have an advantage.



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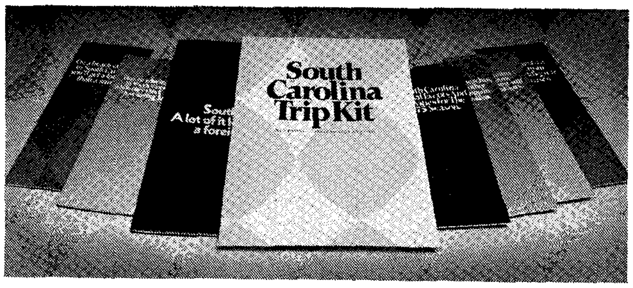

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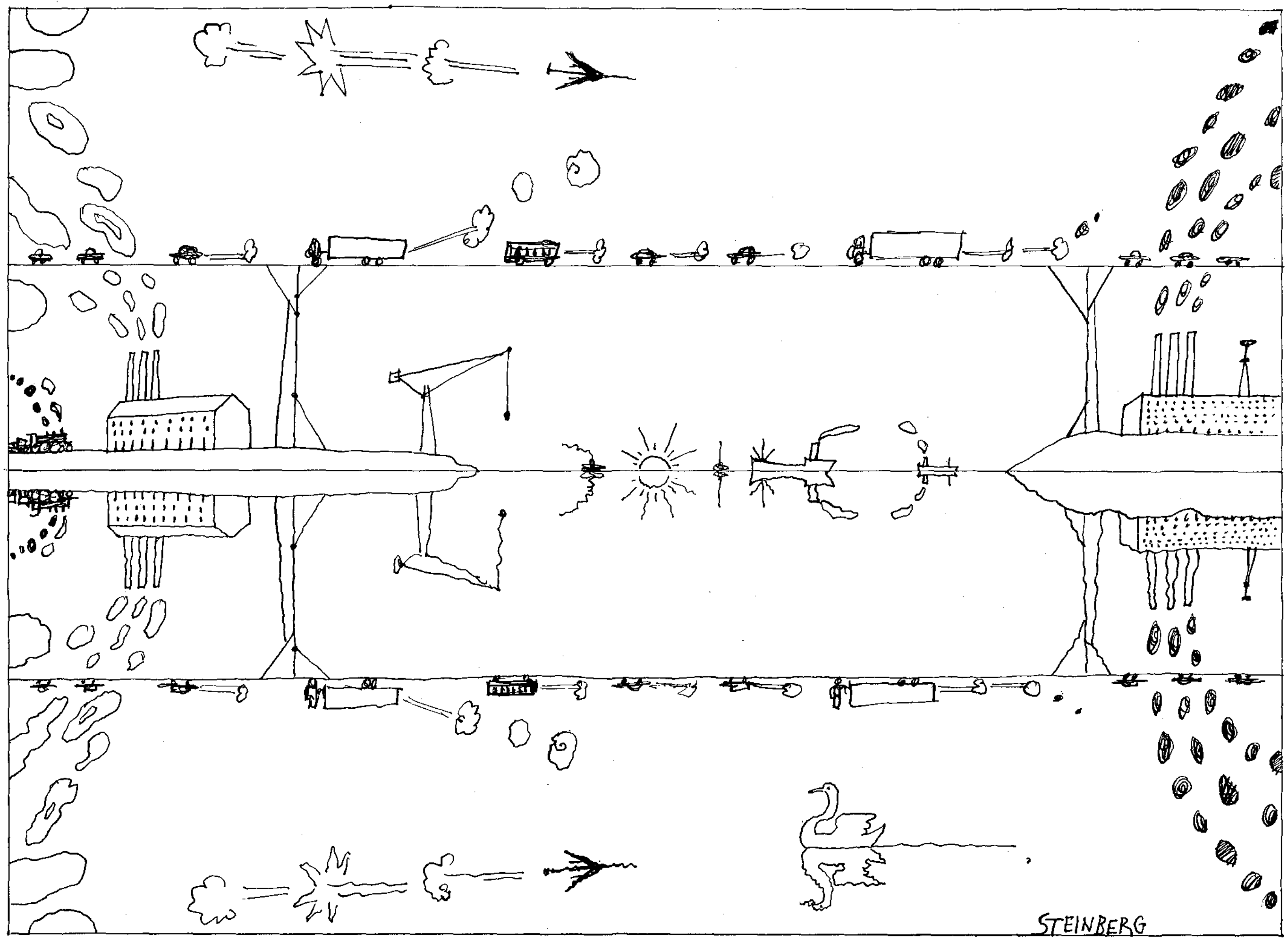
A REPORTER AT LARGE

ENERGY—III



THE principles of thermodynamics tell us that the amount of work that can be obtained from an energy source—and work is the only value of an energy source—depends on how well the source is matched to its work-requiring task. The degree of its efficiency in this respect is measurable by the Second Law of Thermodynamics, and a recent study of such efficiencies conducted by the American Physical Society reveals that in the United States most tasks are rather poorly coupled to their energy source. About twenty-eight per cent of the national energy budget is used for low-temperature tasks such as space heat, water heating, cooking, air-conditioning, and refrigeration, and used in ways whose estimated Second Law efficiencies, computed on an overall, national basis, range between three and six per cent. About twenty-five per cent of the energy budget is used for various forms of transportation, chiefly autos and trucks, and the Second Law efficiencies in this area are estimated at ten per cent. About thirty-seven per cent of the energy budget is devoted to industrial uses, most of them requiring a high-quality source; the estimated Second Law efficiencies are twenty-five to thirty per cent. Part of the remainder of the energy is consumed by the conversion of petroleum and natural gas into petrochemical products, such as synthetic fibres, plastics, pesticides, and fertilizers. There is some doubt about how the Second Law efficiencies of these uses of energy ought to be computed; my own estimate is that such efficiencies are nearly zero.

From these statistics, it appears that the overall Second Law efficiency with which energy is now used in the United States is hardly more than fifteen per cent. There is a large gap between the minimum amount of work needed to produce the goods and services that we now enjoy and the much larger amount that we actually use. To put it the other way around, by improving thermodynamic efficiency we could greatly reduce the amount of energy now being used and not sacrifice any of its present value. In theory, we could save eighty-five per cent of the energy that we now use; practical limitations suggest that the possible saving is probably fifty-five to sixty per cent. In any case, it seems clear that there is room for a drastic reduction in energy consumption (more than enough to eliminate imports of oil, if that seems desirable) without reducing the standard of living.

A low thermodynamic efficiency does not mean that stored energy is being lost as a result of a leaky fuel tank or the like. Rather, it means that energy is being wasted *while* it is used; that its available work is poorly directed; that there is a faulty relationship between source and task. The imperatives of thermodynamics tell us that even at its best this relationship—in which energy flows from the source to the task—involves some loss of the available work. And even a small departure from this condition of maximum efficiency can considerably worsen that loss. The relationship between the energy source and the energy-requiring task is in part built into the design of the instrument that mediates the flow of energy—the furnace, the diesel engine, the heat pump, the cornfield. But it is also affected by how that instrument is used. A diesel engine is a relatively efficient way to convert the fuel's energy into electricity, but much of its efficiency is wasted if the electricity is used to produce hot water. A field of corn is an efficient way to trap solar energy, but a good deal of that efficiency is wasted if the field is heavily fertilized with inorganic nitrogen produced by the petrochemical industry.

If we wish to understand why the United States production system makes such shockingly inefficient use of energy—as a prelude to doing something about it—we need to understand not only the design of the various energy devices and of the instruments of production that they drive but also how each of these machines is used and how all of them might better fit into the production system. Where, in that system, does it make sense to use a furnace, a diesel engine, a heat pump, an electric motor, an electric heater? What energy relationships call for the design of a new instrument or a different pattern of production? What economic considerations—which, after all, govern the design of the production system—have so consistently imposed on that system features that drastically curtail its thermodynamic efficiency?

To answer these questions, we would need a kind of encyclopedia of production, a detailed catalogue of the production processes in agriculture, industry, and transportation, and of their various productivities—what we put into them in the form of labor, capital, energy, and other resources relative to what they produce. Such a catalogue does not now exist, but various useful fragments are available. Some of them (such as the input-output tables that give the dollar value of certain contributions made by one production sector to another) have been created by economists in the last twenty or thirty years. Just recently, physical scientists concerned with resource problems have made more detailed estimates—chiefly based only on the First Law of Thermodynamics, however—of the amounts of energy used in different industrial and agricultural processes relative to their output. But these are merely small beginnings on a monumental task.

It is chastening to discover that the huge, enormously complex American production system not only has been built without a plan but to this day lacks a guidebook that explains, or even merely describes, its existing intricacies. It is not difficult to provide convincing evidence of this lamentable fact. The first detailed account of the pattern of energy distribution in the nation's production system, which was ordered by the President's Office of Science and Technology and carried out by one of the country's leading research institutions, begins, appropriately:

> The availability of energy, and the impact of the utilization of energy upon the environment, are urgent issues in the United States. However, much of the information required to deal effectively with these issues is not available. An obvious gap has been the absence of statistics on how energy is used in the United States, broken down into meaningful end uses and compiled on an overall energy basis.

The laudable ring of these words is spoiled by two facts: the study was published in 1972, at least two decades after most of the present production patterns were firmly established, and the entire analysis takes no account of the Second Law of Thermodynamics, which in 1972 had been known for some hundred and fifty years. (This explains the report's naïve optimism regarding the efficiency with which energy is used in the United States: "... efficiencies in the industrial sector vary from a low of 64 per cent for process steam production using natural gas to a high of 90 per cent for electric drive. In the residential and commercial sectors, the lowest efficiencies are in air-conditioning and refrigeration—30 per cent for gas and 50 per cent for electricity—and the highest efficiency is in electric space heating, at 95 per cent." This last statement, which stands thermodynamics on its head, perpetuates an idea that ranks high in the mythology of power companies.) So it is unfortunately true that, even at this late date in the history of the production system, we have no comprehensive picture of its design that might support an effort to describe, let alone correct, its serious thermodynamic faults. In the absence of such information, I shall fall back on the expedient of considering, as an example, one narrow segment of production—transportation—concerning which the available data and my own knowledge happen to coincide.

TRANSPORTATION dominates the energy picture. It is the largest single end use of energy, consuming twenty-five per cent of the total American energy budget. The fuel on which transportation depends—petroleum—has become the nation's major energy source. Together, the transportation and petroleum industries and the closely related petrochemical industry are dominated by a group of only twenty major corporations, which are worth a total of a hundred and eighty-one billion dollars and produce about two hundred and forty-eight billion dollars in sales, or eighteen per cent of the gross national product. (However, these corporations employ only 2.7 per cent of the labor force.) The success with which this huge industrial com-

"Are we talking at my level or are we talking at your level?"

plex has been concentrated in so few hands suggests that transportation has been firmly established as a vital, effective, and profitable sector of the production system. Yet by any objective standards a good deal of the transportation system in the United States is failing.

Nearly all the major railroads that serve the heavily industrialized Northeastern and North Central areas of the country are bankrupt. For months, one of them—the Penn Central, which is the nation's largest railroad—was so close to ending operations that the principal industries in the area found it necessary to issue public warnings about the economic catastrophe that would follow. Railroad bankruptcies have threatened to spread, like some rail-borne disease, across the country. The physical decay of the railroads symbolizes their economic failure: track beds are deteriorating (one unhappy indicator of their condition, the number of railroad accidents, increased by forty-two per cent between 1964 and 1972); equipment is obsolete; passenger service has declined dramatically. American railroads, relative to their overall activity, provide less than a tenth of the passenger service common among European railroads.

The major transportation industry, auto manufacturing, is also in trouble. In the last two years, the industry has been operating at about sixty to eighty per cent of its 1973 production rate, with as many as three hundred thousand workers laid off. And it faces an uncertain economic future. Under the impact of the energy crisis, the auto industry has begun a broad-scale turn toward the production of small cars, despite evidence that the rate of profit on them is much lower than that on larger cars. As Henry Ford has put it, "minicars make miniprofits."

The airline industry is in constant trouble. In the last five years, several major airlines have posted significant losses, and the main overseas line (Pan American) has come close to collapse; it is currently hoping—thus far in vain—for financial help from the Iranian government. Mass-transit efforts have turned out to be far more costly and less effective than had been expected. At the same time, vast highway systems have been built at public expense, becoming the major carriers of commuter traffic. Yet in nearly every city rush-hour traffic has become an almost unbearable frustration.

Finally, the different vehicles themselves represent a huge, inefficient drain on the fuel supply. The worst offender is the standard passenger car, which accounts for twenty-nine per cent of national petroleum consumption. Between 1945 and 1972, its average gasoline mileage fell by ten per cent as, year after year, its engine increased in power and compression ratio. These same changes converted the automobile from a relatively benign environmental intruder into, literally, a smog generator. Prewar engines, operating at low compression ratios, and therefore at relatively low temperatures, did not produce enough nitrogen oxide in their exhaust to trigger the photochemical process that is responsible for the smog now enveloping nearly every city.

How can we account for the sharp disparity between the dominant position that the transportation industry has won in what is presumably the world's most powerful production system and the extraordinary faults that it now exhibits? Why is the American economy unable to sustain a rational development of transportation facilities? How did the present situation develop, and what does it portend for the future? Like every sector of the production system, transportation is a means of using resources available from the ecosystem to provide goods and services that society values. The resultant wealth enters the economic system, which, in turn, reinvests part of it, as capital, in further production, which it is hoped will maximize the return on the investment. Clearly, in the case of transportation these relationships are not working well; there are faulty connections among the ecosystem, the production system, and the economic system. If we wish to understand these faults—and learn how to correct them—we need to analyze the performance of the various parts of the interlocking set of systems.

How can we measure performance? Both physics and economics are concerned with such measures. In using thermodynamics to measure the performance of a process such as heating a house, we first define the task, and then we determine the minimum amount of work required to accomplish that task, and finally we compare that with the actual amount of work used, as represented by the amount of fuel consumed. This is the Second Law efficiency of the process—the efficiency, that is, of the link between the energy resource (more generally, the ecosystem) and the physical output of the heating system (more generally, the production system). By quite similar means, economics can be used to measure the performance of processes that link the production system to the economic system. In this same example, the economist might measure a heat pump's performance by determining how much capital has to be invested in it, relative to a furnace, to obtain the same physical result. This would measure the productivity of the capital invested in the task of home heating.

Judith Shahn

Both thermodynamic efficiency and economic productivity measure the relationship between what is used to operate a process and what is got out of it. Efficiency is a ratio: output divided by input, usually expressed as per cent. Productivity is also a ratio: output divided by input, usually expressed as a unit of output per unit of input (because these are usually not the same units). For any given production process, such as transportation, one can compute the efficiencies with which physical resources, such as energy, are used, and the productivities that characterize the use of economic inputs such as capital and labor. Fortunately, such an analysis is relatively easy to carry out in transportation, compared with other sectors of the production system, largely because its output is so simple. The task, or use value, of transportation is to carry people and goods over distance. The output, then, is readily measured by the amount of material (or number of people) carried, the distance covered, the speed of transport, and some lesser factors such as the ease of access to the vehicle.

The basic production inputs are labor, capital, and energy and other resources. Given these data and measures of output, one can compute the amount of a given output obtained from an amount of a specified input. The outputs are either (for freight) ton-miles or (for people) passenger-miles. (Ton-miles is the number of tons carried times the distance in miles carried. Passenger-miles is the number of passengers carried times the distance in miles travelled.) The performance of

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ATLANTANS
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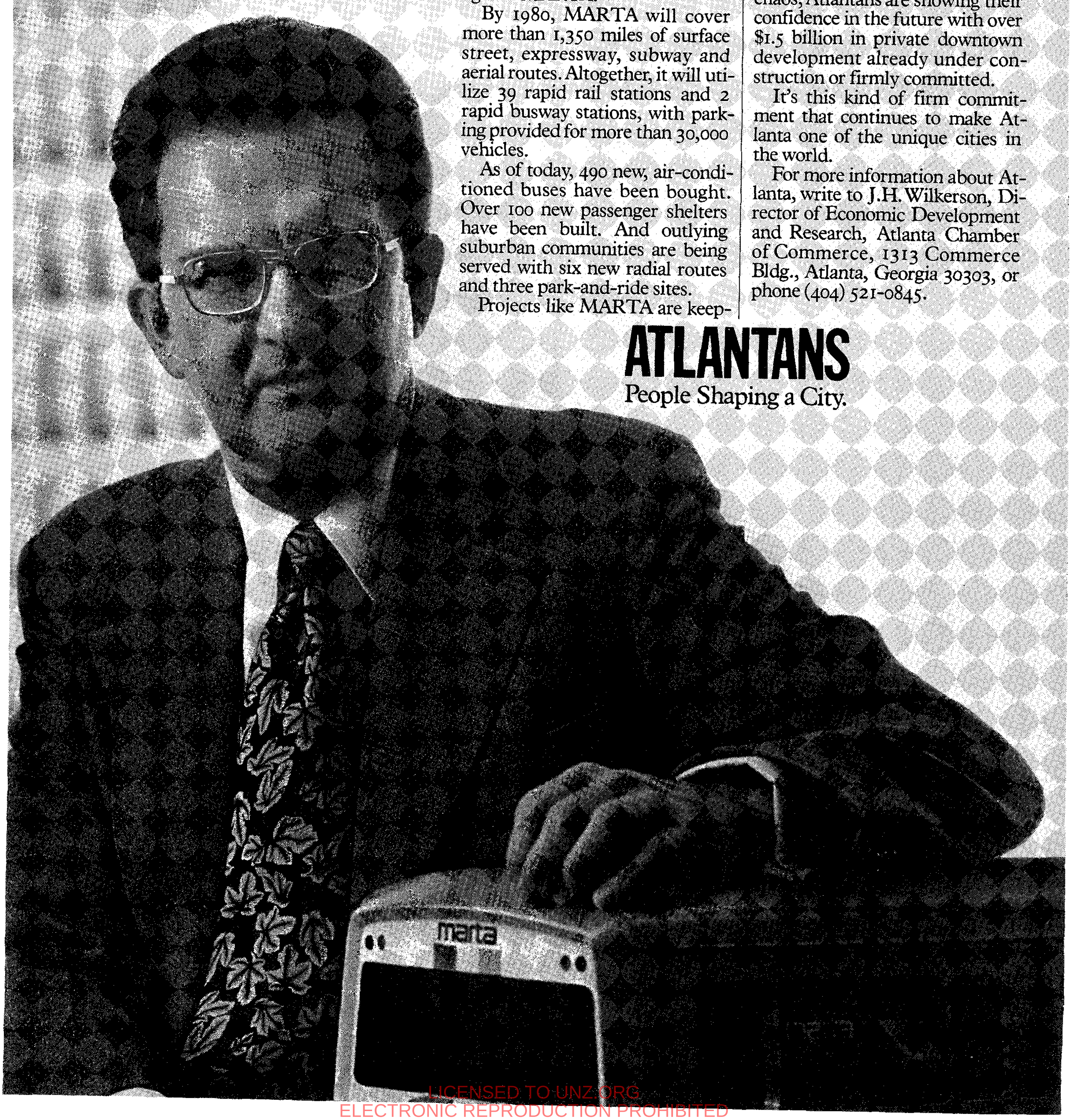

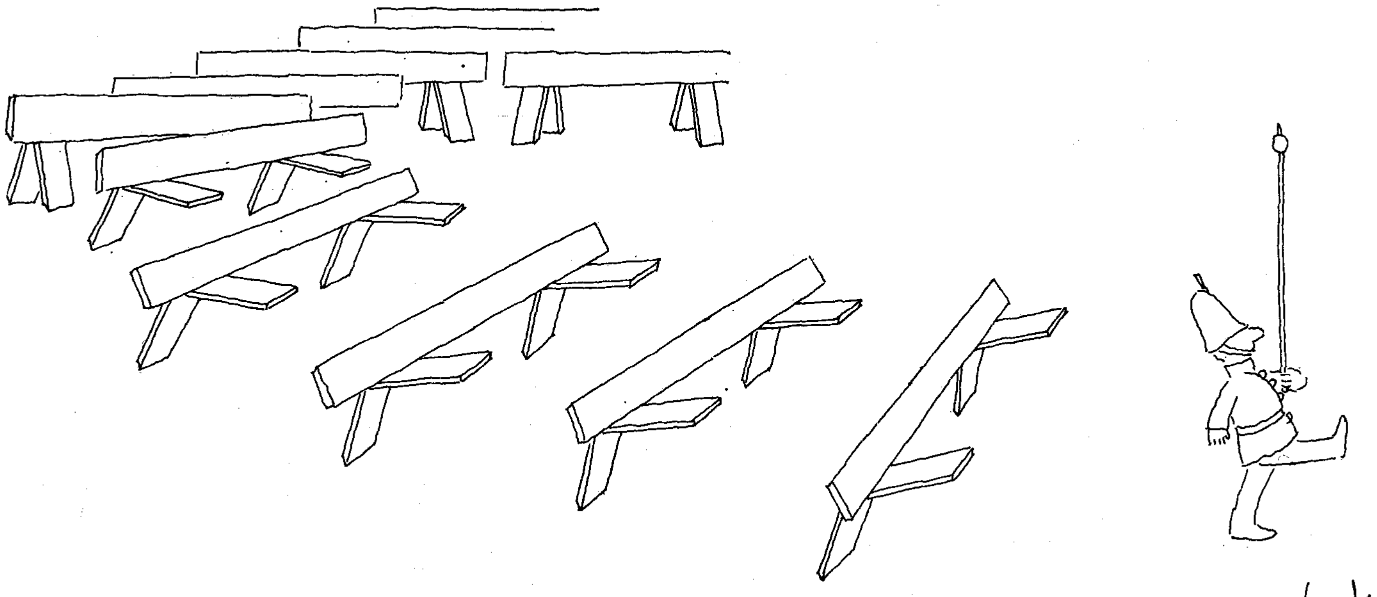

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the various modes of transportation can be judged by comparing their productivities: labor productivity (ton-miles or passenger-miles per man-hour of labor used); capital productivity (ton-miles or passenger-miles per dollar of invested capital); energy productivity (ton-miles or passenger-miles per B.T.U. of fuel).

From such a set of numbers, one can determine what it will cost in fuel, labor, and invested capital to achieve a particular output from a given mode of transportation. At the same time, the economic performance can be described in terms of the cost of transportation to its users and of the profit to its investors. This information can then be compared with relevant goals. Depending on what social decisions we make, such goals might be, for example, that reliable and inexpensive home-to-work-place transportation should be available; that fuel should be conserved; that employment opportunities should be maximized; that acceptable profits should be made on invested capital; that entrepreneurs should be free to invest the profits from a transportation enterprise wherever they see fit or that, on the contrary, such profits should be reinvested only in transportation. With this kind of information, it may be possible to discover where, in the relationship of transportation to the ecosystem on the one hand and to the economic system on the other, the faults that are now so evident arise.

In the last few years, energy productivities have been computed for all the major modes of intercity transportation. Railroads and buses have the highest energy productivities for passenger traffic: 630 and 340 passenger-miles per million B.T.U.s of fuel, respectively, compared with 110 for auto travel and 120 for airlines. Railroads also have the highest energy productivity for general freight: 1,300 ton-miles per million B.T.U.s, compared with 360 for intercity trucks and 20 for airlines. Waterways and pipelines have higher energy productivities (1,470 and 5,260 ton-miles per million B.T.U.s, respectively), but they are quite restricted in the type of freight they carry and in their geographical distribution.

Computations of the productivities of invested capital are more complex. Since the highways are used in common by autos, buses, and trucks, the capital cost of construction and maintenance must be suitably apportioned among these users. About eighty per cent of highway use (measured in vehicle-miles) is auto travel and about nineteen per cent truck travel, with bus travel accounting for less than one per cent. However, because of their size and weight, trucks do a disproportionate amount of highway damage. When all this is taken into account and the capital costs of the vehicles themselves and of terminal facilities are added, a total capital requirement for each mode of transportation can be computed.

In 1970, the total capital invested in intercity auto travel amounted to about $236 billion; in commercial intercity trucks, $30 billion; in intercity buses, $825 million. In comparison, the total amount of capital invested in non-highway transportation in 1970 was only about $70 billion (railroads, $41 billion; airlines, $18 billion; pipelines and waterways, $11 billion). Even taking into account that some capital invested in auto travel relates to urban rather than intercity travel, the capital invested in intercity highway transportation is considerably greater than that invested in all the other modes combined. The comparison between trucks and railroads is particularly striking. It is often assumed that a chief drawback of railroad transportation is its heavy demand for capital. Yet the existing *capital stock invested in railroads in* 1970 was less than half the total capital stock invested in freight trucking. Moreover, capital stock in railroads has been essentially at a standstill, while capital invested in freight trucking more than doubled between 1960 and 1970.

From this information and the available data regarding the two relevant outputs (passenger-miles and ton-miles), we can compute the several capital productivities. The productivities of capital invested in auto, railroad, and airline travel are approximately the same—6.43 to 8.10 passenger-miles per year per dollar. Bus-passenger traffic stands out as yielding the largest output per dollar of invested capital—23.31 passenger-miles per year per dollar. (However, the value for railroad-passenger traffic is very inaccurate; only about 3 per cent of United States railroad revenue is derived from passenger traffic, and it is difficult to apportion the railroads' capital accurately to such a minor activity.) With respect to freight traffic, railroads clearly yield the highest capital productivity—about 20 ton-miles per year per dollar invested, compared with about 7 ton-miles for trucks. Again, the two limited modes of transportation—water transport and pipelines—yield higher returns: 41 and 99 ton-miles per year per dollar, respectively.

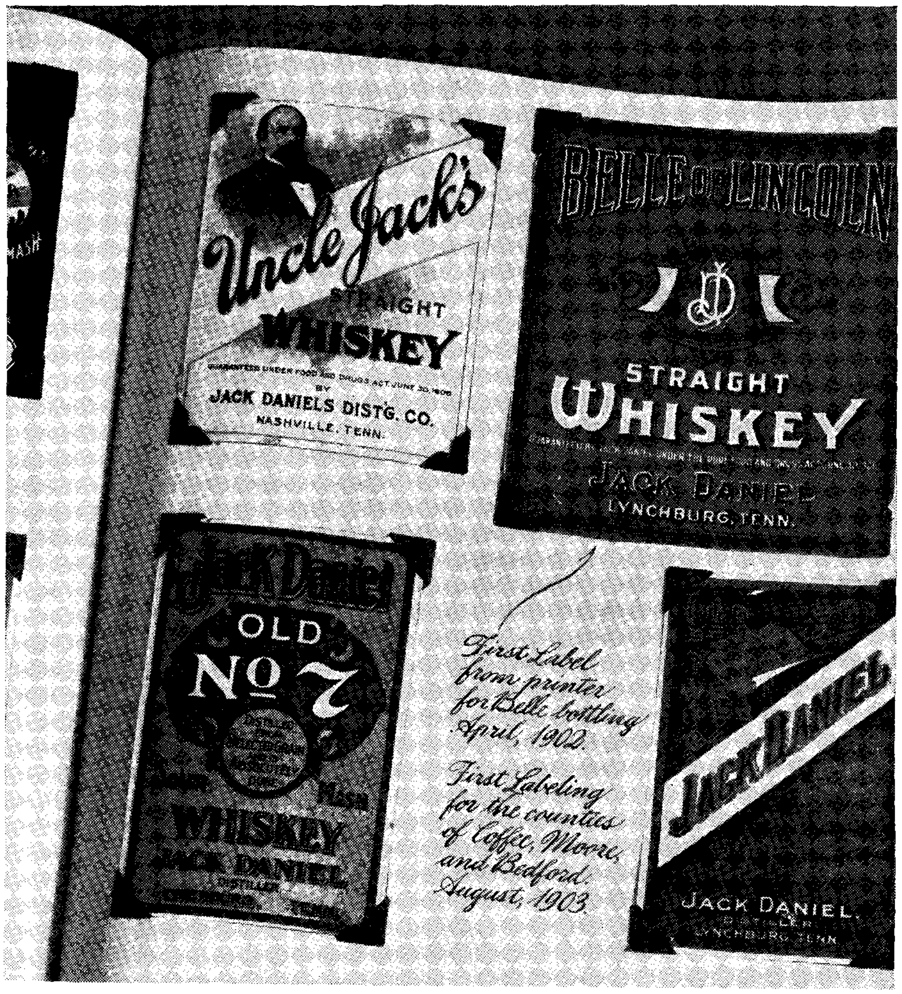
In regard to labor productivity in

passenger traffic, buses produce 294 passenger-miles per man-hour, railroads about 230, and airlines about 188. In freight traffic, pipelines, which use relatively little labor, have the highest labor productivity (12,000 ton-miles per man-hour), followed by water transportation (1,200 ton-miles per man-hour), railroads (about 700 ton-miles per man-hour), trucks (ninety-four ton-miles per man-hour), and airlines (nineteen ton-miles per man-hour). Thus, the labor productivity of moving freight by rail appears to be about seven times as high as that of moving it by truck.

As far as environmental impact (largely noise and air pollution) is concerned, railroads are definitely superior both to the private auto and to airlines. Air pollution from transportation can be judged by the amount of fuel burned; because of the railroads' superior energy productivity, their effect on air pollution is least, relative to productive output, among the three modes of transportation. Noise effects are more difficult to compare, but common experience indicates that railroads are the quietest.

Now consider speed and convenience. While airplanes move quite rapidly (averaging over four hundred miles per hour), there is generally at least a one-hour delay at each end of the journey, owing in part to the distance of airports from areas of dense population. Traffic and weather delays in landing may add considerably to this figure. Ordinary trains travel at an average speed of forty-one miles an hour, but delays at the terminals are relatively brief, because stations are usually centrally located within urban areas. High-speed trains, such as those now common in Europe and Japan (which can travel at more than a hundred miles an hour), can readily compete with air travel's speed and convenience for distances up to about five hundred miles. They could be equally competitive with auto travel (average intercity speed, about fifty miles an hour) in respect to these same criteria.

In this information, we have at least the rudiments of the catalogue of data that we need in order to understand what value can be got out of different modes of transportation relative to the resources that are put into them. A few generalizations are immediately evident. One is that with respect to the investment of capital, labor, and energy, railroads yield by far the highest overall returns, in both passenger and freight traffic. However, it is worth remembering that their higher labor pro-



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ductivity means a lower opportunity for employment. The intercity bus performs well with respect to energy and labor; its capital productivity is higher than that of the railroad (for passenger traffic), but here it must be kept in mind that more than half the capital is represented by the publicly supported highways. Private automobiles, in their aggregate, represent the largest investment of capital in transportation—two hundred and thirty-six billion dollars, of which seventy-two billion represents their share of the investment in highways. In return for this huge investment, the owner has the free use (traffic permitting) of a vehicle that is the least efficient means of converting fuel energy into the movement of passengers (even less so than the airlines).

To what extent can the present features of the various modes of transportation be improved? Since all the thermodynamic efficiencies are low—about ten per cent—there is obviously a good deal of room for improvement here. The American Physical Society study considered various ways of improving the thermodynamic efficiency of the passenger car: reduced weight; the use of more efficient engines (such as the diesel); improved transmission designs (automatic transmissions may be quite wasteful); improving the tires (which, in flexing continuously, waste part of the car's kinetic energy as heat). The study offered two proposals that make use of these potential improvements. Their "modest proposal" achieves a thirty-three-per-cent reduction of present gasoline consumption, or a saving of about four per cent of the total United States energy budget. The less modest proposal achieves gasoline saving up to sixty per cent, or eight per cent of the national energy budget. Similar improvements could probably be applied to buses and trucks, but the saving would be somewhat less, because their present engines, most of them diesels, are already closer to maximum efficiency than are present auto engines.

SPICED PEARS
SOUR CHERRIES
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The railroad, the most efficient vehicle, can be further improved. Nearly all American locomotives have diesel engines that operate fairly close to the optimum limit of efficiency; that is, not much improvement can be expected in the fraction of the fuel's available work that is transformed into the train's motion. Thus, the main way to improve the thermodynamic efficiency of the locomotive is to make use of its waste low-temperature heat—an expedient that would be extraordinarily difficult in a diesel-operated device that moves about. However, if the railroad is electrified, then the mechanical power of the generator can be converted into electricity, and the latter into the train's motion, with an efficiency of nearly a hundred per cent. In this case, the waste low-temperature heat is produced at the power plant, where—if the plant is suitably situated—it can be used for space heating and other low-temperature tasks. The American Physical Society computations on total electric systems show that this approach could considerably improve the efficiency with which a fuel is used—probably doubling it. Accordingly, if the railroads were electrified they, too, could save about as much fuel as the modified cars, buses, and trucks suggested by the American Physical Society, and the present thermodynamic advantage of railroads over these vehicles would be maintained. In fact, it could even be increased, by using the train's electric motors, reversed to serve as generators, to slow down the train.

We can now make a kind of inventory of the available and possible vehicles, in decreasing order of energy productivity (or thermodynamic efficiency).

First, the electrified intercity railroad. This is clearly the most thermodynamically efficient means of moving people and freight at average speeds—of up to about fifty miles an hour on ordinary track and (to judge from Japanese experience) up to about a hundred and twenty miles an hour on improved track. Capital productivity would be equal to that of any other mode of transportation, even taking into account the fact that present railroad capital would need to be doubled to make the necessary improvements in trackage and to acquire new equipment. Labor productivity is high only if passenger traffic is minimal. With suitable passenger traffic (representing, as in European railroads, from twenty-five to fifty per cent of revenues), labor productivity would be reduced considerably—that is, jobs would be more available. Air pollution would occur only at the power plant and could be controlled with stack devices.

Second, the electrified urban railroad. Recognizing the great advantages of the electrified railroad, a number of transportation experts have recently proposed that a "light electrified railroad" could be useful for urban passenger transport as a replacement for diesel buses. The vehicle would be approximately the size of the present bus, and have about the same passenger capacity, and, like many present bus systems, operate in designated lanes in city streets, possibly but not necessarily on tracks, and drawing electric power from overhead wires. This is, of course, a new proposal of an old vehicle—the trolley.

Third, the diesel-operated railroad. This is less efficient than the electrified railroad; its diesel engines produce considerable air pollution, for which there are thus far no adequate controls; capital and labor productivity are about the same as those of electrified railroads.

Fourth, the diesel-operated bus. This is an energy-efficient passenger vehicle, but it is less efficient than a railroad operating at good capacity. However, new routes could be provided more easily than in the case of railroads, because a smaller investment would be involved.

Fifth, the diesel-operated truck. Thermodynamically, this is the least efficient way to move freight (except by air, which, of course, has a considerable advantage in speed). Capital productivity, relative to railroads, is inferior. Labor productivity is low (employment opportunities are good). Relative to railroads, it has the advantage of smaller, more frequent shipments, but it is a considerable source of air pollution.

Sixth, the private car. Inherently this is very inefficient for intercity travel but more efficient for urban travel if it is properly designed and is used to capacity. Its main advantages are enormous flexibility and freedom of access. It is the major source of urban air pollution.

Seventh, the airplane. For passenger traffic, its energy productivity is very low, approximately equal to that of the automobile. For freight, energy productivity is less than a tenth that of trucks. Its main advantage is speed, but that holds good—relative to efficient high-speed trains—only for distances greater than five hundred miles.

How does the use that we are now making of the various modes of transportation compare with this list? Less than one per cent of the United States railroad locomotives are electrified; a few rail lines were electrified about twenty-five years ago, but even these are now used for diesel locomotives,

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and the railroads are overwhelmingly diesel-driven. Railroad use on the whole is declining: passenger services are minimal. By 1972, railroads had declined to about fifteen per cent of their 1951 size. In 1973, as a result of the operations of Amtrak and Auto-Train, there was a striking increase in passenger-miles (from 5,367 million to 9,300 million), but this fell short of the highs posted in the forties. The proportion of freight traffic carried on railroads fell from sixty-nine per cent of all ton-miles in 1945 to forty per cent in 1970, having been displaced by truck freight. The "light electrified railroad" (trolley), once a dominant form of transportation in the United States, has all but disappeared; it has been replaced by diesel buses. The use of passenger cars has grown at about five per cent annually; together with airlines and buses, automobiles have almost entirely displaced railroad-passenger traffic. Thus, *with remarkable precision* the United States transportation system has favored those modes of transportation which are thermodynamically inefficient and are low in capital productivity. As a result, the system now consumes much more fuel and capital than it needs to.

HOW can we explain this seemingly inverted state of affairs? In the United States economic system, most productive enterprises are privately owned and attract investment in accordance with the expected rate of return—the profit. In transportation, the situation is complicated by the investment of public funds, which supply all the capital needed to build and maintain highways and airports and which—many years ago—contributed land to the railroads. Nevertheless, the expected rate of profit is likely to govern the flow of investment funds into different modes of transportation, and therefore to govern their relative rates of development.

In the three years preceding the impact of the energy crisis—1971, 1972, and 1973—the industries associated with transportation showed characteristic and strikingly different rates of profit (returns, after taxes, on stockholders' equity). Trucking firms reported average profits of 21 per cent; automotive manufacturing reported profits of from 14.1 to 16.1 per cent; profits in airplane manufacturing (largely military) increased from 5.4 per cent to 11.4 per cent; airline profits fluctuated, being 2.1 per cent, 6.7 per cent, and 5.2 per cent during the three years; railroad profits were 5.2

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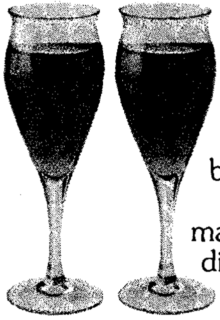

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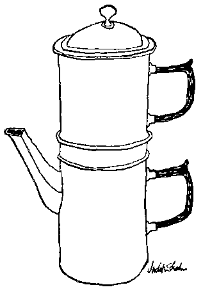
to 6.3 per cent. The profits for 1974 were similar except that the automotive industry's profits fell from 16.1 per cent in 1973 to 7 per cent in 1974, as a direct result of the 1973 oil embargo. It seems clear, then, that the profitability of the different modes of transportation—which governs the extent to which they are developed—runs counter to both their energy productivity and their capital productivity; that is, high profitability tends to be associated with high requirements for both energy and capital relative to output.



This analysis suggests, at least as a hypothesis, that the American transportation system fails to perform effectively—to move people and freight at the least cost in physical and economic resources—because its operational design has been governed by profitability rather than performance. Obviously, to test this hypothesis one would need the information that specifically describes how and why decisions to establish the present faulty design were made, or evidence that, given a choice between maximizing performance and maximizing profitability, the latter option was taken. As it happens, there are records available concerning the failure of the transportation system to develop the two modes of highest performance—trolleys and railroads (especially electrified ones).

The electrified trolley was once one of the dominant forms of transportation. It was the main form of urban transportation, and it covered the areas surrounding the cities so well that by making sufficient transfers people could travel long distances by trolley. In the novel "Ragtime," Tateh and his daughter, fleeing New York, board the No. 12 streetcar on the lower East Side, ride up Broadway to the Bronx and then through a series of Connecticut towns, and, two days later, are in Springfield, Massachusetts, on their way to Boston. The fare for each ride was about a nickel for Tateh and two cents for his daughter—a total of three dollars and forty-some cents for both from New York to Boston. They enjoyed the trip as the electrified cars rocked through the countryside, the sights and smells unobscured by pollution. In the period of "Ragtime"—the beginning of the century—almost every American city had an effective trolley system. For example, Los Angeles was served by three thousand vehicles, on lines that radiated seventy-five miles from the city's center, the routes winding their way through the valleys between the hills that divide the urban area. As late as 1936, forty thousand streetcars operated in the United States. By 1955, only five thousand remained.

The process that dismembered this extensive, high-performance transportation system has been documented in a remarkable report that was prepared in 1974 by Bradford C. Snell for the Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary. In great detail, Snell describes how urban trolley lines were dismantled by companies that the General Motors Corporation established as it set out, in 1932, to create a market for its new line of buses. According to G.M.'s general counsel (as quoted by Snell), the corporation "decided that the only way this new market for [city] buses could be created was for it to finance the conversion from streetcars to buses in some small cities." General Motors organized a company, called United Cities Motor Transit, that bought up trolley lines, to begin with, in Kalamazoo and Saginaw, Michigan, and Springfield, Ohio. Once in control, General Motors dismantled the trolley lines and replaced them with G.M. buses. According to the general counsel, in each case the company "successfully motorized the city, turned the management over to other interests and liquidated its investment." Thus, it is clear that General Motors' interest was not to provide the cities with transportation but to sell buses. Censured by the American Transit Association for these actions, General Motors dissolved its transit corporation—only to form a new one, in collaboration with Standard Oil of California and the Firestone Tire Company. Snell reports, "By 1949, General Motors had been involved in the replacement of more than 100 electric transit systems with G.M. buses in 45 cities including New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Oakland, Salt Lake City, and Los Angeles." In Los Angeles, the buses replaced a trolley system that could have been, in the words of one transportation specialist, "the nucleus of a highly efficient rapid-transit system, which would have contributed greatly to lessening the tremendous traffic and smog problems that developed from population growth."

In March of 1949, General Motors, Standard Oil of California, and Firestone, among others, having replaced

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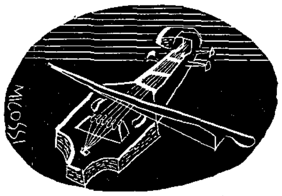
numerous electric-trolley systems with gasoline-powered or diesel-powered buses, were convicted in Federal District Court in Chicago of having conspired to monopolize trade. General Motors was fined five thousand dollars, and its treasurer, who had participated in the dismantling of the hundred-million-dollar Greater Los Angeles trolley system, was fined one dollar.

Los Angeles is perhaps the best-known victim of the bus and the automobile; photochemical smog, the distinctive pollutant of these vehicles, made its first recorded appearance in Los Angeles in 1943 and has since enveloped most major cities in its noxious fumes. In Snell's work, we have evidence of how this came about: through a deliberate decision by major transportation companies to replace the high-performance electric trolley with the much inferior petroleum-driven bus and automobile. This case history does appear to support the hypothesis that United States transportation companies favor inefficient modes of transit in an effort to maximize their profits.

An equally informative case history explains the reduced use of the railroads, first for passenger traffic and later for freight. Railroads once carried essentially all intercity passenger traffic, but they now carry a very small percentage. It is widely believed that the near-disappearance of passenger traffic from the railroads is the result of a natural preference for autos and airlines. If this is true, however, the preference is a phenomenon peculiar to the United States. In Europe, railroad-passenger traffic remains at a high level despite competition from airlines and private cars. It would appear that there must be some other, specifically American explanation for this effect. There is. It has been described in the discussions, during the last few years, of what to do about the bankruptcy of the Northeastern railroads. When the Penn Central railroad went bankrupt, in June of 1970, the Department of Transportation began to plan the reorganization of the failed railroads in a viable form. The proposal has since gone through a series of legislative transformations, but the fundamental plan has remained the same. By 1970, the railroads were almost out of the passenger business, so the plan relates primarily to freight traffic. In the course of the debates over the reorganization plan, it became clear why in the past forty years the American railroads have abandoned most of their passenger traffic. The reorganization plan—now embodied in a government-created, profit-making corporation known as the Consolidated Rail Corporation, or ConRail—is based on a rather simple, straightforward approach: the Northeastern railroads went bankrupt because their operational costs exceeded their profits. The profitability of different parts of the railroads varied—in general, being poorest on branch lines that carried relatively little freight. The proposed solution is to abandon the unprofitable track, so that a smaller rail system can carry freight at a profit. It will then be taken over by new owners who find the investment attractive for private capital.

The plan faces some huge economic obstacles. Because the railroads are heavily in debt, are operating at a loss, and are desperately in need of new capital to restore crumbling roadbeds and to replace obsolete equipment, few private investors are expected to be willing to take over the railroads from ConRail. Since the Penn Central bankruptcy, the federal government has granted the railroads several hundred million dollars merely to keep them going. What is now proposed is that after being stripped of their unprofitable track the railroads be operated by ConRail on the basis of at least two and a half billion dollars in government funds. After twenty years, the corporation will presumably pay off its debt to the government and revert to fully private ownership. In other words, what is proposed is to reëstablish the viability of the railroads as a profitable private enterprise by investing a large amount of public funds in them and by actively reducing their scale of operations.



In times past, such a proposal would be described in purely financial terms and debated in Congress largely on the merits or drawbacks of spending public funds on such a venture. But since 1969, when the National Environmental Policy Act was passed, a new element must be considered before the government undertakes any major action. The act requires the preparation and public dissemination of an environmental-impact statement, not only describing the impact of the proposed action on environmental quality and its long-term effects on natural resources but also considering "alternatives to the proposed action." In essence, the statement must consider how well the proposed action makes use of natural resources (such as fuel) in comparison with alternative actions. A Department of Transportation environmental-impact statement that accompanied the original bill to reorganize the railroads gives a good insight into the motivation not only for the new plan to handle freight traffic but also for the earlier, successful moves to abandon passenger traffic. To begin with, the reorganization plan would shift to intercity trucks about twenty per cent of the freight now carried by the Northeastern railroads. This would increase total national fuel consumption for freight transportation by about two per cent and, of course, worsen air pollution in the area. The same results will obtain under the ConRail reorganization. In other words, a reorganization plan designed to restore profitability would inevitably worsen the environmental impact and the drain on fuel resources—contradicting the stated purposes of the Environmental Policy Act. This difficulty was recognized in the Department of Transportation impact statement. However, the statement concluded that the only alternative to its plan—namely, nationalization—would be unsound under the criteria of the act (to "encourage productive and enjoyable harmony between man and his environment"), because "experiences elsewhere have made it abundantly clear that nationalization only means increasing subsidies and declining resource efficiency." The evidence offered to support this claim was that the railroads of the European countries and Japan (all of which are nationalized) lose money, while the United States railroads and the privately owned Canadian Pacific are run at a profit—except, of course, the bankrupt railroads that are the subject of the plan.

To prove its point, the impact statement reproduced a table taken from an analysis by the Union Pacific Railroad. The Union Pacific study is worth reading, for here, at last, is an explanation of why the railroads in the United States have been decaying. What the study's statistics show is that the nationalized railroads do indeed run at a loss, and, in particular, that they gain much less revenue per worker than railroads in this country—between four thousand one hundred dollars and nine thousand five hundred dollars of revenue per worker, compared with the United States average of twenty-three thousand two hundred dollars per worker. But the report also shows that the workers on American and European (and Japanese) railroads do very different things to bring in the rail-

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road's revenue. Whereas the privately owned United States railroads gain almost none (about three per cent) of their revenue from passenger traffic, the nationalized railroads of Europe and Japan gain between twenty-five and seventy-five per cent of their revenue from passenger traffic. In other words, the main reason that the nationalized railroads are not profitable is that they are heavily engaged in a service that—as we have been frequently told by the managers of American railroads—is unprofitable: carrying passengers. One reason is that passenger service requires much more labor than freight; a passenger train has a much larger crew than a freight train relative to the income it generates; more personnel are needed at passenger terminals than at freight terminals relative to the value of their respective services.

The evidence, then, seems to be quite clear. Although railroads are an eminently efficient means of moving people and freight relative to the required physical and economic resources, they yield less profit—compared with alternative investments—especially if they carry passengers and provide freight services to relatively small branch lines. There does appear to be a conflict between using the railroads as a means of providing maximum social benefits and using them as a means of maximizing private profit. In Europe and Japan, the choice has been made in favor of the railroads' use value, and their revenues have been employed, together with some subsidies, to improve their high level of performance still more. Among the nationalized railroads of Europe and Japan, thirty-six per cent of the locomotives are electrified, while in the United States the figure is less than one per cent. Moreover, the nationalized railroads of France and Japan have pioneered in developing high-speed operations, which can successfully compete with airlines over distances of up to five hundred miles.

The United States government's position on the railroads exemplifies the grim travesty that has been made of this country's transportation policy. The railroads are the form of land transport that is best suited to an age in which liquid fossil fuels will be progressively scarcer and more expensive, yet their value to society is now being judged on a kind of free-enterprise Procrustean bed: what will not fit the frame of private profitability is to be lopped off. This may serve the ideology of private enterprise, but it will also

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IF the rapid and accelerating production of energy has generated both environmental and economic difficulties, it is, after all, in response to a demand for energy. This demand arises in the production system, and either the system's increasing activity or a change in its design—or both—must somehow account for the accelerating demand for energy. Does the rise in the annual rate of energy consumption—and the consumption rate has more than doubled since 1950—reflect a comparable rise in the production system's output? The value of this output (as measured by the gross national product, expressed in 1958 dollars, to offset the effects of inflation) increased somewhat faster than energy consumption between 1950 and 1970, but the trend has since begun to reverse. (The earlier trend probably reflected the rapid postwar growth of service industries, which, compared with production industries, use little energy in proportion to their economic output.) From the point of view of economics, that twenty-year trend might seem to be satisfactory evidence that the production system is using more energy because its output has greater economic value. From the viewpoint of thermodynamics, however, we would want to answer a different question: Is the rising consumption of energy matched by a comparable increase in that which gives energy its only real value—the accomplishment of work-requiring tasks? To answer that question, we need to look at the amount of energy—or, rather, in keeping with the Second Law, the amount of available work it represents—used to accomplish a task. This calls for an evaluation of the performance of a production process in terms of productivity: the tasks accomplished (output) per unit of energy used (input).

Ideally, this would require a total-productivity analysis of at least the major sectors of the production system. Unfortunately, we are not yet sufficiently well informed about the huge productive machine that makes the United States the wealthiest country in history. Separate segments of the needed information are available, however, and they can give us at least some indication of how the use of energy relates to the real (as distinct from the monetary) output of the production system. In agriculture, in transportation, and in the substitution of petrochemical products for natural ones, there has been a general decline in energy productivity. In agriculture, this has come about through the replacement of solar energy by fuels (for farm machinery) and energy-intensive chemicals (for fertilizer). As a result, although farm output has increased in the last thirty years, the amount of energy used to produce it has increased faster; it takes more energy to produce a bushel of corn or a bale of cotton now than it did in the past.

In transportation, as we have seen, the modes that are low in energy productivity (trucks, private cars, and airlines) have increasingly displaced those with relatively high productivity (railroads and trolleys). The net result is that although both freight transportation and passenger travel increased (by thirty-eight per cent and forty-nine per cent, respectively) between 1960 and 1970, the amount of energy used in transportation increased faster (by fifty-one per cent in that same period).

Moreover, much of the present passenger traffic, particularly by automobile, is done not for its own sake but as a necessary means of accomplishing a task, such as getting to and from work. The great urban diaspora has considerably increased the distances that must be covered. Hence, in these instances we need to be concerned not only with the thermodynamic efficiency of travel but also with the efficiency with which travel is used to accomplish the actual task. In this sense, a black laborer in the Pittsburgh area who, because of his difficulties in finding a suitable home and place of employment, has to travel thirty-two per cent farther than a comparable white laborer to and from work is using travel less efficiently to accomplish the essential task of working. Keeping this more meaningful measure in mind, one must conclude that the thermodynamic efficiency of accomplishing those tasks for which transport is necessary has been more sharply reduced than the passenger-mile energy data would indicate. Thus, although per-capita automobile travel has doubled since 1945, the tasks accomplished by that travel have not increased proportionally.

The same kind of situation exists in the use of energy to transport goods. For example, the amount of transport (and therefore the amount of energy) needed to accomplish the task of mov-

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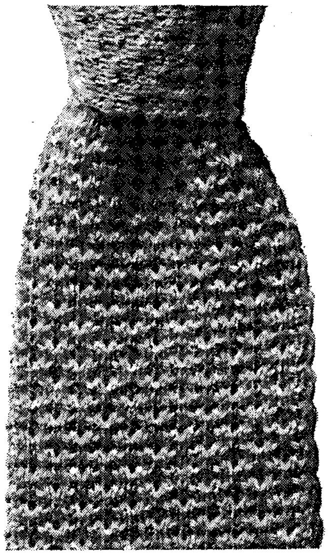

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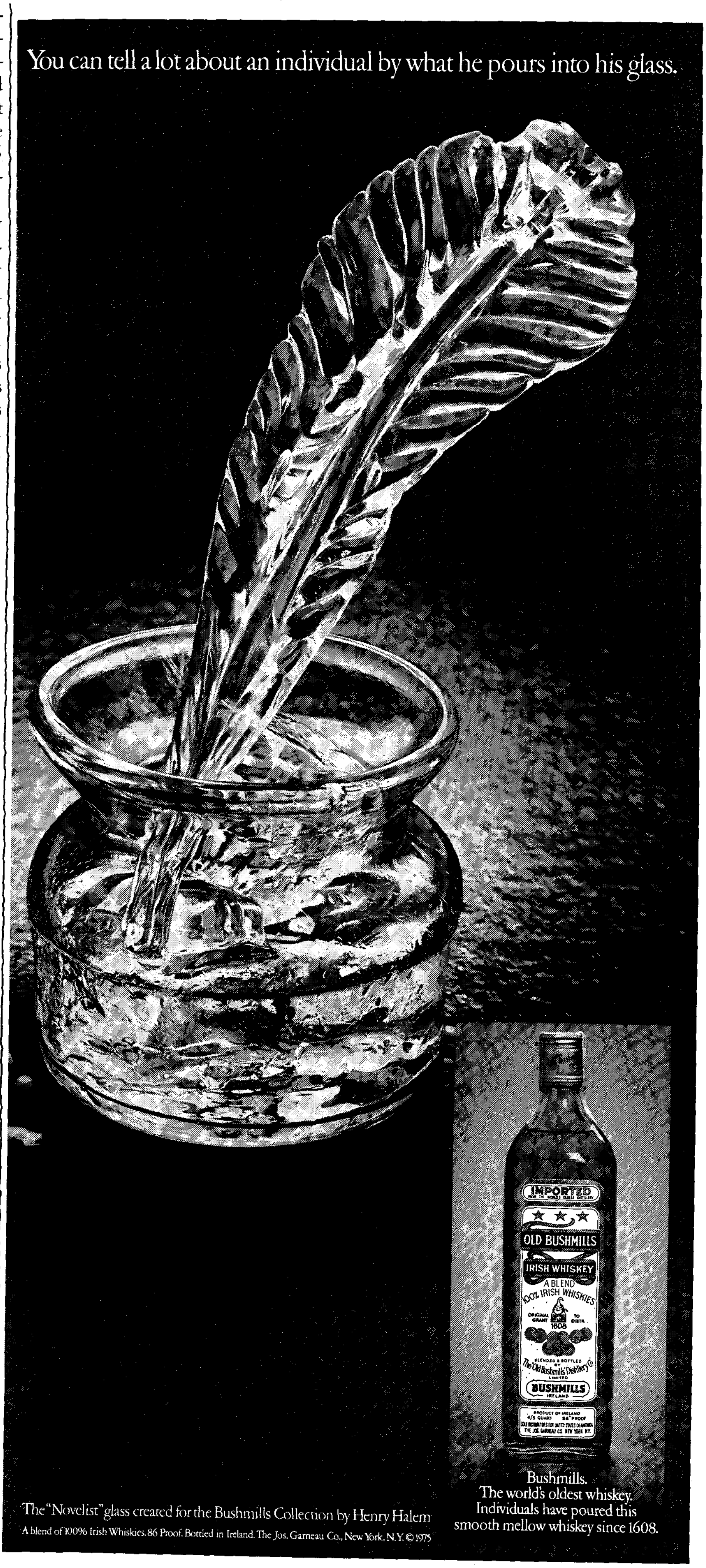
ing food from the farm to the city has increased sharply as small-scale operations have given way to large, geographically concentrated ones. Between 1939 and 1972, the average distance travelled by a ton of railroad freight increased to five hundred and eleven miles from three hundred and fifty-one. These changes exemplify a centralizing tendency that has made the production system more dependent on transportation. Amplified by the reduced productivity of the energy used in transportation, this centralization has further increased the disparity between the amount of energy we use and the good we get out of it.

The rapid growth in the typical size and cost of production units is one reason for the heavy demand for capital to support the new production technologies. This growth is particularly evident in the energy industry. A typical modern petroleum refinery costs five hundred million dollars or more; a nuclear-power plant costs one to two billion dollars, and a breeder reactor (if one is ever built) will cost three to five billion. Costs of this size can be borne only by huge companies, and such companies tend to concentrate their production facilities, increasing the distances over which their goods are shipped. The growing size and economic power of the giant corporations that dominate American industry are a major result of the postwar transformation of production technology and also one of its causes.

The postwar growth of the petrochemical industry—which produces artificial fibres, detergents, plastics, and other synthetic materials out of petroleum and natural gas—exemplifies the trend toward reduced energy productivity. The chemical industry as a whole, in which the production of petrochemicals is now dominant, is the largest consumer of energy among all sectors of manufacturing; it uses twenty-eight per cent of all industrial energy; the petroleum sector consumes an additional fourteen per cent. Their energy productivities are the lowest in industry; the chemical industry as a whole produces four dollars and eighty-five cents of value added per million B.T.U.s of fuel consumed, and the corresponding figure for the petroleum industry is one dollar and ninety cents. ("Value added" means the value of the product less the cost of materials and energy used in making the product. This is the customary formula used to compare the productivities of different manufacturing processes.) This compares with an average of fourteen dollars and forty-two cents for all manufacturing industries. The chemical industry is also the fastest-growing industry among the twenty-one standard industrial groups; since 1948, its output has increased at an average annual rate of 8.20 per cent, compared with 4.45 per cent for all manufacturing industries.

Thus, the petrochemical industry not only takes a large share of the nation's energy but also uses it at a very low efficiency. Moreover, its rapid growth has been achieved not by adding to the capacity of the production system for accomplishing needed tasks but chiefly by displacing earlier means of accomplishing existing ones. (Plastics displace leather, paper, wood, and metal; detergents displace soap; insecticides substitute for birds and ladybugs.) Finally, with an odd, pernicious precision, almost every product that the petrochemical industry has displaced has been particularly efficient in its use of energy. As plastics have displaced leather in the production of handbags and shoes, the energy required to produce the average handbag or shoe has increased; as synthetic fibres have replaced cotton, the energy required to produce a shirt has gone up; as nitrogen fertilizer has displaced manure and legumes in the maintenance of soil fertility, the energy required to produce a bushel of corn or a bale of cotton has increased. One reason that the petrochemical industry is so successful in invading the territory of other sectors of the production system is that, by its own internal logic, it tends to lower the cost of its products as it invents new ones. The industry can therefore readily invade a market, undersell its competitors, and drive them out of production. This has been the fate of cotton, wool, natural rubber, leather, soap, manure, and the grass that used to grow on playing fields.

Out of the enormous postwar changes in the production system, then, there has emerged a dominant industrial complex founded on the intensive use of conventional sources of energy—petroleum, natural gas, coal, and uranium—both as fuel and as raw material. One branch of this complex, the petroleum industry, produces fuel, chiefly for transportation and to a lesser extent for residential and industrial use. Another branch produces fuel, chiefly coal and uranium, for electric-power production by utilities. The transportation and electric-power industries depend most directly on these two fuel-producing branches, but ultimately the entire production system depends on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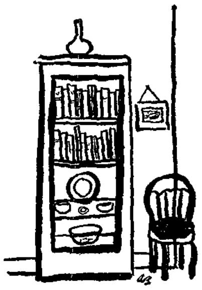
them as well. A third branch of the complex, intimately entwined with the fuel-producing branch, is the one that uses energy sources (largely petroleum and natural gas, and to a slight extent coal) as raw materials—the petrochemical industry, which, for its part, constitutes a large and growing sector of the chemical industry as a whole.

This energy-chemical complex dominates the American production system. The top twenty corporations own one hundred and eighty-one billion dollars in assets, or twenty-nine per cent of the assets (and sales) of the five hundred largest corporations in the country. The sales of these corporations represented eighteen per cent of the gross national product in 1974, and they have average assets of just over nine billion dollars each. They constitute the most dynamic and economically powerful sector of industry, which—if nothing is changed—is likely to determine the future behavior of the entire production system. The interlocking activities of these corporations—many of which have substantial holdings in all energy resources—tend to reduce competition among the different sources of energy, thereby forcing prices higher. We can thank Senator James Abourezk, of South Dakota, for helping an energy-corporation executive to make this fact quite clear. In a recent Senate hearing, this exchange took place:



> Senator Abourezk: Would you tell your coal subsidiary—or would you permit your coal subsidiary—to undersell your oil subsidiary?
>
> C. Howard Hardesty, Jr., of the Continental Oil Company: No sir, under no circumstances.

The energy-chemical complex has certain distinctive economic features. It is among the industries with the lowest energy productivity; it is also among the industries with the lowest capital productivity. Thus, while in 1971 the average capital productivity of all manufacturing industries was $1.13 of value added per dollar of fixed assets, the corresponding value for the petroleum industry was $0.34, and for the chemical industry $0.80. In contrast, it is the industry that is by far the highest in labor productivity. In 1971, the petroleum industry produced $28.43 and the chemical industry $27.75 of value added per man-hour, compared with an average value for all manufacturing industries of $12.43. It seems worth considering whether these characteristics of the petrochemical industry account for its rapid growth and increasing dominance in the production system.

There appears to be a good deal of evidence to support this idea. First, those industries that have most readily succumbed to displacement by the petrochemical industry are its polar opposites with respect to energy, capital, and labor productivity. Two such displaced industries—leather and lumber—have these productivities: energy, $62.04 and $23.80 of value added per million B.T.U.s of fuel; capital, $3.64 and $1.13 of value added per dollar of fixed assets; labor, $6.25 and $7.44 of value added per man-hour of production work. The primary-metals industry, which has to some extent been displaced by plastics, is about as energy-intensive and capital-intensive as the chemical industry, but its labor productivity is about half that of the chemical industry's.

It is useful at this point to consider the general ways in which energy, capital, and labor are interrelated in the production system. Capital represents the cost of the machines that are used in the production process, and the cost of the factories or other facilities that house them. As technology advances, machines tend to become larger, more complex, and more costly. The added capital cost is acceptable, because the new technology is expected to reduce the costs of other inputs or to increase the value of the output, or both, and thereby enhance the overall economic return. Since energy is required to run the machines, as the latter become larger and more complex the cost of the energy required to operate them increases as well. Thus, as production technology is transformed we can expect the inputs of capital and energy to increase together.

The intensified use of capital equipment, and of the energy needed to run it, typically results in an increased output of goods. However, the increased output is not necessarily proportional to the increased inputs of capital and energy. Indeed, the added costs for capital and energy may well yield a proportionally smaller increase in output, and this is particularly true in respect to the development of modern technology: capital productivity and energy productivity decrease. Obviously, if nothing else changed, it would make less and less economic sense to introduce more costly, more energy-intensive capital equipment. But something else does change: the productivity of labor, which, in contrast to the productivity of capital and energy, typically increases as new technology is introduced. Indeed, the expectation of increased labor productivity is normally the chief motivation for introducing new technology into a production enterprise.

These general relationships indicate strongly that the productivities of capital and energy in different industries vary along the same lines and the productivity of labor is inversely related to both of them. The productivities of energy, capital, and labor in industrial production can be ascertained from statistical data on the twenty-one standard classes of manufacturing industries (using the latest comprehensive compilation, for 1971). Among these twenty-one industries, energy productivities range from a low of five to ten dollars of value added per million B.T.U.s of energy (for petroleum; primary metals; paper; stone, clay, and glass; and chemicals) to a high of a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five dollars (for clothing manufacturing and printing and publishing). Capital-productivity values range from a low of $0.34-$0.80 of value added per dollar of fixed assets (for the same five energy-intensive industries) to high values of $3.64 (leather) and $4.40 (clothing manufacturing) of value added per dollar of fixed assets. For all twenty-one industrial sectors, energy productivity is proportional to capital productivity. The proportionality is highly significant mathematically, the correlation coefficient being .82. (1.00 means a perfect correlation; a coefficient of 0.82 is indicative of a good one. It means that sixty-seven per cent of the variation among the productivities of the different industries can be accounted for by the proportionality of energy and capital productivities.) Hence, with a good deal of confidence, we can conclude that the intensity of the use of energy is closely related to the intensity of the use of capital equipment. As a general rule, a low efficiency in the use of energy relative to output indicates a correspondingly low efficiency in the use of capital.

The relationship between the productivity of labor and the productivities of capital and energy is rendered somewhat more complicated by the actual design of the production equipment. However, as a group, the five industries that have the lowest energy productivities not only have capital productivities that are significantly lower

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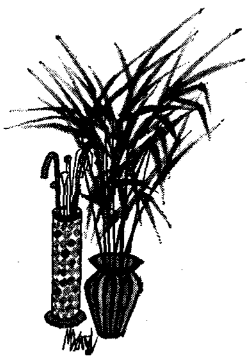
than the industrial average but also have labor productivities that are significantly higher. These industries—petroleum; primary metals; paper; stone, clay, and glass; and chemical manufacturing—make up a major segment of American industry.

In terms of productivity, it becomes apparent that there has been a revolution in the technology of agricultural and industrial production in the last thirty years. Striking reductions in the productivity of both energy and capital (usually accompanied by an increase in the productivity of labor) have occurred in the postwar switch from natural to synthetic materials; from railroads to trucks, cars, and airplanes; from small, low-compression car engines to big, high-compression ones; from manually operated manufacturing machines to automated ones; from natural, balanced agricultural methods to the heavy use of chemicals.



What has changed is largely the means of production, rather than the final use value of what is produced. Before the postwar transformation in production technology, food was grown, shirts and handbags were manufactured, freight was moved, and people travelled to and from work—all in amounts per capita that were about the same as they are now. Only the methods were different: farms used manure rather than chemical fertilizers; shirts were made of cotton rather than synthetic fibres; shoes and handbags were made of leather rather than plastics; freight and people were carried chiefly by railroads and small, low-powered cars rather than by trucks, airplanes, and large cars; goods travelled shorter distances between the places where they were produced and the places where they were used; and people travelled shorter distances between the places where they lived and the places where they worked. The amounts of energy and capital needed to accomplish the same task have increased; the amount of labor used to achieve the same output has decreased; the impact on the environment has worsened.

HERE we can begin to sense the deeper, hidden meaning of the energy crisis. It is a symptom of a profound change in the design of the production system which has taken place—almost unnoticed, except for its outward products—in the last thirty years. And this change, which surfaced as the main cause first of the environmental crisis and later of the energy crisis, has a much deeper and more immediate economic meaning. It has seriously affected the relationship between the output of the production system and two major economic inputs: capital and labor. Its effects on those two inputs are diametrically opposed: most of the newly introduced production technologies have reduced capital productivity. Energy links the two effects, for it is intensively used to run the new, more capital-intensive machinery that produces goods with much less participation of labor than before: as new production technologies have displaced the older ones, energy has displaced human labor.

If the economic system is to survive, it must regenerate its essential resources. One of these is capital, which is needed to build new productive machinery; in order to sustain itself, the economic system must set aside from its current output sufficient capital to support the future rate of production. But if the productivity of capital itself falls, so that more and more of it must be used to maintain the same rate of output, this capacity is threatened. At the same time, if progressively less labor is required for a given rate of output, the ability of the economic system to regenerate jobs is also threatened. These considerations suggest that unless some countervailing force intervenes, the postwar transformations in production technology will generate a shortage of both capital and jobs.

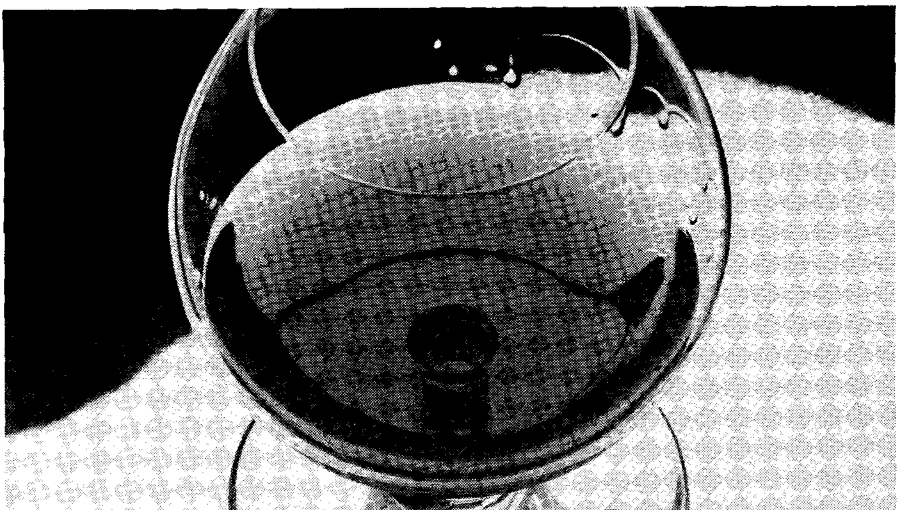
In considering the implications of the declining productivity of capital and the rising productivity of labor, it is useful to cast the problem into a somewhat different framework. Rather than think of the manufacture of leather or plastics as a process for producing shoes or handbags, let us regard these enterprises as alternative means of producing capital and opportunities for employment. In this sense, of the two enterprises the manufacture of plastics is a much poorer technique for generating both capital and jobs. Capital productivity is low in the plastics industry and high in the leather industry, while their labor productivities are the other way around. The displacement of leather by plastics, then, does much more than change the kinds of handbags and shoes that are found in stores. It also increases the demand for capital and reduces the availability of jobs. As the petrochemical industry becomes increasingly dominant, the entire production system becomes less able to replenish its capital or to employ the people to whose welfare it is presumably devoted.

This much is theory. What about the facts? The facts about the shortage of jobs are only too well known: unemployment has been chronic in the United States, in the last few years rising to levels unprecedented since the Depression. Apparently, there has been no economic force sufficiently strong to counteract the effects of the changes in production technology on the availability of jobs. The facts about the shortage of capital are less well known but just as real. In recent months, there has been a series of reports and analyses prepared by various business organizations, all calling attention in the most urgent terms to a growing shortage of capital. In September of 1974, a New York Stock Exchange report claimed that American business will lack some $650 billion of approximately $4,700 billion of investment capital needed in the next ten years. According to a more recent Chase Manhattan Corporation report, the shortage in that period is likely to amount to $1,500 billion in a total need for $4,100 billion. A recent issue of *Business Week*, devoted to an extensive analysis entitled "The Capital Crisis," projects a capital demand in that same period of $4,500 billion, and, while refraining from estimating a total shortage, the study asserts:

> The obstacles to raising that kind of money in the economic environment that is likely to prevail in the next decade, and distributing it to where it will be needed, are formidable, perhaps insurmountable.

According to the *Business Week* review, in the past decade the supply of capital rose at an annual rate of 6.7 per cent, but the amount produced in the next decade will have to increase at a rate of 8.7 per cent in order to meet the demand. Investment in production machinery, which has increased at an annual rate of 8.9 per cent in the last decade, will need to increase at a rate of 11.5 per cent in the next. According to the survey, "To finance that spending, given an expected 5% to 6% inflation rate, companies will have to spend some $1.9 trillion in the next decade against $670 billion in the past decade."

Some economists have criticized these reports, denying that there is or will be a capital shortage. The critics do not



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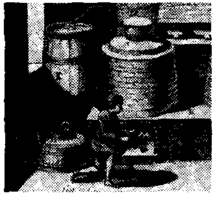

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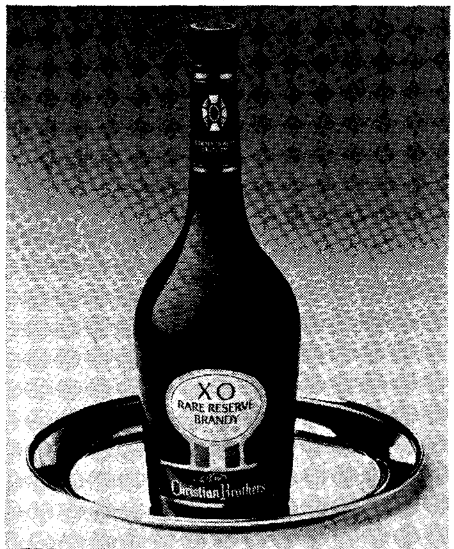

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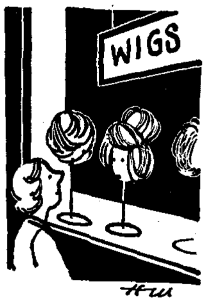
deny that there is an increased demand for capital, but they contend that the economic system is capable of meeting that demand, and thereby preventing a shortage. In effect, the critics deny the existence of any problem by claiming that it can be solved. Thus, a recent Brookings Institution study, while agreeing that capital demands will be very high, asserts that there will be no shortage, because the economy can adjust to the demand—provided that employment is high—by government action involving "a shift of fiscal policy toward larger budget surpluses." In other words, they expect the demand for capital to be relieved by reduced government expenditures or by increased taxes. This is one way to provide public funds to support new industrial investment, in the manner of the hundred-billion-dollar Energy Independence Authority proposed by President Ford. A recent analysis made by a special study group established by the Secretary of Labor also agrees that capital demand will increase sharply, saying that "real investment for each new member of the labor force between now and 1985 would have to equal about eighty-four thousand dollars, an amount three-fourths larger than the average during the past two decades." The study claims that there will be no shortage—provided that corporate-investment tax credits and capital-depreciation allowances are increased and the corporate income tax is reduced. In sum, there is no disagreement on the basic fact that the demand for capital will increase sharply and that it can be met only if there are large shifts in the present disposition of the nation's wealth.



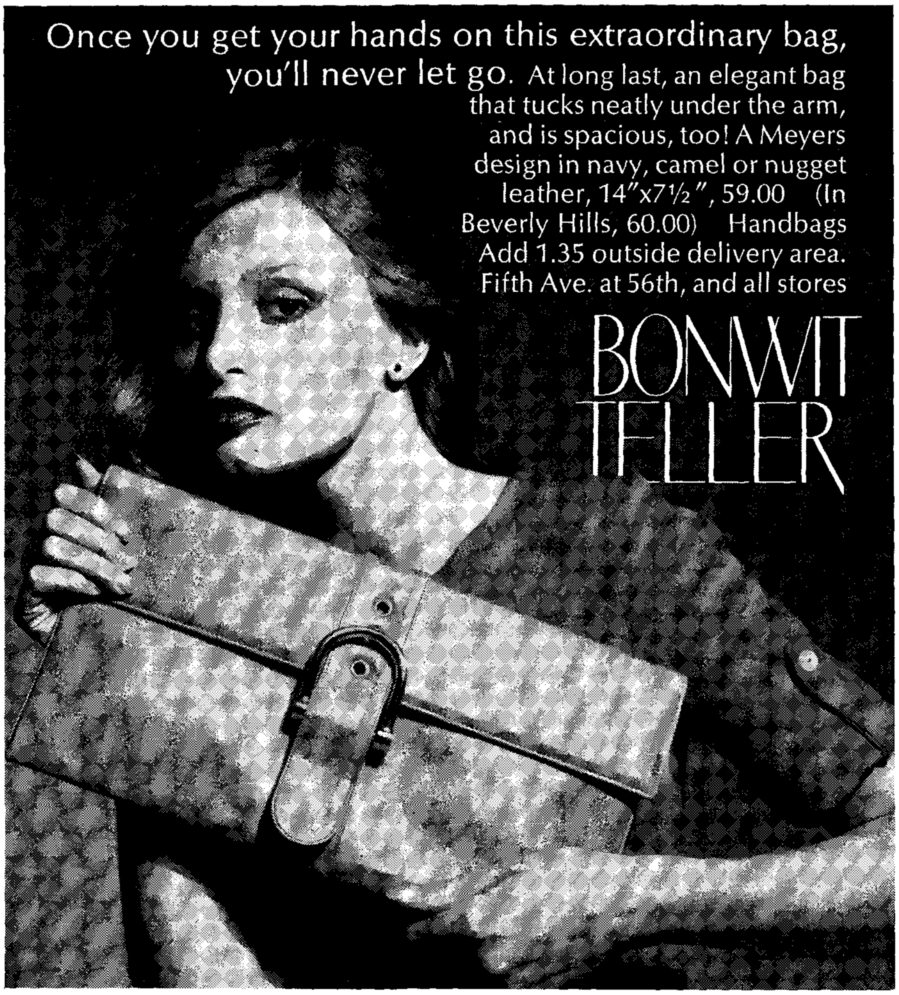
The reasons for the capital shortage that are commonly advanced in such analyses are that business needs a rising amount of capital and that profits are not expected to be large enough to generate the needed capital through retained earnings and business savings. For example, a New York Stock Exchange report in June of 1975 analyzes the ability of United States industry to supply its own needs directly from the capital that industry itself produces (equity capital). Between 1950 and 1955, industry was able to supply an average of about seventy per cent of its total capital needs from its own profits; between 1970 and 1974, it was able to supply only an average of about twenty-six per cent from that source. In the past, the remainder has been supplied largely by the investment in industrial corporations of the savings of private consumers, often in the form of funds accumulated by insurance companies and by private and public pension and retirement plans; foreign investors have also helped supply capital. According to the Stock Exchange analysis, even the considerably increased reliance on such external funds will not meet industry's total need for capital in the next ten years, so, unless some new steps are taken, an overall shortage will develop.

Apparently, then, the tendency toward diminished capital productivity which is inherent in modern production technology has not been effectively overcome by opposing economic forces. That its decreasing productivity plays a dominant role in the shortage of capital is strongly suggested by the fact that the shortage is most acute in the industrial sector in which, as we have seen, decreasing capital productivity is likely to be most pronounced—the energy industries. Energy production makes the most rapidly growing demand for capital among all sectors of industry. The most immediate and intense expression of the capital shortage is in the electric-power industry. In the last few years, a considerable proportion of planned installations, particularly of nuclear-power plants, have been cancelled for want of capital. Westinghouse, lacking sufficient customers for its wares, recently called on the government, which has a large supply of capital, to buy some of the plants. If the energy industry's demand continues to grow at the present rate, it may take up so much of the available capital as to interfere with the requirements of the rest of industry. It would then be in the absurd situation of interfering with the growth of its own corporate customers.

None of the reports on the capital shortage make any serious effort to relate the problem to the effects of the sharp reduction in capital productivity that has accompanied the transformation of production technologies. For example, the *Business Week* analysis provides a series of charts showing the growth in the demand for capital; the concurrent decline in the funds available to industries from their own earnings; the corresponding need for outside funds (tripling between 1967 and 1975); the projected rise in borrowing; and the resultant high interest rates. Amid all this economic detail, the only reference to the possibility that the capital shortage originated in changes within the production system is the brief comment that "the pollution and safety laws have increased the capital required for a given level of production." The study adds, "And, finally, there are signs that it is now taking more and more dollars' worth of capital to produce one dollar's worth of output." This is typical of the present analyses of the capital shortage. They regard it as a purely economic problem, ignoring its origin in changes in the production system—which, after all, is the source of the capital. However, the capital shortage is a sign that the economic system is having trouble reproducing its capital resource, at least in part because changes in the design of the production system have reduced the productivity of capital. By failing to recognize the relation between the capital crisis and the altered character of production technology, the conventional analyses tend to foreclose the option of solving the problem at this basic level.

Yet the problems in energy, in the environment and in the economic system, are intimately connected. In this nest of interlocking crises, is there a common, a germinal fault? Where does this fault lie—in the ecosystem, in the production system, or in the economic system? One current view would locate the fault in the ecosystem; this view holds that the basic problem, to which the others are connected, is that the world is running out of resources—out of raw materials, energy, and environmental quality. The proponents of this "limits to growth" approach argue that resources have already been so far depleted as to set off a series of physical and social stresses that must be relieved by reducing not only the amount of goods that people consume but also the number of people. They point to the supposed evidence of an oil shortage and its spreading economic and political effects as an example of how the physical exhaustion of resources gives rise to all the rest of our troubles. According to the main author of this approach, Dr. Jay Forrester, a computer specialist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, speaking at a recent economic conference in Texas, these resultant troubles include "drug addiction, kidnapping, aircraft hijackings, sabotage, revolution, and a returning threat of atomic war."

Certainly there is no evidence that our present problems stem from a shortage of energy. There is enough petroleum in the United States to meet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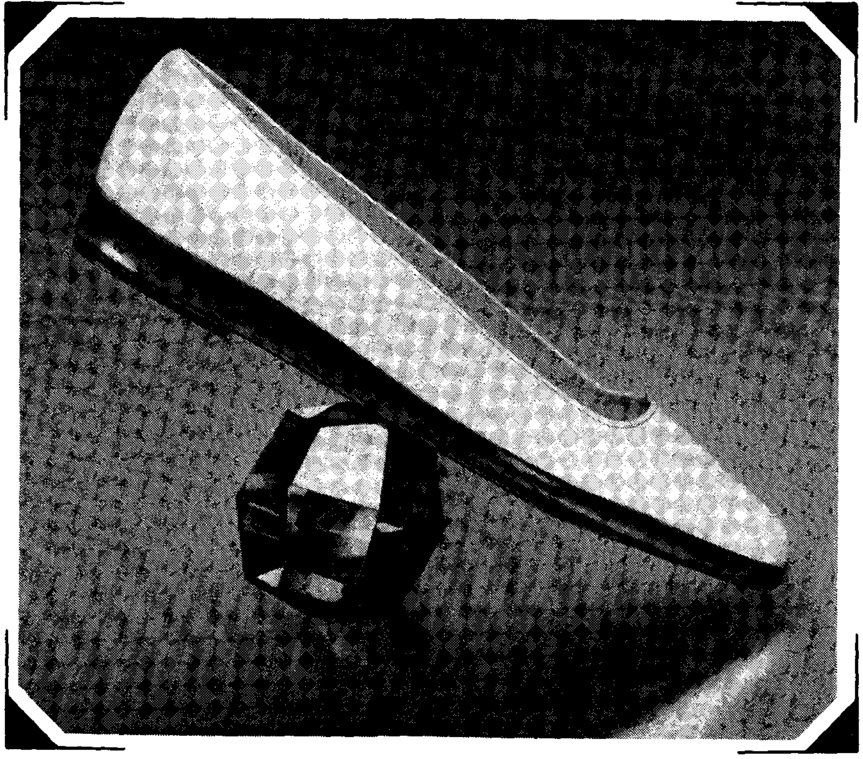
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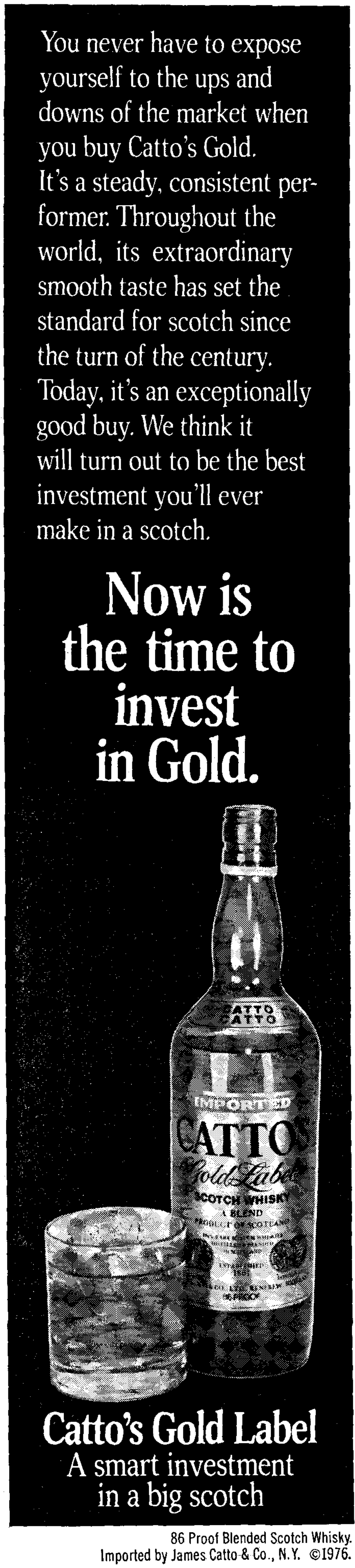
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Even in the most immediate and pressing resource issue—the need for food sufficient to support the world's growing population—all the evidence shows that we now have, and will have ten years from now, enough food-producing capability in the world to provide all the earth's inhabitants with an adequate diet. Every recent scientific analysis of the food-production problem shows, in fact, that people go hungry not because the world cannot produce enough to feed them but because they are too poor to buy the food that is produced. The claim that many people go hungry and cold in the world because there is inadequate food and fuel has no more basis in fact than the claim that some people in the United States are poor because there is not enough wealth to go around. The basic fault that gives rise to these calamitous problems is the unequal distribution of wealth—between the rich countries and the poor ones, and within each country between rich and poor people. These problems do not originate in the earth's ecosystem or in the state of its available resources. There are grave faults in the present design of the production system, and they are the immediate cause of most of our difficulties with the production and use of energy and with environmental degradation. However, these faults have not arisen autonomously from within the production system. Rather, they have been imposed on it from without by economic considerations. The electric trolley was once recognized as a valuable part of the production system and was successfully developed as an effective means of transportation. The trolley car did not disappear because of some inherent fault. (Although overhead wires were cited as an environmental eyesore, they were blithely exchanged for the bus's smog and smells.) It was destroyed by the transportation industry for profit. Trolley cars did not sicken and die; they were killed. There are many other examples of how economic considerations have governed the postwar transformation of the production system. On the testimony of the oil companies themselves, we know that purely economic considerations—the need for what they consider adequate profits, or "incentives"—caused them to reduce domestic production in favor of foreign operations. From the testimony of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and President Gerald Ford, we know that they have worked to maintain the high price of energy in order to help provide these "incentives" and to insure that investments in new fuels, such as shale oil, will yield a satisfactory profit.

It seems evident, then, that the fault which lies at the root of the three interlocked crises is to be found in the realm of economics. The main clues that we have to the nature of that fault are the links between energy problems and the economic system: capital, labor, profit. Since these are all basic attributes of the economic system, the fault is likely to be found on that same fundamental level. When engineers want to test the strength of a mechanical system, they stress it until it breaks and thereby reveals where it is weakest. The energy crisis is such a test of the economic system. The stress it has imposed on that system is the threatened shortage of energy—the inevitable result of our shortsighted dependence on nonrenewable and technically unreliable sources of energy, and of our grossly inefficient ways of using it. Modern production technology has transmuted that stress—the incipient shortage of energy—into an immediate shortage of capital and jobs. This is an ominous metamorphosis, for it signifies that the economic system is unable to regenerate the essential resource—capital—that is crucial to its continued operation, and is unable to serve the people in whose name it was created. What is now threatened is the economic system itself.

In tracing the origin of the energy crisis and its relation to the crises in the environment and the economy, we have found that these troubles arise from some as yet unspecified fault in the economic system that may be so basic as to suggest that the system is self-contradictory and fated to collapse. However, one inescapable fact casts considerable doubt on the reality of this fault, and therefore on the value of any further effort to identify it: the United States economic system has not in fact collapsed. Obviously, other economic factors have successfully countered the self-contradictory effects of the system's tendency toward increased labor productivity (leading to fewer jobs) and decreased capital productivity (leading to a shortage of capital). Moreover, there is a wide and presumably well-qualified body of opinion—including some academic economists, nearly all businessmen, and many government officials—which holds that the American economic system is "the envy of the rest of the world." While the force of this particular statement might be questioned because of its source (a speech on inflation delivered on July 25, 1974, by Richard M. Nixon), more current and less dubious representatives of this point of view can be readily cited as well. For example, Mr. Nixon's successor has said essentially the same thing, in his own idiom:

> Our greatest danger today is to fall victim to the more exaggerated alarms that are being generated about the underlying health and strength of our economy. We are going to take some lumps and we're going to take some bumps, but with the help of Congress and the American people we are perfectly able to cope with our present and foreseeable economic problems.

Among other representative opinions on this matter is that of C. Howard Hardesty, Jr., executive vice-president of the Continental Oil Company:

> The United States has the strongest economy in the world. In most circles this nation is the most envied. We owe a good deal of that advantage to the years of cheap and abundant energy provided by the petroleum industry. . . . The petroleum industry has served the country well. Historically, petroleum products have been the most stable element of our economy.

And Senator Barry M. Goldwater, of Arizona:

> The competitive-enterprise system is the best system available in this imperfect world of ours.

Even if one discounts political fervor and other sources of exaggeration, these enthusiasts of the American economic system must have some reasons for their optimism. What are they? What economic forces have staved off the trend toward economic collapse,

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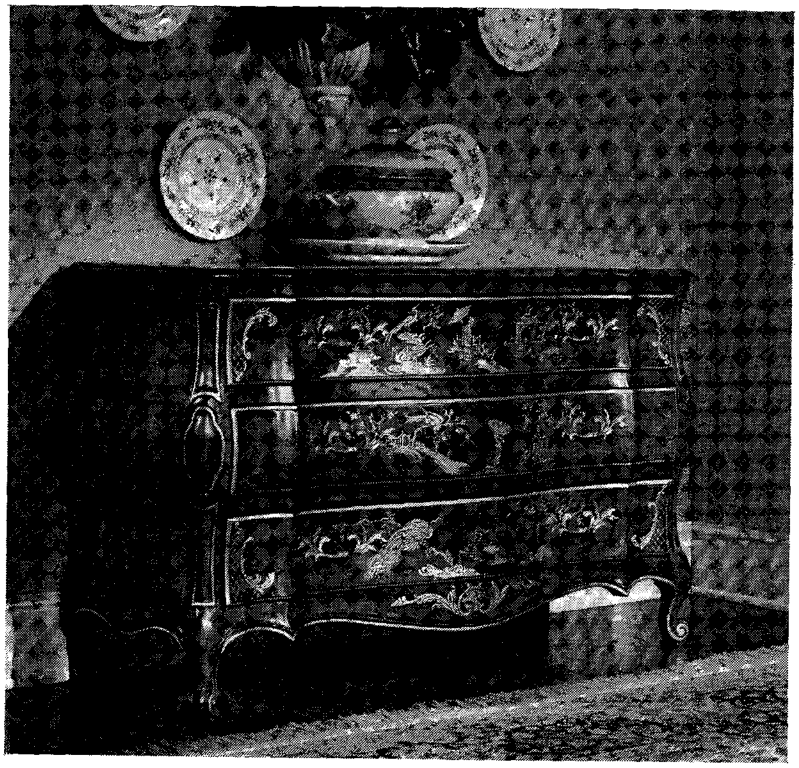

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which appears to be threatened by the growing shortage of capital? It seems evident that the most effective countervailing factor so far has been growth—the rise in the annual output of the production system. It could be argued, for example, that increased output can be relied upon to generate both sufficient capital and sufficient jobs to maintain a stable economy. The argument might proceed along these lines: Capital available from the production process represents some fraction of the overall output. Therefore, the total amount of capital produced by the economic system will increase as the total output of the production system rises, and even if the productivity of capital falls (that is, even if progressively more capital is needed to maintain the same output), it should be possible to counteract this effect simply by using more capital than before—capital that is obtainable from the increased output. In the same way, it could be argued that even though the number of jobs that need to be filled in order to achieve a given level of production declines, the total number of jobs can be maintained by overall growth in the rate of production.

This is the meaning of the principle developed by the economist Arthur M. Okun, which was described in a recent *Times* article on Okun's Law:

> The law starts from the basic premise that it takes about 4 per cent real growth in the gross national product just to keep unemployment from rising—and much more than that to bring it down.... On average, it takes that much of a rise in activity to keep the jobless rate from rising as new workers enter the labor force and as productivity improves.

Okun's Law, that is, asserts that growth in production must exceed some minimum value in order to keep unemployment from rising as labor productivity increases and the need for labor declines, relative to output. According to this approach, growth rather than redistribution of income is counted on to relieve poverty—the inevitable result of unemployment—which, by the government's definition, now afflicts some twenty-four million United States citizens. In the words of William Simon, Secretary of the Treasury:

> Thus, capital is a key factor in economic growth and increased production. It is growth that enables our citizens to enjoy rising real incomes. And it is growth that permits the shares of the less privileged to rise without requiring the shares of others to fall.

That increased investment of capital and increased employment are in conflict is also clear from his statement:

> New [capital] investment helps increase productivity; that is, it makes it possible for the same number of workers to produce a greater amount of goods and services.

One can hardly escape noticing the sharp contrast between the way in which I have used the term "productivity" and the way in which this same word is used in the foregoing quotations. In conventional usage, of which these quotations are typical examples, the qualifying adjective does not appear and the unadorned term "productivity" always means productivity of labor. Apparently, most conventional observers have become so transfixed by the alluring notion that rising labor productivity will sustain a continuing increase in total production output that in their minds labor productivity has become synonymous with total productivity.

The elimination of the adjective "labor" has a significance that goes far beyond semantics or matters of usage. By itself, "productivity" is a wholly positive thing: the production of more goods from the available resources. High productivity is good, and low productivity is bad. When this unqualified term is used to describe what is in reality labor productivity, it gives an aura of undiluted good to a process that a worker who heard it more explicitly described might regard as not entirely in his best interests. With the adjective in place, a worker might well see that "productivity" is more nearly akin to intensified exploitation than to a high-minded improvement in the effectiveness of the production process.

This meaning of the word is apparent in an article that was published in *Business Week* in 1970, shortly after Mr. Nixon appointed a National Commission on Productivity—a step he took because it was noticed that the steady rise in labor productivity had begun to slacken a bit. (It fell by one per cent between 1968 and 1970.) Despite its unconditional title, the commission had nothing to do with the productivity of capital, of energy, or of any other resource. In the words of the *Business Week* article, its mission was only to "help find ways to boost output per man-hour—which has been on a ragged decline since the fourth quarter of 1968."

Now, although a rise in labor productivity can be regarded as a way to increase output without additional labor, it can also be regarded as a way to

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reduce the number of workers that need to be employed to achieve the output. Constant output with less labor is in the employer's interest but not necessarily in the workers'. In practice, this is what is often gained. The article quotes a textile manufacturer as saying:

> The long-run solution [to the need for higher labor productivity] is capital investment that will reduce the number of workers.

The president of one company that was unable to make new capital improvements reported that labor productivity was "slipping," because, he said, "I don't know how to make people work faster." He added, "A speedup will cause the labor unions to get upset."

This is a strange, purblind approach for the nation's industrial executives, not to speak of the Secretary of the Treasury, to take to a concept as fundamental to the economy as productivity. It may well account for the fact that while the pace of the rise in labor productivity is minutely scrutinized by the business community, the concurrent decline in capital productivity, especially in certain key industries such as energy production, goes almost unnoticed. What has been noticed and loudly proclaimed is the shortage of capital. But, astonishingly, despite all the attention given to this calamitous phenomenon, no discussion of it, as far as I know, has suggested that the intensive use of capital, relative to output, might have something to do with the shortage. A recent report published by the United States Chamber of Commerce does take note of the broader meaning of productivity:

> The most widely used measure of productivity for purposes of international comparisons and as the basis of economic projections and policy decisions is output per man hour—labor productivity. Yet it is worth considering whether, in an age when capital, energy, and many traditional resources are becoming increasingly scarce, other productivity measures would not provide more relevant comparisons and a better basis for policy decisions.

Yet this same report presents a discussion of "the dilemma of capital shortage" and makes no reference to the possible role of declining capital productivity in the shortage.

The failure to take the productivity of capital into account turns out, however, to be remarkably selective. The crucial relationship between invested capital and productive output is given close attention in recent discussions of the capital shortage. This concerns the untoward effect on capital productivity

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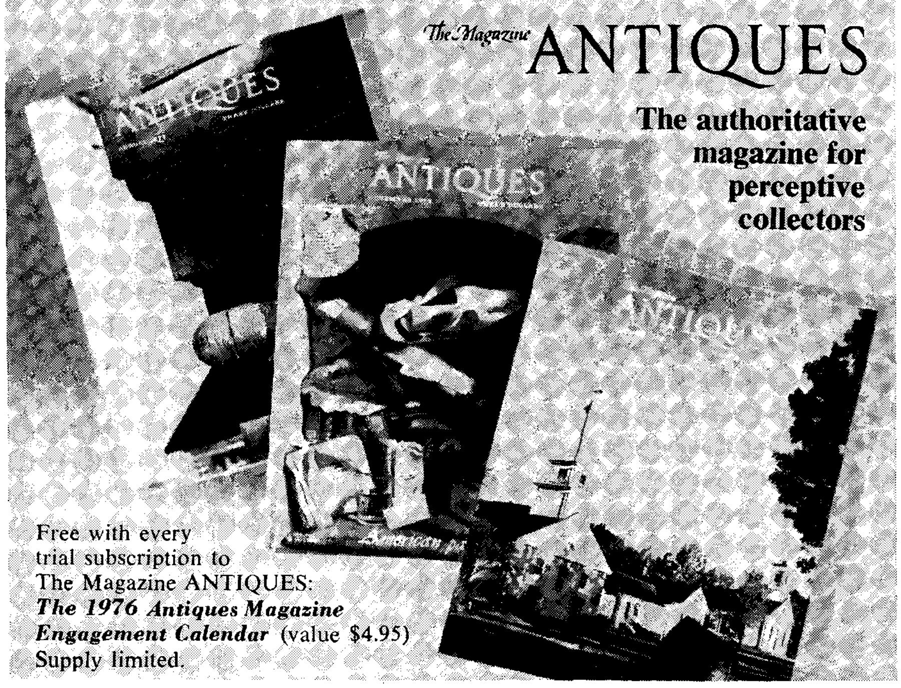

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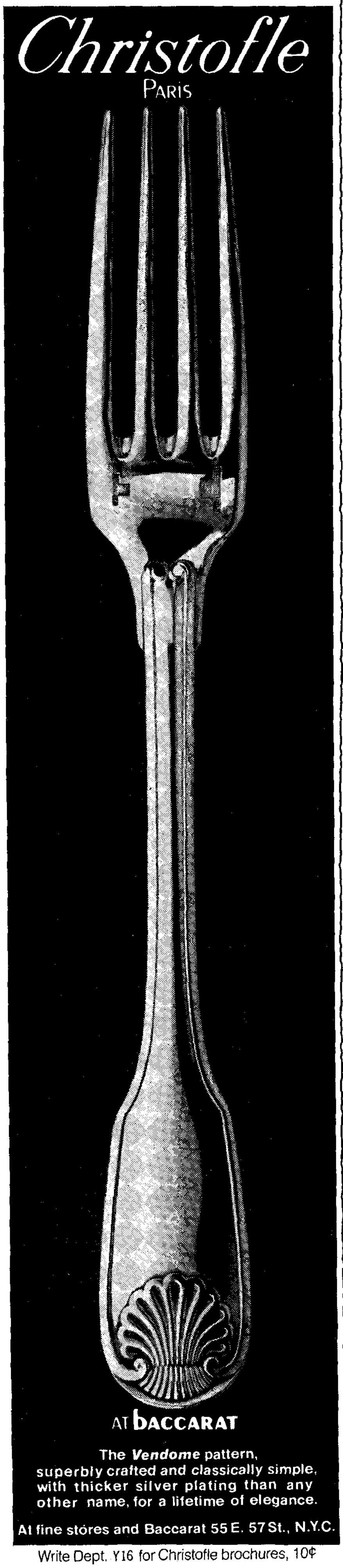

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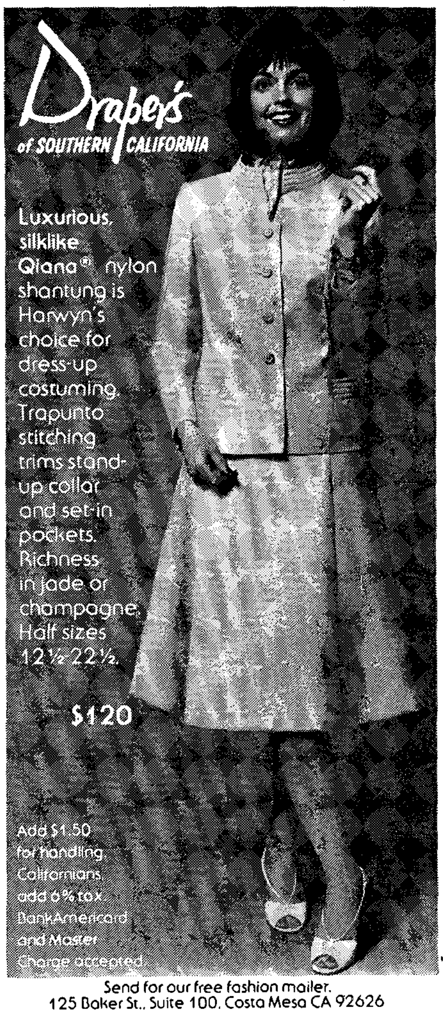
of measures to improve workplace safety and health and environmental standards. Thus, Secretary Simon tells us that among the causes of the capital shortage is:

> the pattern of government policies exercising increased influence over private investment decisions through the growing number of safety, health, and environmental standards. . . . While such standards may be highly desirable, we should recognize that these investments [capital investments needed to meet standards] do not increase the nation's total productive capacity.

Apparently, capital investment in radiation safeguards for a nuclear-power plant is bad, because it does not "increase the nation's total productive capacity." But the investment of capital in the nuclear-power plant itself is good, despite the fact that this investment greatly reduces the power-producing capacity that could have been attained if the same capital had been used to build a coal-fired plant.

Another example of the selective attention given to productivity problems is the tendency to ignore the effect of military expenditures, which represent the diversion of production capacity into uses that are nonproductive. One of the ironies of the current discussion of capital shortage is that much is made (for example, by Simon) of the need to reduce the disparity between the fraction of the real national output which is devoted to capital investment in the United States (17.5 per cent) and the comparable figures for West Germany and Japan (25.8 per cent and 35 per cent). What Mr. Simon omits is the chief reason for this difference: that the United States now devotes nearly 10 per cent of its national output to nonproductive military expenditures, whereas West Germany and Japan devote .5 and 1 per cent, respectively. Evidently, as the real issues that lie behind the capital shortage and the true state of the nation's production system come to light, these in themselves will make it necessary to confront the long-standing inviolability of the huge American military budget. Perhaps Mr. Simon's concern with the urgency of devoting more of the national output to productive investments will lead him to join with the anti-war movement in a campaign to reduce the military budget.

Wittingly or not, there has been a good deal of unnecessary confusion about the relative productivity of labor and capital. This confusion tends to obscure the fundamental flaws in the conventional view that growth in output can successfully overcome the con-



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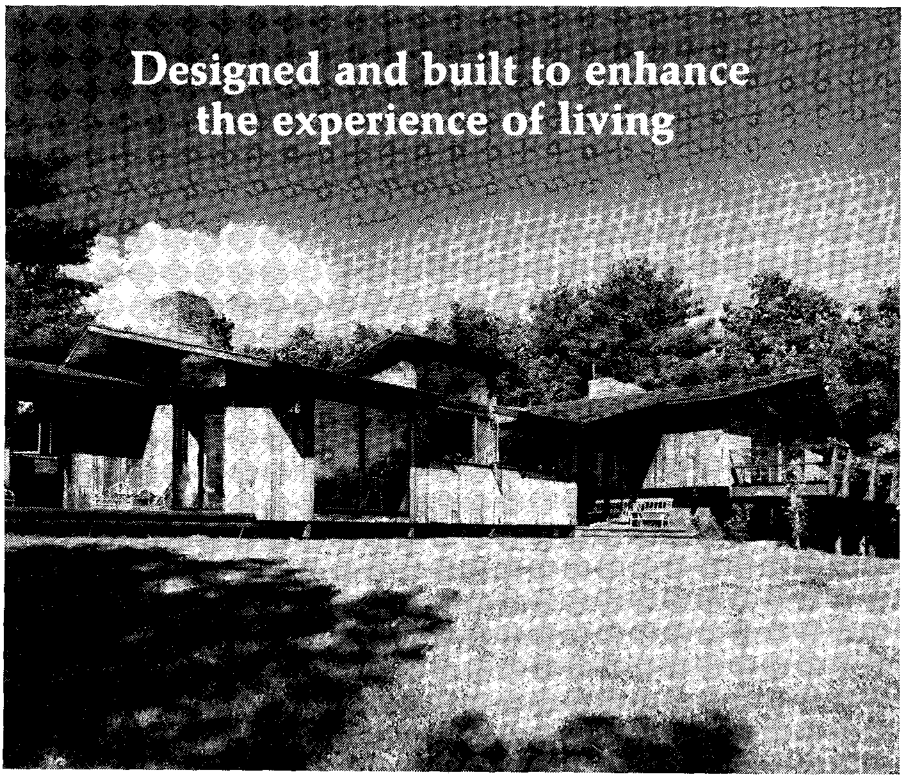
tradiction between the trends in capital and labor productivity. There are two such flaws. The first is the empirical fact that the process has not worked very well. Despite the very substantial growth in output in the postwar period (in constant dollars, the G.N.P. doubled between 1950 and 1970), the two phenomena that growth in output might be expected to prevent—shortage of jobs and shortage of capital—have in fact occurred and have worsened considerably in the last few years. The second flaw is that the very way in which the production and economic systems interact sets up a contradictory relationship between the production of capital and the creation of jobs, which cannot be overcome indefinitely by growth in output.

Recall that growth in output is now due largely to the rise in labor productivity. The doubling in output between 1950 and 1970 is accounted for by the doubling of labor productivity in that time. The productivity of all other factors that contribute to production—of capital, energy, raw materials, and other resources—has either declined or remained relatively constant during the postwar technological transformation, especially in those sectors of production that use a great deal of capital (and energy). These relations emerge: rising labor productivity is largely responsible for the increase in overall output; increased output is the source of the added capital needed to combat the effect of falling productivity; the investment of increasing amounts of capital in new labor-saving machinery causes labor productivity to rise. It follows, then, that the production of capital is being maintained at the expense of the labor force. Moreover, the process is self-accelerating, so its effects are bound to intensify with time.

As they have just been described, these relationships are, of course, not universally characteristic of the production system. They do, however, seem to fit the behavior of the industries that comprise the energy-chemical complex. Since these industries now play a dominant role in the economy, we can expect them to have a significant effect on overall economic trends. It is also true that one of the tenets of conventional economics is that there are self-adjusting mechanisms at work in the economic system that can counteract tendencies such as the replacement of labor by capital and thereby slow them down and even, periodically, bring them to a halt. For example, as capital becomes scarce and more expensive, entrepreneurs can be expected to take



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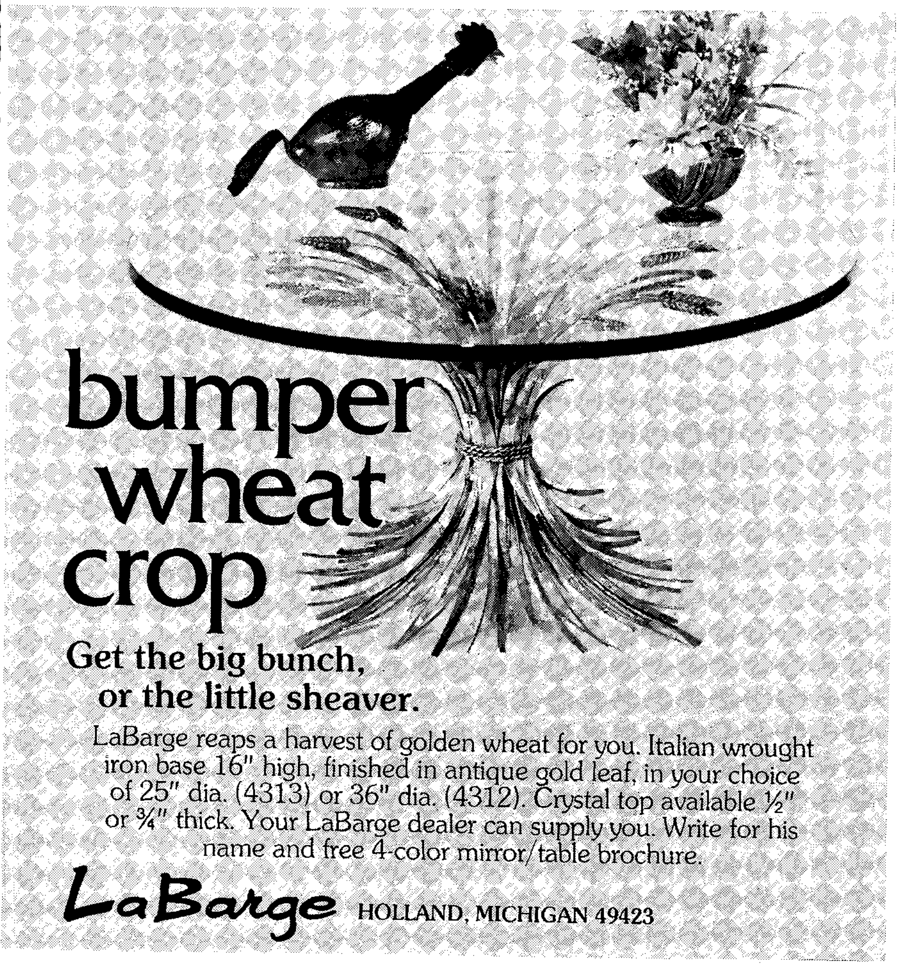

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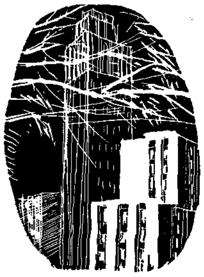
the rational step of reducing capital consumption in favor of other inputs, such as labor. However, the fact is that the trend toward intensive use of capital appears to continue unabated, so that although such compensatory mechanisms exist and may have been effective in the past, they do not seem to work very well now. In the last few years, a number of economists have called attention to the failure of the economic system to behave as expected. A recent statement by Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, in commenting on continued high unemployment and inflation, is typical, if stark: ". . . our economic system is no longer working as we once supposed."



The postwar transformations in the production system have established a crippling link between two main features of our economic difficulties—chronic unemployment and the shortage of capital. Chronic unemployment has become a chief means of counteracting the shortage of capital. But since capital thus acquired is being used to finance increasingly capital-intensive production, the process is inherently self-defeating and must eventually fail. And we now know that it is failing—that despite growth in output and a still rising labor productivity (and excessive unemployment), the United States economy needs more capital in the next ten years than it knows how to obtain without sharply altering the disposition of the nation's wealth.

THE hope that the basic faults in the interactions among the ecosystem, the production system, and the economic system might be overcome by a rising level of production output turns out to be an illusion. It was based on the idea that by operating fast enough the economic system could somehow outrun its inherent faults. However, these faults are themselves worsened by the same factors that increase the rate of production: the creation of capital and energy-intensive means of production in order to increase labor productivity and thereby increase total output. A picture comes to mind. We are fleeing as fast as we can across an endless expanse of ever-thinner ice in the hope of outrunning the spreading cracks that are created as we run. A plunge into the deep, cold waters of reality is inevitable.

One chilling reality is that the rate of profit has been falling. Despite periodic fluctuations, the overall trend since the Second World War is clearly downward, and the decline has accelerated since 1966. According to a recent Bureau of Labor Statistics report, the profits (before taxes) of nonfinancial corporations, expressed as per cent of gross output, fell from an average of about twenty per cent in 1948-52 to about sixteen per cent in 1966 and then dropped precipitously, to about ten per cent in 1970. Profits rose slightly between 1970 and 1973 (largely because of the windfall profits occasioned by the nation's travail with the energy "shortage"), but now they seem to have resumed their downward trend.

Especially in the modern, capital-intensive industries, the rate of profit is largely dependent on the rate of return on capital, and this, too, is trending downward. According to a 1972 report in the *Survey of Current Business*, the rate of return on net capital stock (the value of the capital representing the corporation's total investment in production, before taxes) for nonfinancial corporations averaged 15.9 per cent in 1948-50, and, despite fluctuations, followed a general decline, reaching an average of 8.2 per cent in 1969-71.

According to Secretary Simon, however, the fact that the rate of return on capital investment has been in a long-term decline is not well known, even within the business community, because it has been concealed:

> A good part of the erosion in profits in recent years has been concealed by what might be called "public-relations bookkeeping." It has been hidden from shareholders and often from management itself by accounting practices which in times of major inflation fail miserably to reflect real earnings.

This astonishing admission is amply confirmed in a recent article by a leading certified public accountant, who asserts:

> Present financial accounting does not reflect economic reality. Worse than that, it creates an illusion of enormous profits where often no true profit exists. . . . Our economic system is floundering from a severe lack of real profits essential to capital formation and preservation. Profits need enhancement, not trimming.

One can, of course, dismiss such claims as simply a greedy reach for a larger share of the wealth that the production system yields. Yet, whatever the motivation, the important thing is the fact. And this seems to be attested to not only by the proponents of business but by highly competent economists. A detailed analysis of the problem by William D. Nordhaus, a professor of economics at Yale University, begins with this flat assertion:

> By most reckonings corporate profits have taken a dive since 1966.

After a searching mathematical analysis of the trend, he concludes:

> The basic facts of this rather complicated argument are not in dispute. Over the postwar period the share of measured profits has declined in a dramatic way. Even after a number of corrections to obtain a conceptually cleaner definition and to adjust for cyclical factors, the share of net capital income in net corporate income shows a drop, albeit one less striking than the uncorrected figures display.

The declining rate of profit is an understandable outcome of the trend toward reduced capital productivity. If a corporation must continually increase its assets per unit of output, the denominator (assets) in the profit ratio keeps getting larger, and unless the numerator (income) increases equally fast the rate of profit will fall.

From what we now know about the changes in the production system since the Second World War, especially in the energy-producing industries and in the energy-intensive sectors of production that depend on them, there is good reason to believe that this trend is accelerating. For example, the falling productivity of capital which is inherent in present energy-production technologies means that the output of energy produced per dollar of invested capital will fall, so that unless there is a rise in prices the rate of profit is bound to fall. If, in order to maintain the rate of profit, the prices are raised, then the use of energy will, of course, claim more of the consumer's wealth—will transfer more of it to the energy industries, where it can be accumulated as capital. The symptom of this situation—industry's demand for higher prices to offset the tendency toward a falling rate of profit—provides a handy target for protests against commercial greed and the widening economic gap between the rich and the poor. But when this symptom is more deeply perceived, it suggests a more serious and radical response—that the economic system is so basically flawed that relief must be achieved by correcting the cause.

Another of the chilling realities is a theme urgently stated in recent reports on the capital shortage and echoed in a crescendo of statements by the Secretary of the Treasury and a number of industrialists: Consumption in the United States must be reduced. In

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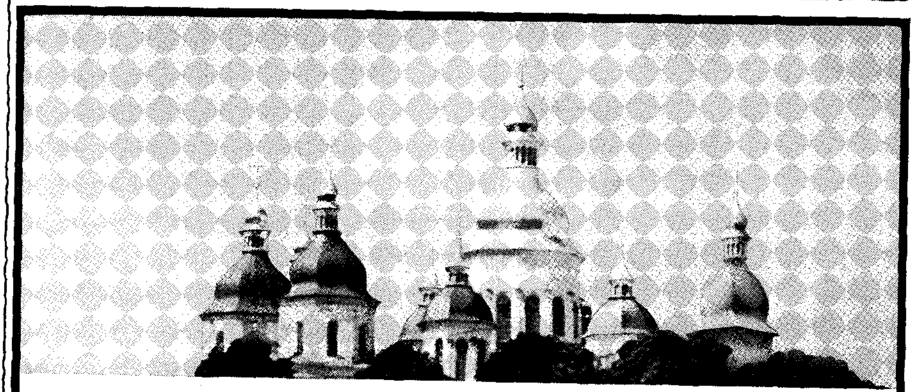

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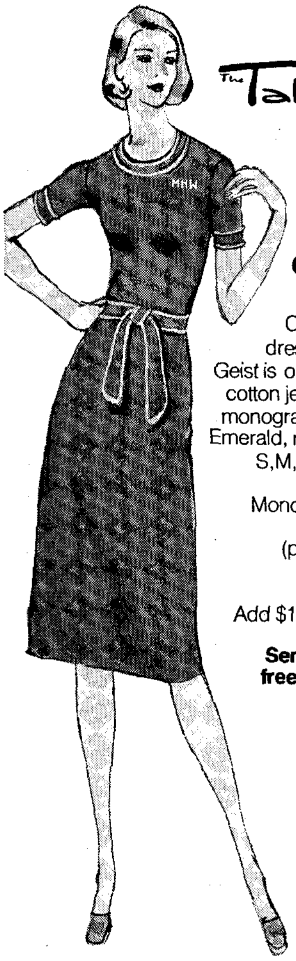

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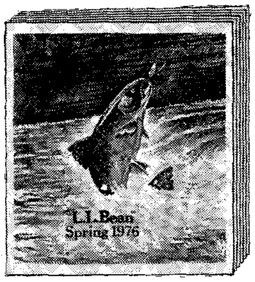

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general terms, we can regard the output of the production system as serving two ultimate economic purposes: consumption, in which goods are used up, in the economic sense, and capital, representing goods that become instruments of new production and therefore contribute to new output. Thus, an automobile used to deliver newspapers represents capital because it participates in a productive process. But if the same vehicle is used for personal activities or by the military it yields no productive output and represents consumption rather than capital. Both guns and butter represent consumption, not capital.

Obviously, then, one way to improve the supply of capital is to increase the proportion of output that goes into investment. But this is a zero-sum game. The only valid way to get more capital out of a given amount of production is to reduce consumption. That explains the veritable chorus emanating from the business community, which urges reduced consumption. Here are a few examples of the urging, starting with a statement made by James J. Needham, chairman of the New York Stock Exchange:

> Essentially, the task of accumulating enough capital means that people must save more and consume less. In a society accustomed to perhaps more than its share of material self-indulgence, that suggests a reversal of form approaching the revolutionary.

And from Gaylord Freeman, chairman of the board of the First National Bank of Chicago:

> Perhaps the most significant aspect of our three decades of postwar life was our dedication to a consumer society. [Now] we lack the conviction that it is sufficiently important to forgo some of our precious consumer goods. . . . We have to face the fact that excessive emphasis on consumer spending is as harmful to our society as is excessive use of alcohol or tobacco.

And the Council on Trends and Perspective of the United States Chamber of Commerce:

> The critical problem seems to be that certain economic policies now create considerably stronger incentives to consume than to save and invest.

There is in these statements a noteworthy lack of attention to the most obvious drain on capital over the past decade—the enormous cost of the war in Southeast Asia. The cost of that war has been estimated, according to a statement read into the *Congressional Record* last spring by Senator Mike Mansfield, at about three hundred and fifty-two billion dollars—most of it re-

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sources consumed and therefore unavailable for investment as capital. This is more than half the capital shortage predicted by the New York Stock Exchange for the 1975-85 period. If the "normal" military budget (about a hundred and twelve billion dollars in 1976) is added to this amount, it becomes apparent that military expenditures represent a huge drain on capital, and that if this drain had been even partly eliminated it could have prevented the anticipated shortage.

When the cool professional term "consumption" is translated into the language of real life, the demand to reduce it means that the people of the United States are being called upon to reduce their expenditures for food, clothing, housing, household goods, education, health, and recreation. It means that the government is required to spend less on schools, hospitals, Social Security, welfare, and the military. Since the proponents of reduced consumption show little sign of applying the principle to the nation's huge military budget, it becomes clear that what they have in mind is that less of the wealth generated by the nation's production system should be devoted to the welfare of its people.

In his recent article on the falling rate of profits, Professor Nordhaus asks, "Does the declining share of profits portend the euthanasia of the capitalist class, and indeed of capitalism itself?" There seem to be good grounds for asking this question. One need not resort to the intricate mathematical tools of modern economics to notice a serious and possibly fatal flaw in the position taken by the leaders of the United States business community in seeking a way to solve the capital crisis. They fervently appeal for more profits and less consumption. But suppose that people did consume less. Who, then, would buy industry's output and generate sufficient sales to yield a profit sufficient to satisfy the production system's growing demand for capital? The business leaders' solution is reminiscent of a scheme for perpetual motion.

ECONOMISTS and other students of capitalism will recognize that the basic ideas I have discussed are among those first put forward by Karl Marx. What Marx called the law of capital accumulation, as summarized by his colleague, Frederick Engels, holds:

> Capital is not merely reproduced; it is continually increased and multiplied.... However, owing to the progress of machinery ... fewer and fewer workers are

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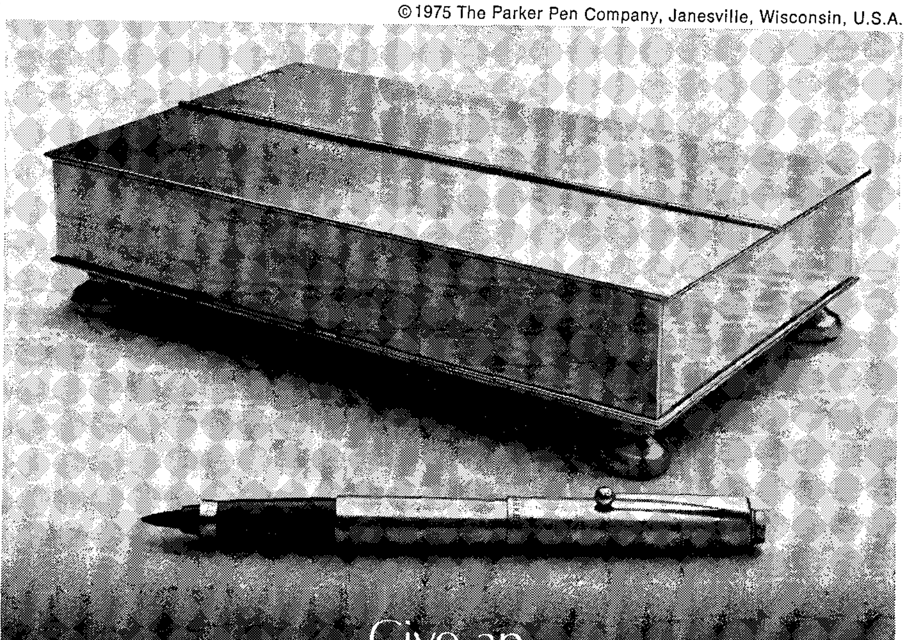

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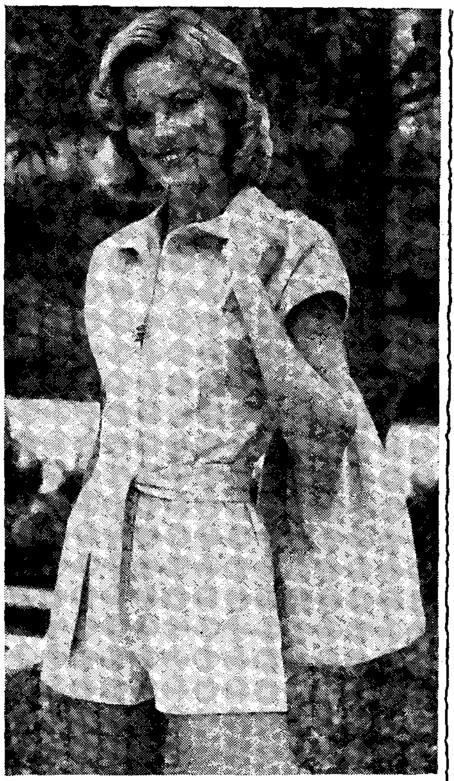

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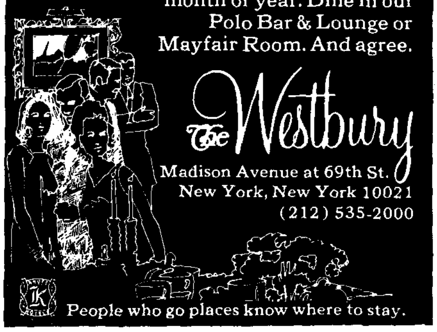

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> necessary in order to produce the same quantity of products. . . . They form an industrial reserve [which] is irregularly employed, or comes under the care of public Poor Law institutions.

Engels says of Marx's contributions in writing "Capital":

> The most original is the attempted proof that side by side with the concentration and accumulation of capital, and in step with it, the accumulation of a surplus working population is going on. . . . The productivity of the machine is measured by the extent to which it replaces human labor-power.

Marx believed that as capital accumulated, the amount of its fixed forms (productive machinery)—which is related to what he called "the organic composition of capital"—would increase. This is the denominator in the profit equation, and he believed that as this denominator grew, the rate of profit would fall. To counteract this trend, the capitalists would need to make increasing inroads into the share of production output that goes to the workers. The working class would become increasingly impoverished, and the growing conflict between capitalist and worker would lay the groundwork for the revolutionary change that is the political outcome of the Marxist analysis. According to Marxist theory, this would lead to the creation of a socialist economy—in which the means of production would be socially rather than privately owned and governed—to replace the failed capitalist economy.

Marx's expectation that industrial capitalism would fail as a result of the inevitable conflict between the economic roles of capital and labor has, of course, not come about. Instead, since his time the main industrialized economies of the world have survived, and have grown enormously—as capitalist systems. The extensive political development of states founded on socialism—in the multifarious and to some extent conflicting forms it has now taken—began in a largely agricultural country, Russia, and has more recently spread to relatively poorly industrialized countries, such as China, Cuba, and nations of the Third World, and to a few industrialized ones, such as East Germany and Czechoslovakia.

That the economic collapse of capitalism has not occurred has, of course, strongly affected attitudes toward the validity of Marx's economic analysis of capitalism. Thus, the author of a recent article in *The Washington Monthly* on the capital shortage is so impressed by the parallelism between Marx's analysis and Secretary Simon's statements as to head one page with the words "Why Bill Simon and Karl Marx Think There's a Capital Crisis." This article suggests that the claims about a shortage of capital are unwarranted, and are merely a new ploy to enhance corporate profits. In support of the view that neither Marx nor Simon is right about the critical state of the capitalist system, the article recommends that "those who share Marx's view that the crisis of capitalism is structural and irreparable . . . keep in mind the disappointing experience of several generations of leftists, who have passed their entire lives waiting in vain for the imminent demise of capitalism."

In a curious way, an explanation of why Marx's prediction failed to materialize—that is, until now—emerges from the improved understanding of economic processes which is a product of the recent concern with the environment. One of the questions that arose as the enormous extent of the environmental pollution generated by modern production technology became clear was why this obviously harmful process had been allowed to happen. In answer, it was pointed out that pollution is "external" to the operation of the marketplace transactions that govern a capitalist economy. In such a transaction, an exchange takes place—a mutually beneficial transfer of commodities undertaken voluntarily between the parties. But pollution is neither voluntary nor mutually beneficial; as a result, the marketplace exchange takes no account of it—which is to say that there is no way of charging the cost of pollution to any party to the exchange. Since no one has to pay for it, there is nothing to keep pollution from happening. And, as we now well know, the cost is borne by society as a whole. In "The Closing Circle" I pointed out, "A business enterprise that pollutes the environment is therefore being subsidized by society; to this extent, the enterprise, though free, is not wholly private." I also pointed out that this arrangement leads to a

> temporary cushioning effect of the "debt to nature" represented by environmental degradation on the conflict between entrepreneur and wage earner, which, as it now reaches its limits, may reveal this conflict in its full force. . . . In this sense, the emergence of a full-blown crisis in the ecosystem can be regarded, as well, as the signal of an emerging crisis in the economic system.

In 1971, when these words were written, there was little sign of an economic crisis in the United States. Unemployment was close to four per cent; industry had been operating at close to ninety per cent for several years; personal income and expenditures, industrial output, and the gross national product were all at historic highs. There were no complaints from the business community or government officials about a shortage of capital; nor were they asking the American people to consume less.

Since then, things have turned around dramatically. Secretary Simon and other representatives of the business community like to attribute the current capital shortage in part to the "unproductive" expenditures forced on industry by the country's unflagging insistence on environmental improvement. It seems likely, however, that a more significant cause of the capital shortage has been another "externality"—the closely related one represented by energy.

We can define an "externality" as the cost of a productive enterprise which is borne by society, because it is not taken into account by the conventional mechanism of marketplace exchange. This definition applies quite well to the transactions in the oil industry that led to a situation in which, in the words of the National Petroleum Council, "a high percentage of the petroleum resources of the United States is immobilized." Clearly, the nation is paying a huge social cost for the decision by the major American oil companies to abandon the full development of domestic resources in favor of more profitable ventures in the Mideast. The disruption of life during the 1973 oil crisis is the smallest part of that cost. The rest of it is the increase in the price of fuel, which triggered an unprecedented rate of inflation and suddenly turned the course of the economy around and sent it skidding into a decline. Like the fumes emitted by the oil industry's refineries, this major and still spreading economic disaster was in no way anticipated or accounted for in the ordinary marketplace operations of the United States capitalist system. The Administration's Project Independence is proof of that. This declares that as a "national goal" the United States should become free of imports for its energy supply. Clearly, this social purpose did not form a natural part of the operation of the free-enterprise system as it has been practiced by the large oil companies. Quite the contrary: the abandonment of the proper development of the domestic oil supply, the nation's inevitable

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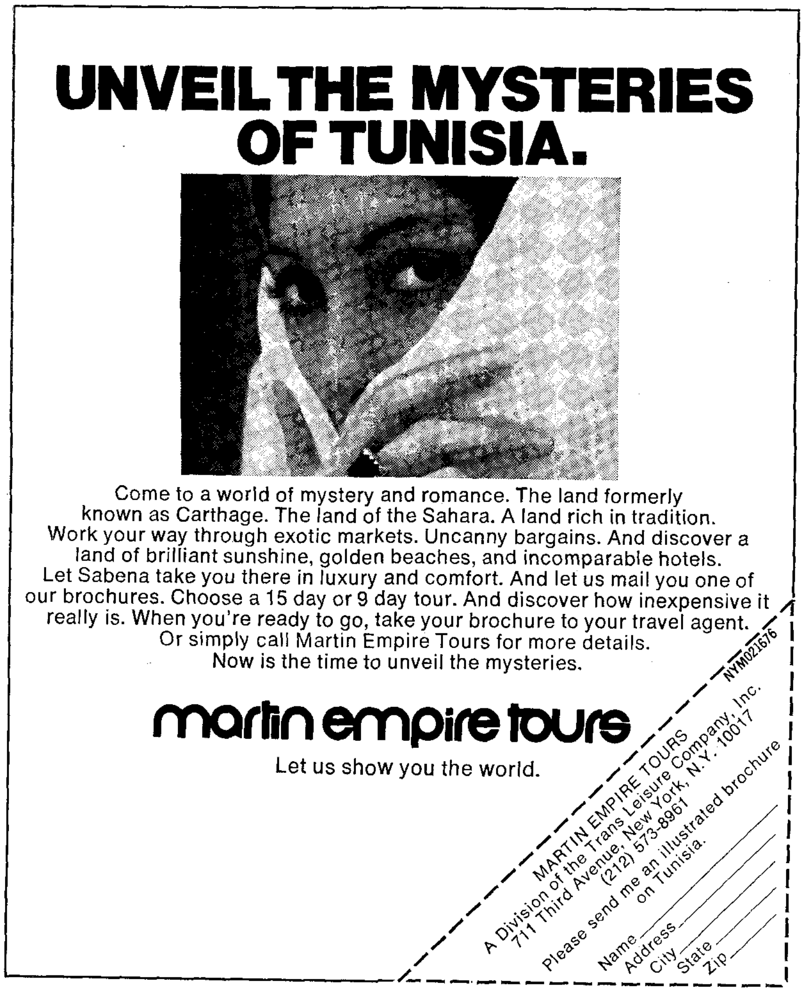
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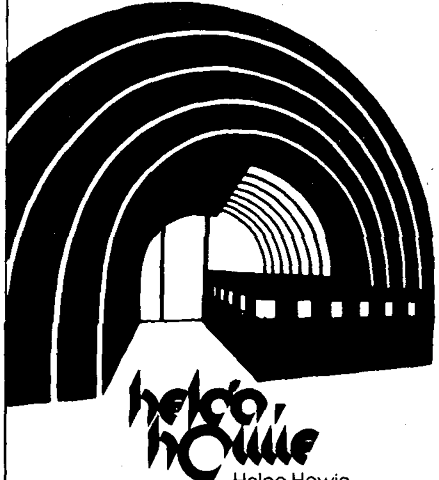
dependence on foreign oil, and the ensuing economic problems were the natural outcome of the operation of the free-enterprise marketplace. Like the environmental crisis before it, the energy crisis illuminates a fundamental fact about the way the capitalist system seems to work in these areas: it appears to be singularly incapable of responding by its own internal mechanisms to social needs such as a livable environment and a reliable petroleum resource.

By the same criterion, the American private-enterprise system has also been unable to meet a whole series of essential social needs: energy resources that are renewable and nonpolluting; agricultural, transportation, and manufacturing technologies that use energy efficiently and minimize environmental impact; production processes that are sparing in their demand for capital and provide safe opportunities for rewarding employment. One reason for this failure has already been illustrated. In the development of each new production technology, the operative decision has not been the social need that some task—keeping a house warm, moving people to and from work, feeding and clothing them—should be accomplished at the least cost in energy, capital, and environmental degradation, and in a way that provides satisfactory employment. Rather, in every instance the governing principle has been maximum profitability, which seems so frequently to work against these goals. Of course, laws have been passed to correct environmental pollution, and some have been proposed to conserve energy, but since all such laws necessarily operate within the context of private enterprise, these have failed to get at the problems that lie at the root of both the energy crisis and the environmental crisis—the faulty design of production technology—and, despite great efforts, only minor progress has been made. In the context of the private-enterprise system, all these socially desirable ends are "externalities," and suffer the neglect that is their common fate under that system.

Another reason that the capitalist economy as it is now constituted is unable to meet many social needs is that it is based on the exchange of commodities. These are privately owned goods that are produced for exchange in the marketplace rather than for use; that is, the governing principle in the design and operation of production is, as we have seen, maximization of the economic return, not the goal of meeting a social need such as the efficient production and use of energy. Commodi-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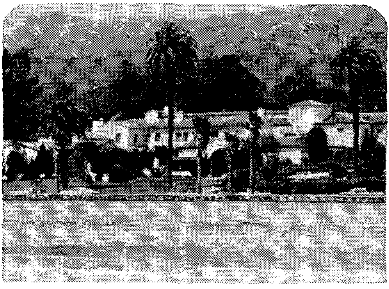
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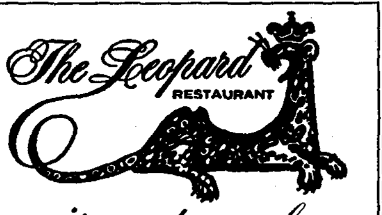
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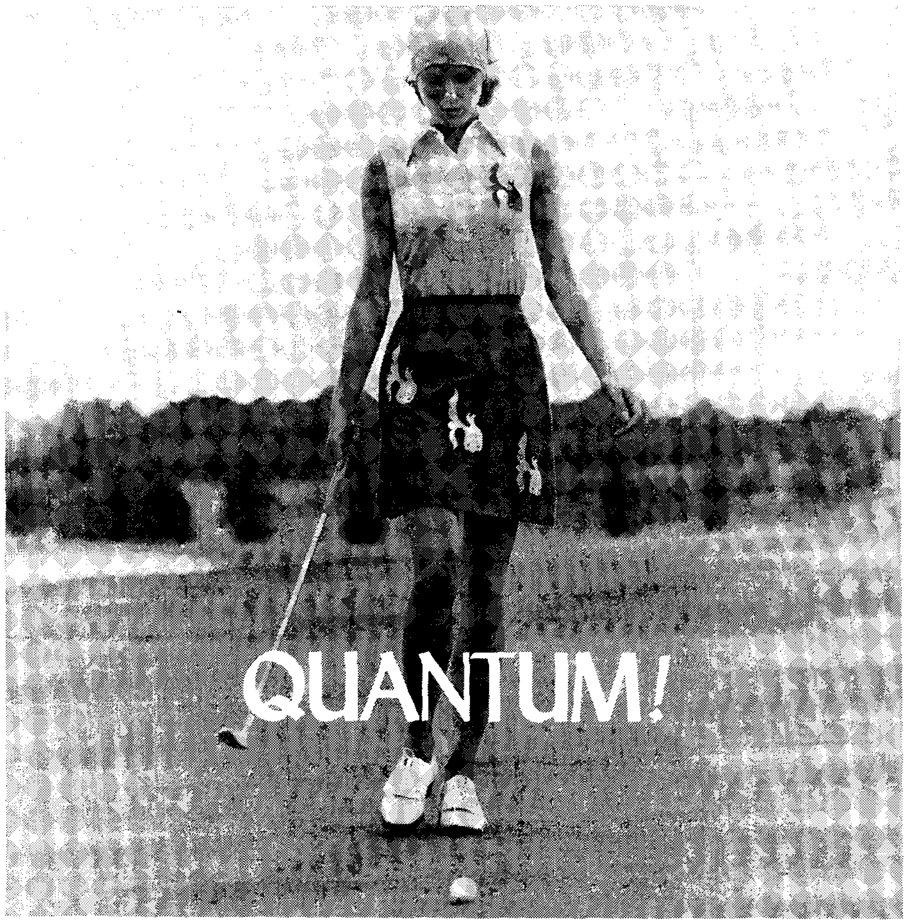
ties include oil, coal, and uranium; power plants; furnaces and air-conditioners; automobiles, trucks, and airplanes. The social need is for a system that efficiently applies energy to a suitable task, but this need is now met solely by thrusting these commodities into the marketplace and hoping for the best. A furnace is not manufactured and sold as the manufacturer's most effective contribution to the social need that people's homes be maintained at seventy degrees in the winter. If the manufacturer's purpose were defined by that thermodynamic task, then what would be sold would not necessarily be a furnace but perhaps a heat pump or a solar collector. Through the workings of the private-enterprise system, we have been provided with the wrong kinds of heating and cooling devices, the wrong kinds of automobiles and freight carriers, the wrong kinds of power plants, the wrong kinds of fuels. No society, however wise or disciplined, can readily create a rational system for the efficient production and use of energy out of such inappropriate ingredients. These goods have not been foisted on us out of malice, or even—in most cases—out of greed. These inappropriate, wasteful, and sometimes harmful commodities have been produced and sold as logical embodiments of the accepted principle that, in a capitalist economy, governs what is produced—the maximization of profit.

In the last thirty years, many thousands of production decisions have been made in the United States. They have determined that automobiles shall be large and sufficiently powerful to travel at a hundred miles an hour; that electricity shall be produced by nuclear-power plants; that we shall wear synthetic materials instead of cotton and wool, and wash them with detergents rather than soap; that baseball shall be played on plastic rather than grass; that the beneficent energy of sunlight shall go largely unused. In every case, the decision has been made according to the "bottom line"—the expectation of an acceptable profit. More precisely, as we have seen from the behavior of American oil companies, such decisions are based on the marginal difference between existing rates of profit and hoped-for larger ones. It would have been a fantastically improbable statistical accident if most, or even a small fraction, of these thousands of decisions made on the basis of a hoped-for marginal increase in profit happened to fit neatly into the pattern of a rational, thermodynamically sound energy system. Such an energy system is a social



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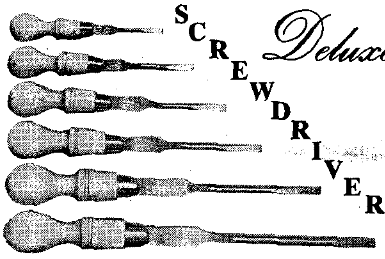

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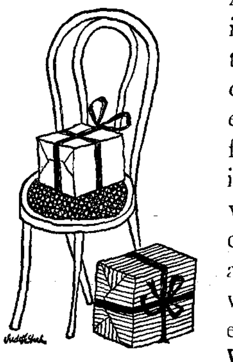
need, and it is hopeless to expect to build it on the basis of production decisions that yield commodities rather than the solutions to essential tasks; that produce goods that are maximally profitable rather than maximally useful; that accept as their final test private profit rather than social value. Thus, the energy crisis and the web of interrelated problems confront us with the need to explore the possibility of creating a production system that is consciously intended to serve social needs and that judges the value of its products by their use, and of creating an economic system that is committed to that purpose.



All this suggests that it may be time to view the faults of the United States capitalist economic system from the vantage point of an alternative—to debate the relative merits of capitalism and socialism. Such a debate—to compare the relative merits of capitalist and socialist economic systems, or a system that attempts to combine features of both—is now the central issue of political life in Europe, and it is perhaps time that the people of the United States entered into it as well. There are signs that the process has already begun. For example, at the recent National Democratic Issues Convention, organized by the liberal wing of the Democratic Party, in Louisville, Kentucky, leading economists debated the merits of a position paper that proposed measures not usually regarded as compatible with private enterprise. These included public ownership of corporations in energy, transportation, and defense (and ultimately in other sectors); employee management and ownership of other corporations in certain industries; and national economic planning beginning at the level of local community councils. The authors of this paper, the economists Gar Alperovitz and Jeff Faux, pointed to recent opinion polls indicating that a considerable segment of the public recognizes that the economic system is not working and is interested in radical alternatives to it. A *Washington Post* report of the meeting noted:

> But as John Kenneth Galbraith told the Louisville session, no thinking person can dismiss their paper out of hand. Their analysis points vividly to flaws in the present system—flaws that both parties have been attacking with classic methods, and without much success.

Indeed, Galbraith himself has said, "For unduly weak industries and unduly strong ones—as a remedy for an area of gross underdevelopment and as a control on gross overdevelopment—the word socialism is one that we can no longer suppress."

Such a debate may have some immediate benefits for the political life of the nation. It may help to alleviate, or at least to explain, the dismal floundering, uncertainty, and self-contradictory arguments that have marked the attempt to create an "energy policy." Administrators and legislators in Washington may perceive that there is a short political distance between questions of energy policy and the profound and disturbing faults in the economic system to which those questions are connected. Only a few years ago, nationalization was a word that brought averted eyes or nervous titters in Washington. Now, out of necessity, it is regarded—in gingerly fashion, it is true—as one possible way to deal with the problems of the railroads, and even of the energy industry. It is as though those who are dealing with the energy policy had begun to suspect that they are only flirting with a symptom of a basic, radical issue. They may have become fearful of probing too deep, lest the process cause the radical issue to be thrust explosively upon a nation that is not yet prepared to discuss it rationally.

John B. Oakes, the editorial-page editor of the *Times*, has written about the deepening anguish of America. He asks, "Have our concepts of government and society kept pace with the technological progress of mankind?" and describes what we must do to confront that question:

> The new era requires new leadership, new creativity, a willingness to evaluate new ideas and new concepts and new relationships with the kind of courage and conscience that our history and our heritage have bestowed upon us.

We will not know how to answer the question until we have the collective courage to ask it; we will not have the "willingness to evaluate new ideas" until we have the wisdom to evaluate old ones.

HERE we come to the end of the blind, mindless chain of events that transformed the technologies of agricultural and industrial production and reorganized transportation; that increased the output of the production system but increased its appetite for capital, energy, and other resources even more; that eliminated jobs and degraded the environment; that concentrated the physical power of energy and the social power of the resultant wealth into ever fewer, larger corporations; and that has fed this power on a diet of unemployment and poverty. Here is the basic fault that has created the environmental crisis and the energy crisis, and that threatens—if no remedy is found—to engulf us in the wreckage of a crumbling economic system. Now all this has culminated in the confession of those who hold the power: that the capitalist economic system, which has loudly proclaimed itself the best means of assuring a rising standard of living for the people of the United States, can survive, if at all, only by reducing that standard of living. The powerful have confessed to the poverty of their power. No one can escape the momentous consequences of this confession. No one can escape the duty to understand the origins of this historic default and to transform it from an obstacle in the way of social progress into a signal for a new advance. —BARRY COMMONER

(This is the last part of a three-part article.)

•

The Yale Repertory Theatre, New Haven, Conn., begins the second half of its tenth anniversary season on January 16, with the World Premiere of "Walk the Dog, Willie" by one of the most formidable and engaging playwrights in a new wave of young American dramatists.

By turns humorous, passionate, violent, intellectual and gutsy, "Walk the Dog, Willie" is a reinterpretation, in modern and poetic terms, of one of the great myths of Western culture. It focuses on the volcanic psychological effects that one man—a strange, and mysteriously powerful outcast—has on the surface serenity of rural family life.

This production is of special significance to the YRT, for not only is the choice of play consistent with the theatre's policy of finding and presenting the best new works by American playwrights, but also because the playwright in this case is a graduate of the School of Drama's playwriting program (MFA '69) and currently an instructor in the Playwright's Workshop—the School's oldest and possibly best-known course—by virtue of his appointment as a Yale-CBS Foundation Fellow this year.

"Walk the Dog, Willie" will play nightly from January 15-24. On January 30, it will be joined by Edward Bond's "Bingo" and continue in the repertory through March 17.

For tickets and reservations, call the YRT Box Office, 436-1600.—*Antiques and the Arts Weekly.*

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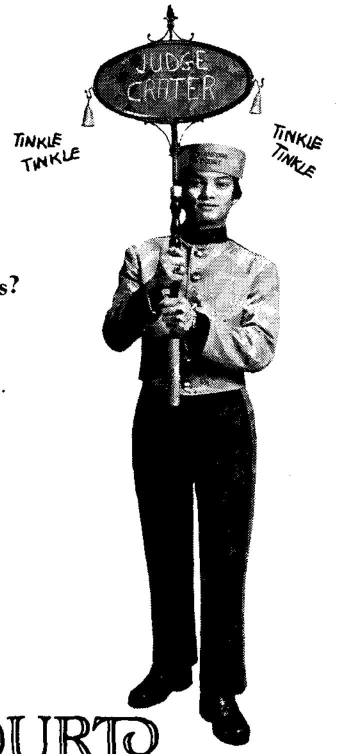

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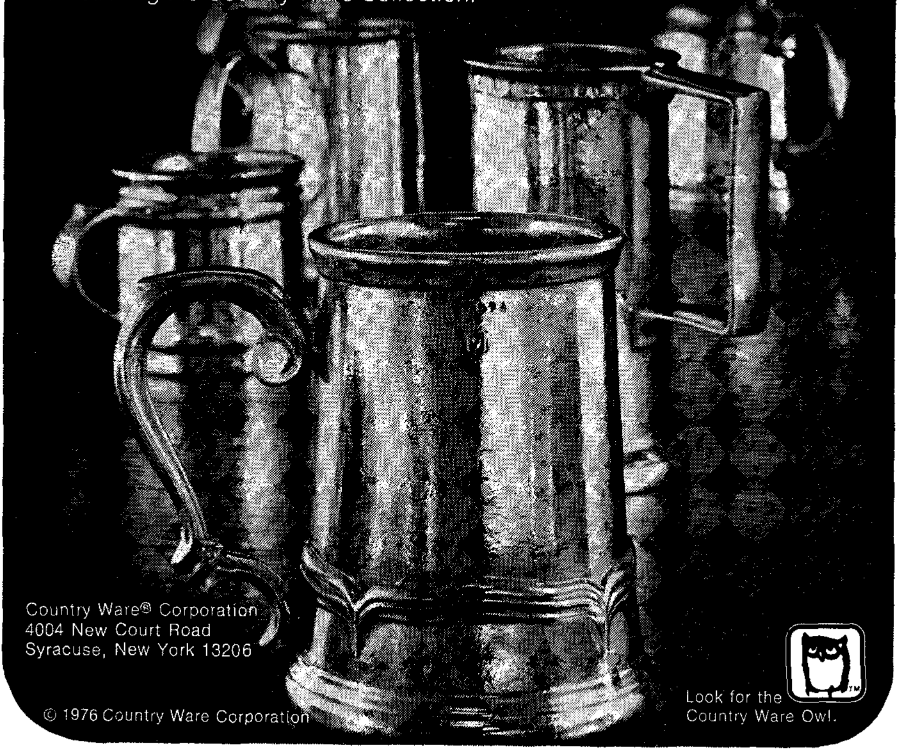

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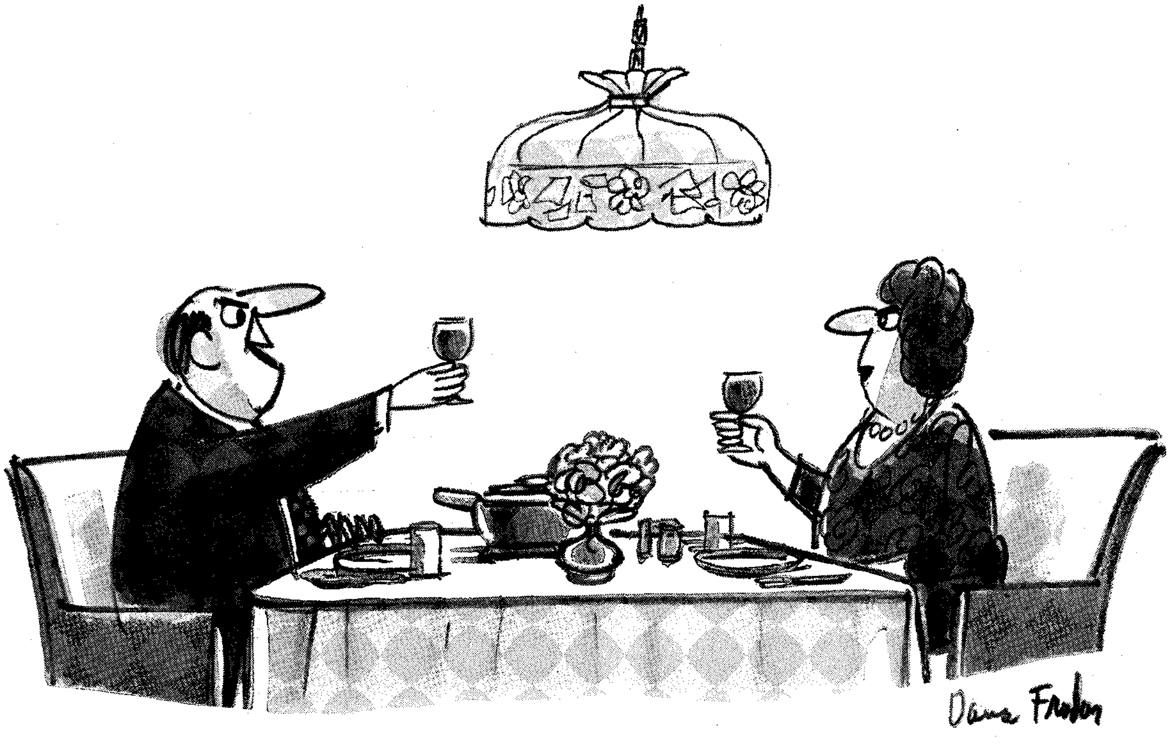
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Seven Fatties

IN Lina Wertmüller's "Swept Away," a Sicilian Communist deckhand working on a yacht and the rich blond shrew who chartered the ship for a pleasure cruise are marooned on an island. She gave him a bad time when she had the upper hand, so when he takes charge on the island and starts whacking her around maybe one can say that he isn't hitting a woman, he's hitting the capitalist class. However, when she kisses his feet and gathers flowers to garland his phallus she isn't the capitalist class, she's a woman who finds fulfillment in recognizing a man as her master. She not only experiences new sexual bliss, she wins the prize that has often been said to be woman's highest goal: because of her submissiveness, the man loves her and worships her as his goddess. Uncorrupted by social forces, the couple live the "true" relations of the sexes and find paradise. But he, fearful that he loves her more than she loves him, insists that they put their love to the test of society, and they go back. When they do, she can't resist returning to her life of privilege, and he is left heartbroken. Under the guise of a Socialist parable about the economic determinism of personal behavior (class interests determine sexual choice, etc.), Wertmüller has actually introduced a new version of the story of Eve, the spoiler. There is a noteworthy peculiarity: only the woman's behavior is economically determined. She's a self-centered materialist, but the man has deep feelings—he's a romantic prepared to sacrifice all for love. If there has been considerable confusion about how to interpret "Swept Away," the reason may be simple: despite the clamor of politics in Wertmüller's movies, her basic pitch is to popular prejudice.

Wertmüller's films are very primitive in their appeal: Punch-and-Judy shows made with the cruelty that is available to the film medium, yet with an overlay of moralizing, and with a moist wistfulness. The quote from the *Times* in the ads for her newest movie says, " 'Seven Beauties' is Miss Wertmüller's 'King Kong,' her 'Nashville,' her '8½,' her 'Navigator,' her 'City Lights.' " This isn't necessarily praise: if "Seven Beauties" is all these things, what is it? Does the quote mean merely that it's her big one? I liked Wertmüller's first film, "The Lizards," when I saw it back in the early sixties; a woman's view of the vegetating small-town boys that Fellini had dealt with in "I Vitelloni," it gave tentative promise of some new perceptions. Instead, she headed in a crustier, more overtly political direction. Still, in 1972, within the enamel-gloss bordello of "Love and Anarchy," there would be quiet moments when the whores' faces were unusually pliant, or when the beauty of the dark, innocent Tripolina (Lina Polito) would recall the breathtakingly fresh-faced young stars of silent films. However, Wertmüller's recent work appears to be taking confident strides into the most obvious kinds of theatrical excess. She says she has a penchant for the grotesque, but that's not the same as having a talent for it. "Seven Beauties," her twelfth feature, is a grotesque vaudeville show. It's one act after another, with political labels stuck on the participants so you'll know what you're watching. The players come on at a sprint; they're overly spirited—the juice of life oozes out all over the place in a chorus of "*Mamma mia*"s. Wertmüller dances around with a hand-held camera and hauls the acts offstage fast, swinging from pathos to burlesque so that audiences won't become restless. She heightens so many effects that the film is a barrage of squeals and screams, and the imagery is also too loud—too bright. Wertmüller is a playwright-director; her scripts are a succession of dialogue scenes in which characters give vent to ideological positions. These are piled on top of folk clichés, and the point of view being expressed isn't intelligible. The political speeches are given the this-is-profound treatment, but something contradictory comes winging along the next moment. The effect suggests an opera-buffa G. B. Shaw—a theatre of garbled ideas. Wertmüller keeps her films moving by hurling salamis at the audience.

"Seven Beauties" is a slapstick-tragedy investigation of an Italian common man's soul, set during the Second World War, with flashbacks to the thirties. Pasqualino, or, as he's called, Pasqualino Seven Beauties (Giancarlo Giannini), deserts the Italian Army in Germany, is captured by the Germans, and is sent to a concentration camp. In flashbacks, we see his pre-war life as a two-bit mafioso: a man of mildly lecherous leisure, he promenades the streets of Naples with a leering compliment for every woman he passes. His mother has taught him that all women want sugar. He dispenses it freely, and the women adore him. He struts while his fat sisters—



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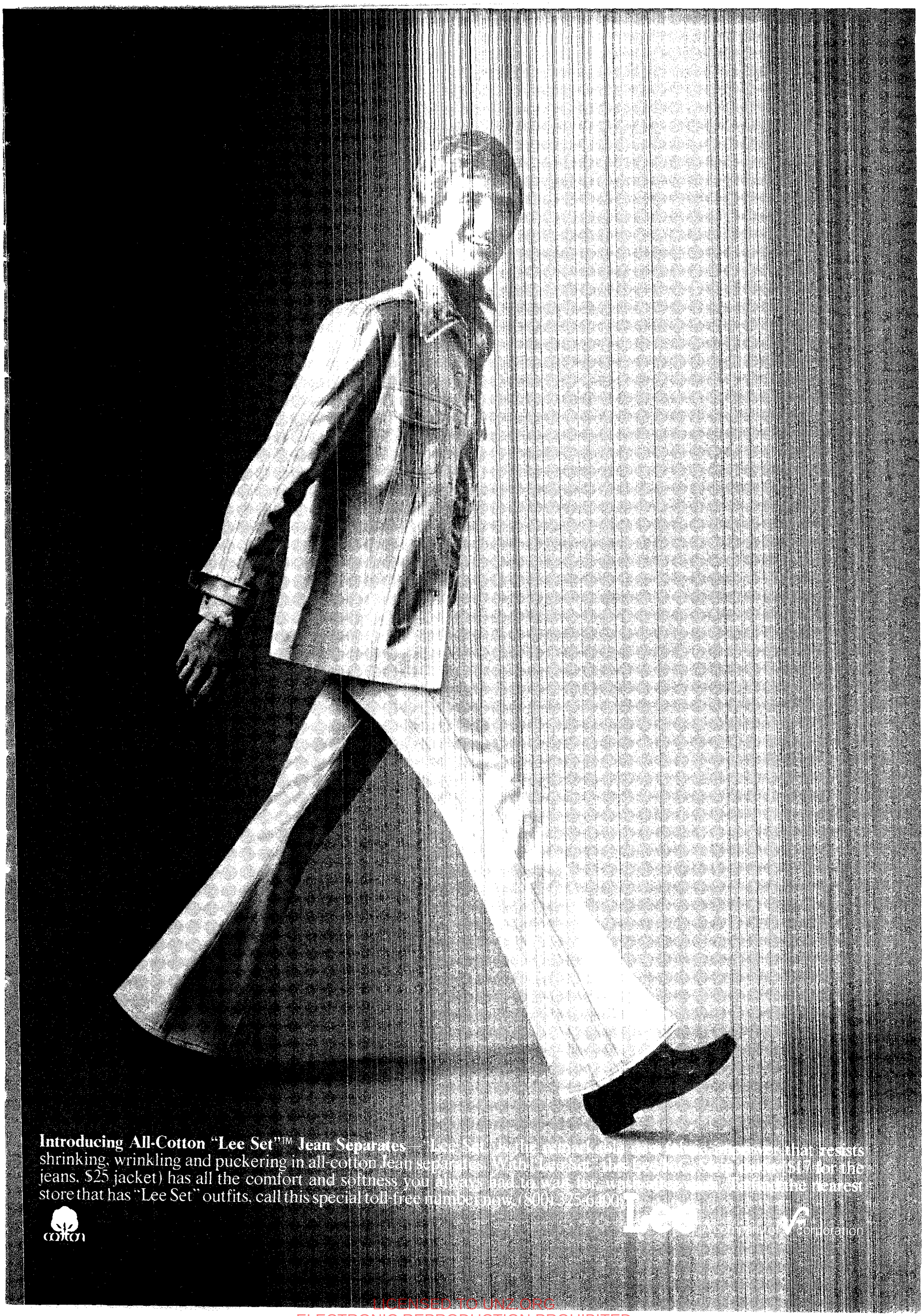

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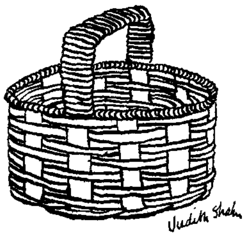
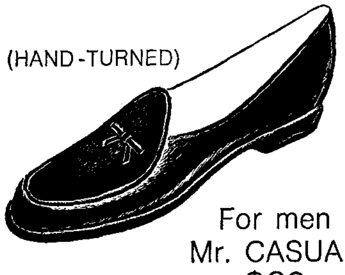
the "seven beauties"—work in the family mattress-stuffing factory. Pasqualino first comes to grief from trying to protect his family honor: after killing the man who has turned his aggressively stupid oldest sister, Concettina (Elena Fiore), into a whore, he is sent to an insane asylum. He uses his sugary wiles on a woman doctor and gets preferential treatment, and so later, when he's starving in the concentration camp, he goes to work on the Bitch-of-Buchenwald commandant (Shirley Stoler).

The satirical "Oh Yeah" song that opens the film has a good cabaret pungency (though the political montage that accompanies it is mediocre), and there is an imaginative moment of gallows-humor cheekiness when the emaciated Pasqualino woos the commandant by humming a little love song. On the plus side, that's about it. Giancarlo Giannini appears to be a very limited actor, and except for his love hum his work here is a series of hand-me-downs from Pietro Germi films—particularly Mastroianni bits from "Divorce—Italian Style." In the tradition of broad popular theatre, "Seven Beauties" is all punctuation, and the Neapolitan scenes reinforce the clichés of Italian noisiness. In the German scenes, Wertmüller achieves the effect of liveliness through one whammy after another. The starving prisoners in the camp are beaten and murdered to the tune of the Ride of the Valkyries; a Spanish anarchist (Fernando Rey) who recites the film's most noble messages about the need for creative disorder kills himself, in disgust at Pasqualino's toadying to the Nazis, by jumping into a vat of excrement. Past and present, Pasqualino's life is a comic strip of horrors: preparing to chop up the pimp's body, then carrying it in three grisly suitcases; raping a tied-down madwoman in the asylum; being given shock treatment; and the culminating buffoonery—his mounting of the two-hundred-and-fifty-pound commandant, scaling her like a fly settling on Mount Rushmore.



Pasqualino is everybody's dupe—a man who has swallowed all the lies that society hands out. He believes what the Mafia tells him, what Mussolini tells him, what anybody in authority tells him. As Giannini plays him, he's a Chaplinesque Fascist—the Italian Everyman as a pathetic worm. He's the man who never fights back—the one who wheedles and whimpers and crawls through. He's the contemptible survivor. In "Swept Away," Wertmüller enthusiastically reactivated such audience-pleasers as the notion that a frigid rich woman gets her first sexual satisfaction when she has a working-class lover. In "Seven Beauties," she reactivates the entire comic-opera view of Italians as cowards who will grovel to survive. The commandant is an intelligent, dedicated idealist-sadist—a master-race superwoman on the model of those Nazi supermen we used to get in Hollywood movies, like Walter Slezak in Hitchcock's "Lifeboat." Actually, women in Nazi Germany couldn't rise to anything close to the post of commandant; Ilse Koch's power at Buchenwald derived from her being the commandant's wife. Literal truth isn't required of an artist, but we can ask, Why distort in this direction—what is the vision that requires giving the woman the whip hand? Wertmüller's grotesqueries, such as the gross commandant, as bored as a sphinx, sitting, yawning, with her thighs spread while the scrawny, enfeebled Pasqualino tries to penetrate her, and the incessant, shrill obnoxiousness of the shrew on the yacht in "Swept Away," are appeals to the coarsest prejudices. In "All Screwed Up," a pleasantly sprawling, undistinguished political comedy about life in a Milanese rooming-house commune (made early in 1974, just before "Swept Away," but only now released here), the women are tightfisted and scheming, while the men are likable proletarians just trying to get along. Wertmüller is not at all averse to tapping the hostilities that float around in the popular consciousness. If it's easy to get laughs by sending the camera up fat women's thick legs and fleshy arms or by showing women as barnyard creatures—or as petit-bourgeois manipulators, like the women in the commune, or as rich teases, like Mariangela Melato's role in "Swept Away"—Wertmüller runs with the pack.

There is hardly any point in discussing the stated ideas in a Wertmüller film, because they can't be sorted out. In an interview in the *Voice* with Molly Haskell (one of the few critics who haven't acclaimed Wertmüller), the director explained that the woman in "Swept Away" wasn't really a woman at all. She was "a symbol of bourgeois enlightenment," Wertmüller said. "She represents bourgeois society,



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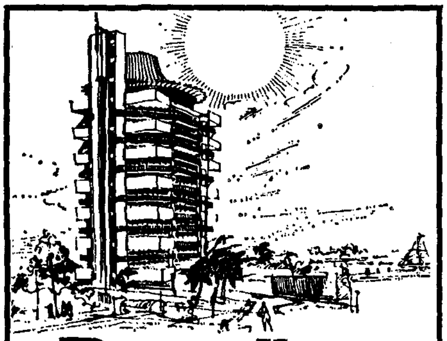

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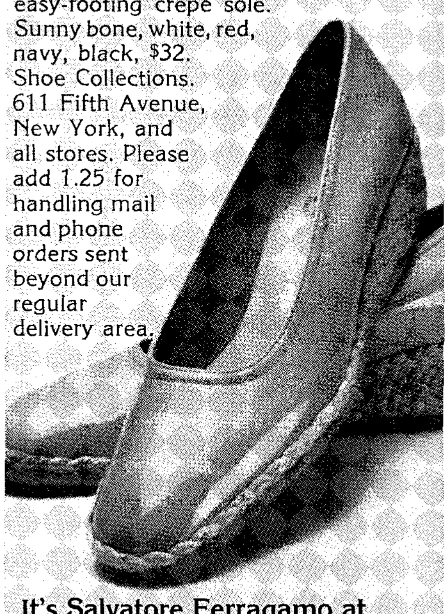

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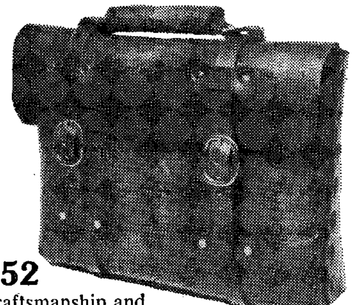

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therefore she represents the man. That's what women didn't understand. The Mariangela Melato character was really a man." There's no arguing with this kind of thinking; obviously, the political ideas in Wertmüller's films are anything that suits her convenience. If one asks "Why are the working-class women in 'All Screwed Up' such avaricious petit-bourgeois climbers?" she'll say "That wasn't a woman, that was the Shah of Iran." Wertmüller must know perfectly well that the success of "Swept Away" is due largely to its element of erotic fantasy. It is like a modern version of Valentino's "The Sheik"—blissful rape for the trendy, dissatisfied liberated woman. And solid reassurance for the men in the audience that women only want to be mastered, yet are sly little beasts, never to be trusted.

Maybe because Wertmüller changes her act so fast, her films have a very high energy level. The last three also stay on the same high energy level throughout. That was why I found "Swept Away" tiresome (as well as generally offensive). The characters never shut up, and since the post-synchronization is so careless that their voices are several beats off from their lip movements, the effect is as irritating as if the movie were dubbed, even though it's subtitled. "Seven Beauties" goes beyond annoyance, however: it's extremely ambitious, and I think it's a gloppy mess. After seeing the film, one can't visualize it: the staging and the compositions haven't taken hold in the mind. That quote from the *Times* isn't wrong, exactly; "Seven Beauties" can be compared to just about anything. The way Lina Wertmüller makes movies, she *has* to believe that disorder is creative. She plunks in whatever comes to mind, and rips through the scenes. It's all bravura highs and bravura lows, without any tonal variation. She almost makes one long for Ken Russell: at least his trashiness has a gutter spunk, and he doesn't think he's raising the consciousness of the masses.

"Seven Beauties" might have had some comic shape if it had been structured so that Pasqualino's sugaring the commandant stirred a romantic response in her. But Wertmüller betrays her own comic premise, pushing for something big, and so we get prescient speeches by the commandant about how Nazism is doomed by its idealism and vision of order, and how worms like this little Italian will survive. And Pasqualino must go on to shoot his best friend (in a brackish, drawn-out scene)

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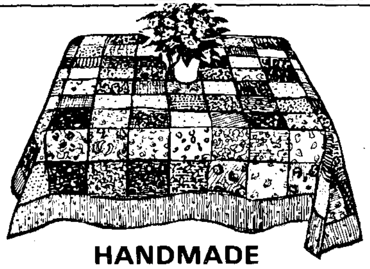

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and select fellow-prisoners for the firing squad. The terrible thing about the movie is the absence of weight in these passages. The humiliations, the punishments, the horrors don't develop out of the characters or situations. They're just injected into the clowning-around atmosphere. They're hypes for us—kicky effects to give us a charge. But with that pious moralizing on top of them. So when the anarchist sinks in the muck, we're supposed to grin and shudder at the effect and, at the same time, think, Yes, he's doing that because life for him has become drowning in excrement. You don't feel a thing. You wait for the next shock, the next lesson. Wertmüller turns suffering into vaudeville not as part of a Brechtian technique but, rather, as an expression of a roller-coaster temperament. The suffering is reduced to funhouse games. Wertmüller says she's a Socialist and/or an Anarchist, but the ugliness of the human material she shows us cannot all be blamed on economic oppression; the habitual close-ups are merciless because the faces have no depth. She also says she's a feminist, but the struggling woman patient whom Pasqualino rapes is made ridiculous, and his dumb-cow sisters are well content to become whores. Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree puts everything down.

For all the political babbling of her characters, the meaning of "Seven Beauties" is deeply reactionary and misogynous. It gets an audience response by confirming what people, in their most superstitious recesses, already believe: that "human nature" stinks and nothing can be done about it. The characters are squealing pigs and worms or else they're martyrs—a perfect dichotomy for the guilt-ridden in the audience who know damned well they don't want to be martyrs. Pasqualino the worm is also the most human of the characters. And, look, he isn't entirely soft and wormy: he can get an erection. All that's left at the end of the movie is his ability to procreate and bring more larvae into the world, which is a teeming bordello. Wertmüller presents all this in a goofy, ebullient mood. The box-office success of the picture represents a triumph of insensitivity.

—PAULINE KAEL

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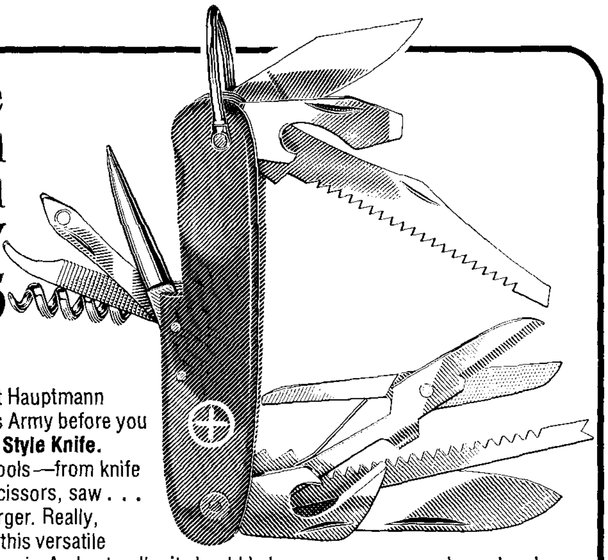

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MUSICAL EVENTS

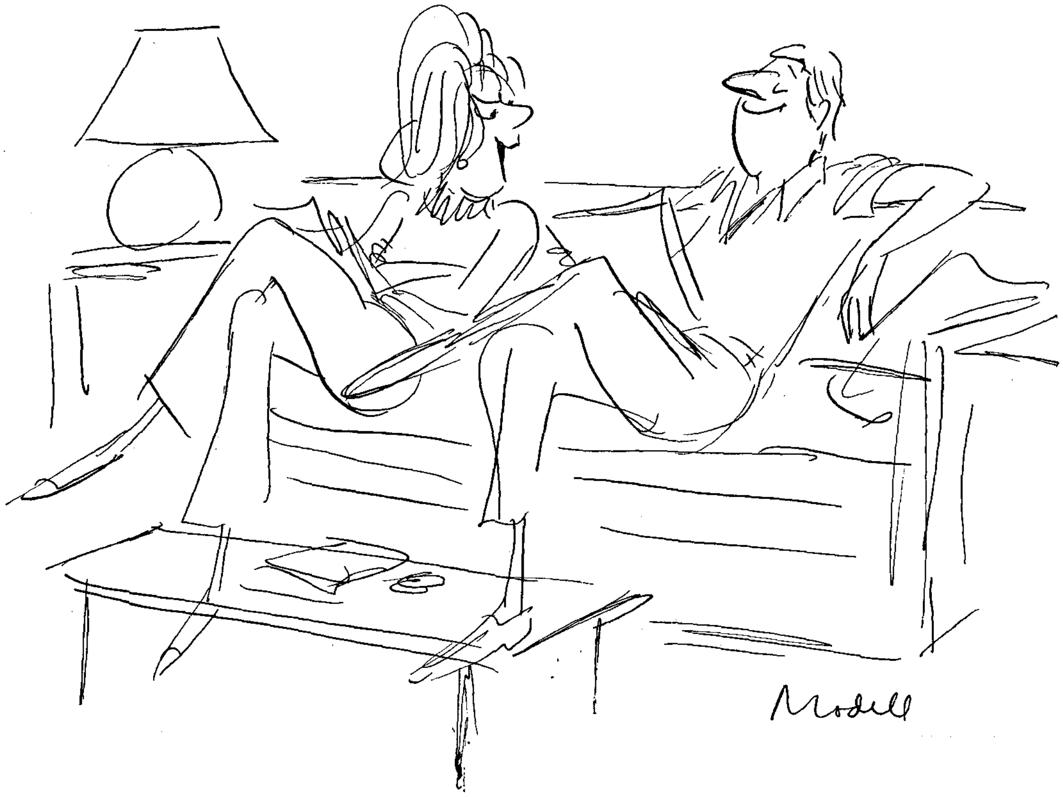
Egyptian Attitudes

THE Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Aida," which opened last week, is a handsome affair, decked by David Reppa (scenery) and Peter J. Hall (costumes) in strong, sombre colors and rich, heavy brocades. Six of the seven scenes play in variants of a single set, a tall Egyptian chamber whose battering walls bear huge reliefs that have been cracked as if by an earthquake. Only Act III, beside the Nile, suggests the out-of-doors. Within this chamber, the floor is a version of the Bayreuth "saucer," with the raised central circle ringed by two narrow tracks, around which the triumphal processions of Act II rather warily proceed. There is not much space. Gilbert Hemsley's lighting is fairly consistently tenebrous. The triumph is a torchlit nocturne. Paper flames are kept aflicker by some mechanical device noisy enough to disturb the music. Follow spots pick out the singers and spray onto the scenery of Act III. The priestesses' "sacred dance to slow, solemn strains," in the temple scene, during which Radamès, beneath a silver veil, should be led to the altar, is reassigned to a single male dancer, flapping ibis wings. Conversely, the little blackamoors of the next scene are replaced by three madcap maidens. In the triumph scene, the dance episode is done, as usual, in the padded-out Paris version, but instead of a "troop of dancing-girls bearing the treasures of the vanquished" we see a duel to the death between an Egyptian and an Ethiopian warrior. The choreography is by Louis Johnson.

Much of this is wrongheaded, in contradiction not only of what is spelled out in Verdi's careful stage directions but also—and, in an age when it has become common to disregard a creator's express intentions about staging, perhaps more importantly—of what is clearly implied by the music itself. The costumes for the first production of "Aida," in Cairo, in 1871, were designed by the Egyptologist Auguste Mariette; they were made in Paris, and Mariette was sent there from Cairo to insure their authenticity; they were rich and colorful but light. Several details suggest that Mr. Hall studied Mariette's designs, but his costumes are hot and heavy in effect, suited to a northern clime. So perhaps it is realistic to hold the triumph by night, after the sun has set. Yet in Verdi's music for that scene I hear a blaze of brilliant light. In the Met production, the contrast between this glare, blare, and splendor and the soft, starry romance of the next scene, with moonbeams winking gently on the Nile and filtering down through the palm fronds, has been removed. In the final scene, no attempt is made to suggest that other intended contrast, between the Temple of Vulcan above, "gleaming with gold and light," and the blackness of Radamès' dungeon.

WITH "Aida," at its Opéra production in 1880, Verdi at last obtained the Paris success for which, since "Jérusalem" in 1847, he had striven. Before "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," he had asked Scribe to contrive for him one of those "grandiose and at the same time impassioned" spectacles, such as the coronation scene in "Le Prophète," which were a Scribe specialty. Before "Don Carlos," he had asked for the same thing—and obtained it in the auto-da-fé scene of Act III, which he deemed the "heart" of that opera. But a fully successful grand opera in the Meyerbeer manner continued to elude him; "Simon Boccanegra," "La Forza del Destino," and "Don Carlos" all underwent patching in subsequent years. In 1870, Verdi was toying with the idea of writing an opéra comique when there arrived from Cairo, via Paris, the "Aida" scenario, with an invitation to base a large new work on it, and he determined to tackle grand opera once again. (This scenario was written by Mariette, but Verdi believed it to be the work of the Khedive.) The financial rewards offered were handsome. More important, he found the scenario "well made, splendid from a scenic point of view, and containing two or three situations that, while not exactly novel, are certainly very fine."

The structure of this "well made" piece is tidier than that of "Don Carlos" but in many ways similar: first scene with the tenor aria placed early, then an assembly and a choral close; second scene in a temple, with solemn chanting; third scene the traditional women's chorus and solo; then a massive spectacle with stage band, multiple choruses, and all the principals experiencing, in public, a crisis in their private affairs. And then three "private" scenes built of monologues and duets, except when priests thunder their doom on the hero (the original "Don Carlos" contained an inquisitors' chorus in



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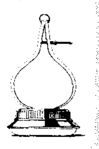

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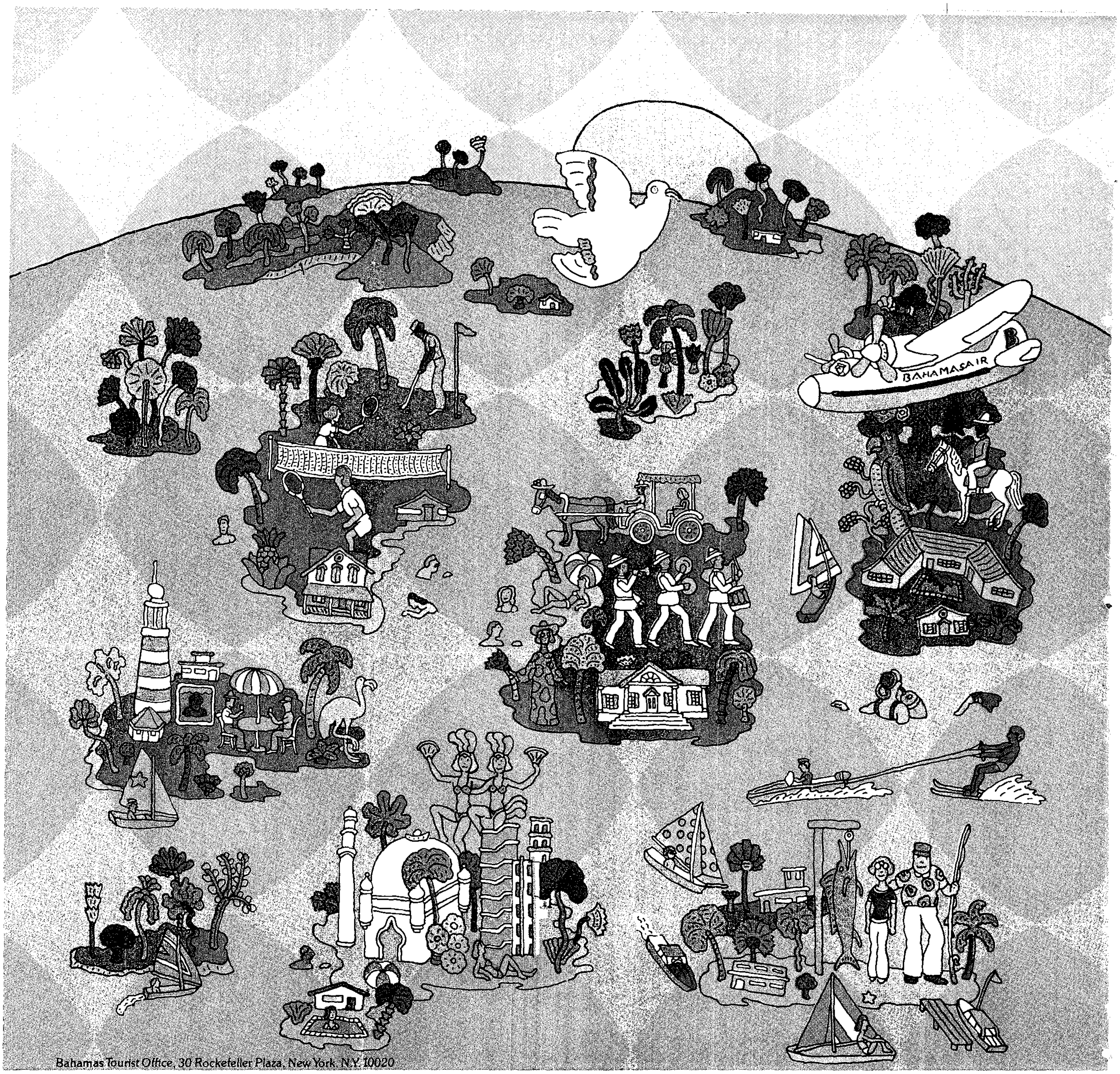

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the last scene); in the last duet, hero and heroine bid farewell in this world. The parallels may not run consistently true, but, once observed, they can throw into relief the greater flexibility and compactness of "Aida"—flexible in such things as the placing of the heroine's first aria, "Ritorna vincitor!" (whose embryonic idea is Carlos's despairing cries of "O destin fatal" while a jubilant procession recedes into the distance), compact in that only three characters, not five, are tangled in the emotional web and rent by divided feelings. Moreover, in "Aida," as not in "Don Carlos," the plights are clear-cut and conventional, the traditional stuff of which operas had long been made—hero and heroine on opposed sides and torn between love and patriotic duty, other woman torn between jealousy and love. Verdi's observation that the situations were "not exactly novel" was just. Amneris is a descendant of Racine's Roxane. The plot is an opera-seria libretto romanticized. Metastasio might have devised it; in his "Nitteti," he nearly did. (That much-set libretto, of 1756, concerns an Egyptian princess and a humble beauty, who is really a princess, as rivals for the hero's love; there is a spectacular triumph scene, with stage bands, Egyptian cohorts, Ethiopian prisoners, a white elephant, and camels; the hero prefers death to marriage to the wrong princess.) But Metastasio would have effected a happy ending: Amneris, perhaps, would be revealed as Radamès' long-lost sister, and wed Amonasro instead. Yet another source for "Aida" is the "Medea" of Cesare Della Valle, the librettist of Rossini's "Maometto II." In Della Valle's play, the Lord of Corinth appoints a warrior to be defender of his threatened country and win his daughter's hand as prize; Medea and Glauca are the Amneris and Aida figures. It seems obvious that Antonio Ghislanzoni, the official librettist of "Aida," had Della Valle open before him when we compare the opening lines of the play ("Alta cagion, fidi Corinti, al vostro Signor d'intorno oggi v'aduna") with the King's opening words in "Aida" ("Alta cagion v'aduna, o fidi Egizii, al vostro Re d'intorno").

MARIETTE wrote the original scenario; Camille du Locle (Verdi's collaborator on "Don Carlos") expanded it into a draft libretto, in French prose; Ghislanzoni fashioned this into Italian verse. But the controlling hand was Verdi's own, as the long series of letters to Ghislanzoni, now in

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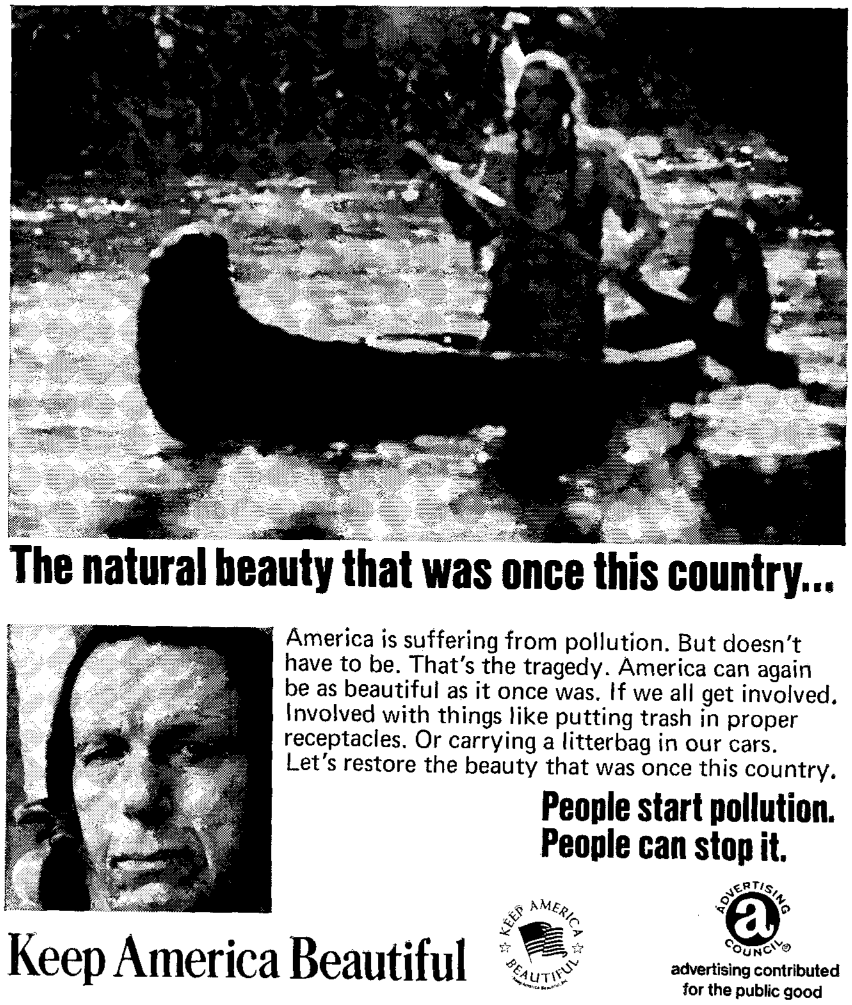

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the Morgan Library, makes clear. The composer who in the past had insisted upon curious, original, unhackneyed situations here turned deliberately to the clichés of Italian opera and sought to reanimate them by the power of his music and by his special care for direct, theatrically telling utterance—for strong, simple, unflowery diction. In this respect, "Aida" is an experimental work. In Joseph Kerman's phrase, there is "an almost constant disparity between the particular glib simplicity of the libretto and the alarming complexity of the musical expression—for of course Verdi's technique had never been so rich." The Metropolitan staging shows that its director, John Dexter, understood all this, but to his perceptions he has given a peculiar form. He has drilled his cast to the acting style parodied by Gilbert in "The Mikado"—which opens, you remember, on a chorus of "Japanese nobles discovered standing and sitting in attitudes suggested by native drawings." "Our attitude's queer and quaint," they sing, "You're wrong if you think it ain't, oh! If you think we are worked by strings, Like a Japanese marionette, You don't understand these things: It is simply Court etiquette." I don't understand why Mr. Dexter decided to present "Aida" as—well, I would say a grand-scale puppet show were not puppets more eloquent in their movements than any of the "Aida" cast. He has prescribed a repertory of queer and quaint Egyptian Attitudes, which his actors strike and hold until, generally on the first beat of a measure, they move to the next one. So there is no emotional contact between the characters; rigidly and awkwardly they stand, and sing. This is not the old flowing "Egyptian plastique" that prima donnas used to practice but something stiffer and jerkier—Swedish drill by numbers, "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" routines. The King puts his hands on his hips to launch "Su! del Nilo." There is much pressing of palms to breasts or to tummies (at one point mass stomach ache seems to seize on the ladies of the chorus), crooking of elbows, and supination of hands. The formalized substructure of the "Aida" plot is reflected, but not the quick, keen emotions that Verdi portrayed so vividly. Of course, the actors could not keep it up consistently. Human nature, and physical response to the dramatic situations, prompted them at times to move like real people. In later performances, with different casts, the unfortunate drill will doubtless be forgotten.

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James Levine conducted, cogently but with an enthusiasm that amounted to brashness and insensitivity, for he kept pushing ahead through phrases that need time—a slight yielding, broadening—to discharge their eloquence. The big ensembles—"Nume, custode e vindice," "Ma tu, Re, tu signore possente"—lacked weight and grandeur. There was plenty of energy but not much poetry or emotion. And so by both the stage direction and the conducting the individual singers were hampered, and could not give of their best. Nearly twenty years ago, I first heard Leontyne Price do Aida. Then she was uncommonly affecting—direct, natural, fresh and instinctive in the expression she gave to each phrase. In last week's production, those epithets could no longer apply to her. Her interpretation was mannered, self-conscious, unspontaneous. She was in good vocal shape and, particularly in the Nile act, produced rich, beautiful sounds. The high C of "O patria mia" was soft and clear, and the floating B flat of "fuggiam, fuggiam," in the first duet with Radamès, was very beautiful. The final duet was unmoving, partly because some fog crept into Miss Price's timbre, partly because it was so clumsily staged. James McCracken's Radamès was strongly sung and declaimed with intensity. It was presumably on Mr. Dexter's instructions that for stretches of the role he turned the heroic warrior into a booby, a semaphoring Boy Scout; other passages were nobly enacted. In "Celeste Aida" he eschewed a caressing portamento on the rising fourths and thirds, and thereby reduced the rapt, dreamy quality of the aria; but he did end it softly and made the soft ending sound natural and right, not a strain. Marilyn Horne's Amneris was curiously unimpressive—partly, I suspect, because in striving for a dark, dramatic tone she tended to push her vowels in the direction of "aw" instead of making each clear and distinct (not "Dai sacerdoti Radamès" but "Daw saw-chaw-dawti Rawdawmes"), and partly because Mr. Levine seldom allowed her time to produce the ample, grandiose sounds that are needed in the judgment scene. Cornell MacNeil's Amonasro was simply magnificent; he has become the grandest Verdi baritone of our day. James Morris's King was majestic; Bonaldo Giaiotti's Ramfis was smooth but not quite imposing enough. Marcia Baldwin sang the High Priestess's offstage solo in strong, clear tones.

—Andrew Porter

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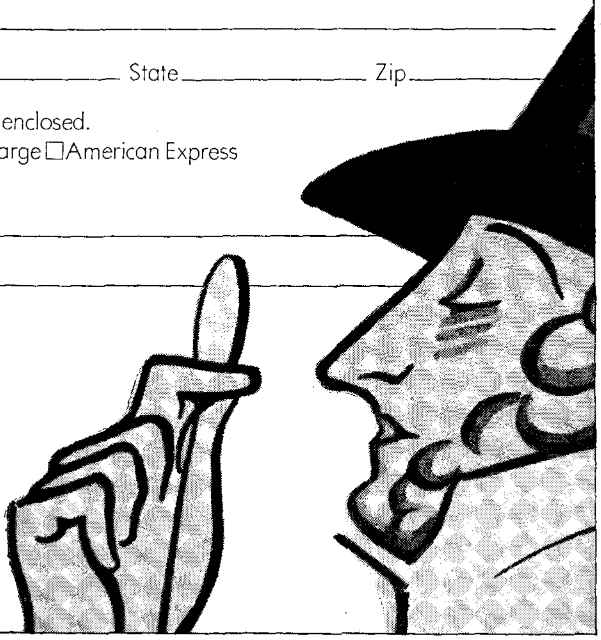

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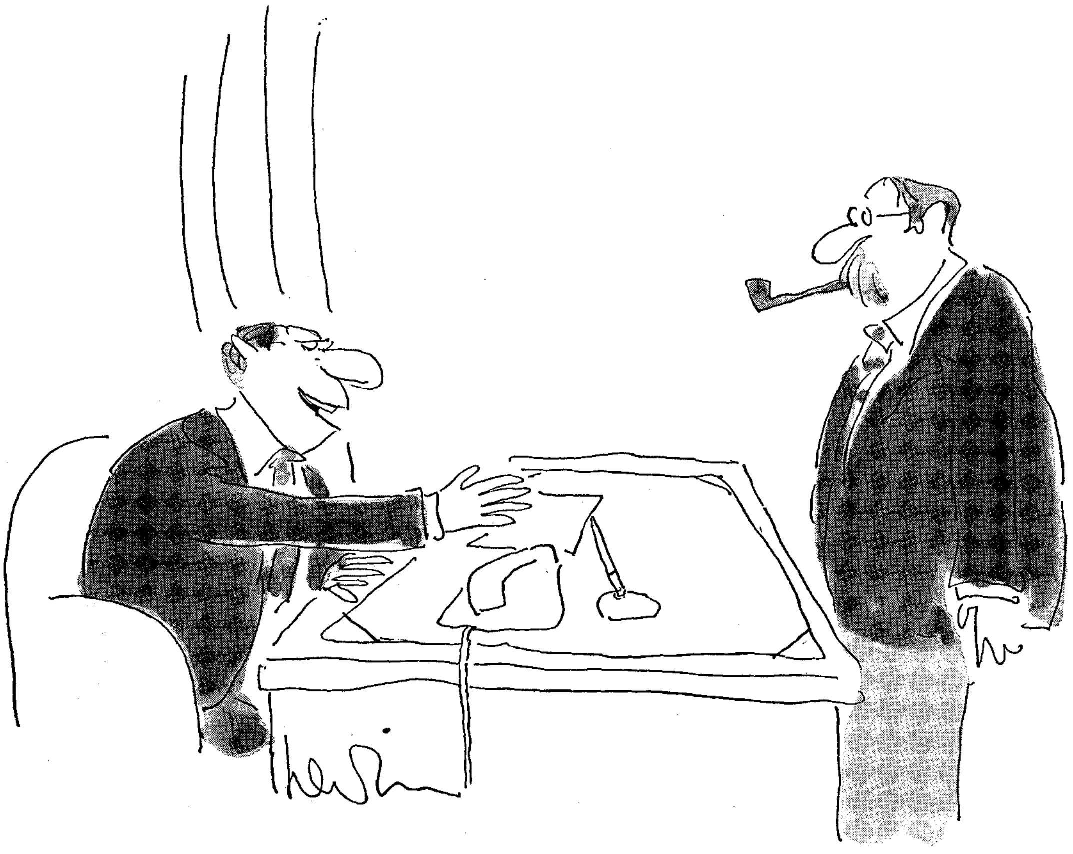
BOOKS

Young China

FOR decades, anthropologists have taken themselves to obscure islands, to tribes deep in jungles, and told us how it goes for children who may never even have heard of our country. For over two decades, almost a quarter of the earth's people—the people of China—have been in eclipse. We did not recognize China's government; thereby we told the world that we regarded the Chinese only as potential enemies. In the last few years, China has suddenly appeared to us not a weirdly unpredictable and incomprehensible nation but a world power, which, like our own country, is bent on preserving its integrity, developing its wealth, and advancing its interests. We can now at least partly observe the way of life that China is building for its nearly billion people in a collection of essays, "Childhood in China" (Yale), by members of the American Delegation on Early Childhood Development in the People's Republic of China, and edited by one of them, William Kessen, a professor of psychology at Yale. These Americans are no novices at comparing our children with those who live elsewhere; in the delegation were scholars like Urie Bronfenbrenner, Jerome Kagan, and Eleanor Maccoby, who have travelled widely in order to see how children in the Soviet Union, Mexico, and Guatemala grow up. For this, one needs a foreign government's consent, and a willingness to learn about and from others. The delegation to the People's Republic was permitted, for three weeks of 1973, to go not only to Canton, Shanghai, and Peking but to less accessible sections of the country—"the first group of American child psychologists to visit China in a generation."

They contended with cultural and linguistic barriers, and returned puzzled, and yet enormously impressed. Their "understanding of China is limited," they acknowledge right off, and they acknowledge, too, that they have not done enough watching and listening to justify the generalizations and theoretical interpretations psychologists are accustomed to come up with. But they were struck by the contrast between Chinese families and American families, between the behavior of Chinese children and that of ours, between Chinese and American teachers. This book is a clear, straightforward description of where they went, what they found, what they would like to study further. They inform the reader of recent Chinese history, of the political and social changes since the ascension of the Communists, of the strife-ridden decades that preceded this event. They were won over by the Chinese children. They speak of an "attractive mixture of affective spontaneity and an accommodating posture by the children," of the "remarkable control of young Chinese children"—alert, animated, vigorous, responsive to the words of their elders, yet also unnervingly calm, even during happenings (games, classroom events, neighborhood play) that could create agitation and confusion. The children "were far less restless, less intense in their motor actions, and displayed less crying and whining than American children in similar situations. We were constantly struck by [their] quiet, gentle, and controlled manner . . . and as constantly frustrated in our desire to understand its origins." Every visit to a dwelling, a nursery school, a primary school, or a middle school suggested the existence of patterns of child care rather than idiosyncratic responses. Grandparents have always been important figures in Chinese families—once out of respect for the authority of age, now out of necessity, since most Chinese mothers work outside the home. Living space for millions of families is meagre, yet the generations seem to do remarkably well with each other. It is as if the Chinese lacked our desire for privacy, independence, self-sufficiency. The elderly are a link with the past, and the government approves of their influence. Children are constantly reminded of the "time of bitterness," before China became Communist, when their grandparents suffered great hardship. "Bitterness" is a subject taught in school. The children are ceaselessly indoctrinated, but the authors point out that a Chinese might not regard our schools as ideologically neutral, either. The indoctrination of Chinese children is not simply political. China is eager to sacrifice today for tomorrow; the people gladly, it appears, live Spartan lives. Chairman Mao is not only a national leader but a philosopher who touches upon every segment of the



"Tompkins, good luck, and, frankly, good riddance."

people's lives. He has admonished parents and teachers not to spank children but to persuade them. He has insisted upon self-criticism. He has denounced "the domination of our schools by bourgeois intellectuals." Even in kindergarten, children do simple tasks that aid in the society's output of goods and services; young people alternate between being students and doing factory or farm work.

The observers noted that whereas American children tend to reach out possessively for games, toys, rewards, Chinese children are taught to defer to one another. Boasting is frowned upon: "to tell of one's own good deed is an act of selfishness." It is a Christian view of the sin of pride and, ironically, foreign to many of us here. The children display a "dramatic combination of concentration and tranquil control;" they are orderly and competent. And despite the nation's turmoil, the continuing pursuit of revolutionary change, and the efforts at counter-revolution that have suggested an unstable regime, for millions of Chinese there has been a solid family life, not undermined by Communism but strengthened by it. The authors remark that Chinese schools and Chinese children are affected "by a long history of the culture's respect for order, restraint, deference to authority, and for service to group above individual achievement." They speak of "cultural continuities." Mao's Communism is a Chinese hybrid—of, by, and for China.

The authors were in China for a very short time. Yet for them one conclusion is inescapable—that Chinese children, parents, and teachers are engaging, intelligent, and civilized. "Perhaps as impressive as the lack of antisocial behavior was the lack of traditional Western marks of tension. None of us observed sustained thumb-sucking, nail-biting, tics, masturbation, or other tension-reducing behaviors in kindergarten children." But they acknowledge that they may have missed signs of tension of a sort peculiar to Chinese culture. Perhaps the more disorganized, noisy, and agitated activity in many American schools has its value. Our children don't learn only to be competitive—the predictable Marxist critique; they also learn, as these authors mention, to solve problems in individual ways, and to express themselves individually. We value originality and spontaneity more than the Chinese do.

While there is evidently plenty to admire in today's China, some of the nation's social and cultural develop-

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ments are not unique. One can cite the messianic asceticism and egalitarianism that so resemble Pauline Christianity, and an anti-intellectualism in the Maoist creed that suggests the populist outcries we hear in this country. In a generation, Mao has changed the circumstances of life for nearly a quarter of the people on this planet. "Nowhere in China did we see the contrasts so striking in other developing countries, between small, affluent élites living in comfortable luxury and poverty-stricken masses living in crowded squatter slums." As one reads this book, one begins to feel that the Chinese, orderly, restrained, thoughtful, and intelligent, can absorb and assimilate a motley array of people—intellectuals and anti-intellectuals, colonialists, counter-revolutionaries, and even, it may turn out, Maoist (or "true") revolutionaries: a process in which a giant nation itself undergoes change, and thus offers to others an opportunity to think about what cherished elements in *their* social, cultural, and economic life might be altered, or even got rid of.

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CITY DOGS, by William Brashler (Harper & Row). An erratically interesting novel about a scabrous old Polish wino and petty thief, Harry Lum (he's shortened his name from Lumakowski), and the hustlers, pimps, thugs, and con men who, like him, live on Chicago's North Side and are just managing to scratch by. Mr. Brashler, who lives in Chicago, worked for two years as a police reporter, and, as he suggests on the back flap, his experiences in that job were in large part the inspiration for this novel. That is both its charm and its defect. For while his insider's knowledge of the look and feel of Chicago's underworld gives the story a nice authenticity, it also tends to make the book a bit too much like a police blotter. There are simply too many overworked "characters," such as a pill-popping hillbilly thief, a sadistic Italian pimp, and Harry's aging, embittered stepsister, for the flimsy cops-and-robbers plot to support. Harry himself, with his never quite sufficient back-alley wisdom and romantic love of heists, is an original, engaging old party, however, and when Mr. Brashler focusses on him, the attractiveness and humor that characterized his first

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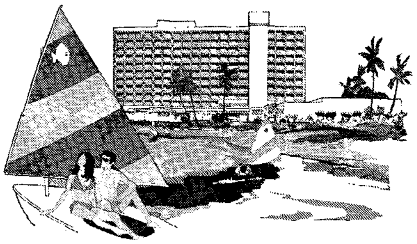
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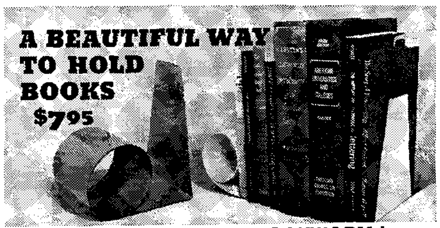

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book, "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings," are once again evident.

GENERAL

Letter to My Mother, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Ralph Manheim (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Five years ago, in a hospital in Liège, Simenon's ninety-one-year-old mother lay dying. At her bedside, along with a constantly shifting procession of relatives and nuns, sat her son, who, as her death approached, suddenly felt an overwhelming need to somehow try to bridge the gulf that had always been between them. Mme. Simenon, who Simenon feels never really cared for him, seems to have been a ramrod of a woman. Born of humble German-Dutch parents, she was obsessed all her life, her son believes, by two things: the fear of a dependent old age, and the need to prove that she was "good." Simenon was over seventy when he wrote this book—a monologue in the form of a letter—in which he attempts to get beyond their mutual distrust far enough to understand "the little Henriette Brüll you once were," and to see if he can love her. Mostly, he cannot. The wall between them seems to have been too well cemented with bitter memories. And though we see her looking admiringly at Simenon's future father through a department-store window, or watching her sister being taken away to an insane asylum, or marrying a second time only to assure herself of a widow's pension, or handing back to Simenon all the money he had sent her over the years, few of these scenes are tinged with much sympathy or affection. What she felt about him can only be guessed at, though Simenon does quote her as saying at one point that it was a pity that it had to be his brother, Christian, who died first, since "he was so tender, so affectionate." Simenon says very little about his reaction to this strange remark, but the depth of his feelings may perhaps be gauged by the fact that this missive "to" his mother appeared only after her death.

Sex and Society in Shakespeare's Age: Simon Forman the Astrologer, by A. L. Rowse (Scribners). "History is something sacred because it is true," reads A. L. Rowse's epigraph, from Cervantes. Ever zealous for the truth, Rowse returns to the casebooks of Simon Forman—astrologer, physician, and spunky self-made man, who advised hundreds of persons from many sectors of Elizabethan society, including, according to Rowse's controversial identification, the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets. (Rowse remains steadfast in his choice of the spirited Emilia Lanier. However, he now transcribes Forman's words as "She was very brave in youth"—thus tacitly conceding a point to those critics who accused him of misreading "brave" as "brown.") The bulk of the book is a thorough, brisk unfolding of Rowse's research through the casebooks, and it amounts to a marvellously rich embroidery that reaches into innumerable corners of Shakespeare's London. The sexual information is, as the writer asserts, not pornographic but anthropological, and Rowse's naïve wonder at it all ("What a free-for-all Elizabethan sex-life was!") is appealing.

The Invisible Soldier: The Experience of the Black Soldier, World War II, compiled and edited by Mary Penick Motley (Wayne State University Press). A transcription of recent interviews with veterans who, as young men from Midwestern cities and towns, were pitched into what were for them wholly unfamiliar segregation and discrimination in the armed forces, but who as often as not responded with a determination to prove themselves first-class soldiers, and did. Most white readers do not know that blacks fought in all branches in all theatres—Patton, for example, got excellent service from a black tank battalion—because news of black successes was muted in deference to supposed Caucasian sensibilities. Besides enlightening whites, the editor wants younger blacks to read about these men, for she remarks in her preface that many black youngsters refuse to believe there was any black achievement in this country before 1965. The book, in short, badly needed doing, and it has been done very well.

Today and Tomorrow in America, by Martin Mayer (Harper & Row). The author, a generalist who has written about everything from opera to finance, puts his brains to work on such subjects as the economy, ecology, and the future of American education, and comes up with all sorts of surprising ideas. He disagrees with

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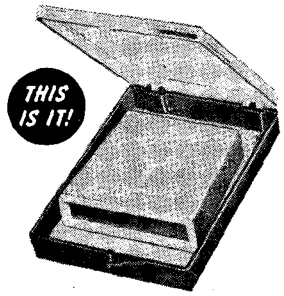

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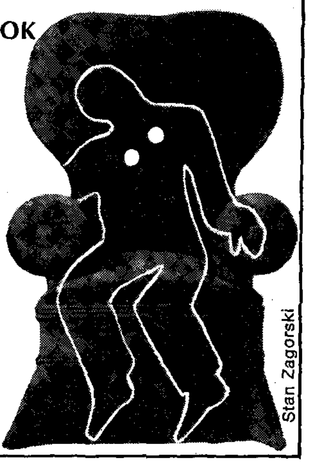

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practically everything this country has done lately (for instance, he tells us we have set anti-air-pollution standards that reduce some dangerous chemicals but increase others), and he offers suggestions for new policies to achieve our purposes. The book is the work of a smart man thinking hard; it challenges, stimulates, and entertains, and perhaps may change some minds.

THE STRONG BROWN GOD, by Sanche de Gramont (Houghton Mifflin). The Niger River rises in the West African nation of Guinea, less than two hundred miles from the Atlantic coast, and flows—north, east, south, then west—some twenty-six hundred miles through the states of Mali, Niger, Dahomey, and Nigeria, and empties into the Atlantic in the Bight of Benin. It was the last great African river to yield its geographical secrets to European curiosity. The first European of record to see it was Mungo Park, in 1796. Its much disputed mouth was finally discovered, in 1827, by another intrepid Briton, Richard Lander. Both Park and Lander were killed by truculent or greedy natives, and many other British explorers died of wounds or disease—malaria, yellow fever, dysentery. That part of Africa was in truth the white man's grave. Mr. de Gramont's account of the conquest of the Niger is the fruit of intensive library research and also of personal exploration. It is an excellent depiction, and a balanced one. He shows, in anecdote and nice detail, the successive waves of British adventurers who added that part of Africa to the Empire—first the explorers, then the palm-oil traders, then the abolitionists, then the missionaries, then the total commercial embrace. And in his discussion of the ultimate British triumph he quotes Belloc's sardonic "Whatever happens we have got/The Maxim gun and they have not." Illustrations and maps.

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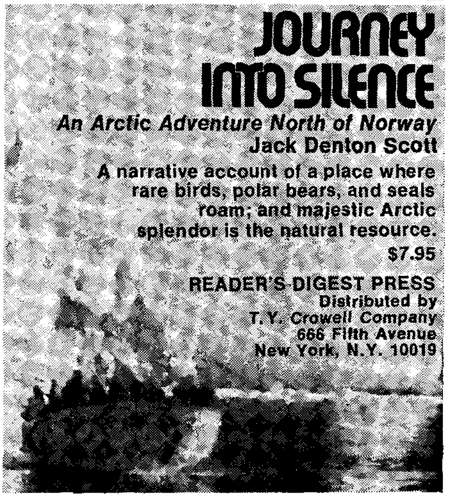

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